Memoirs of
Napoleon I

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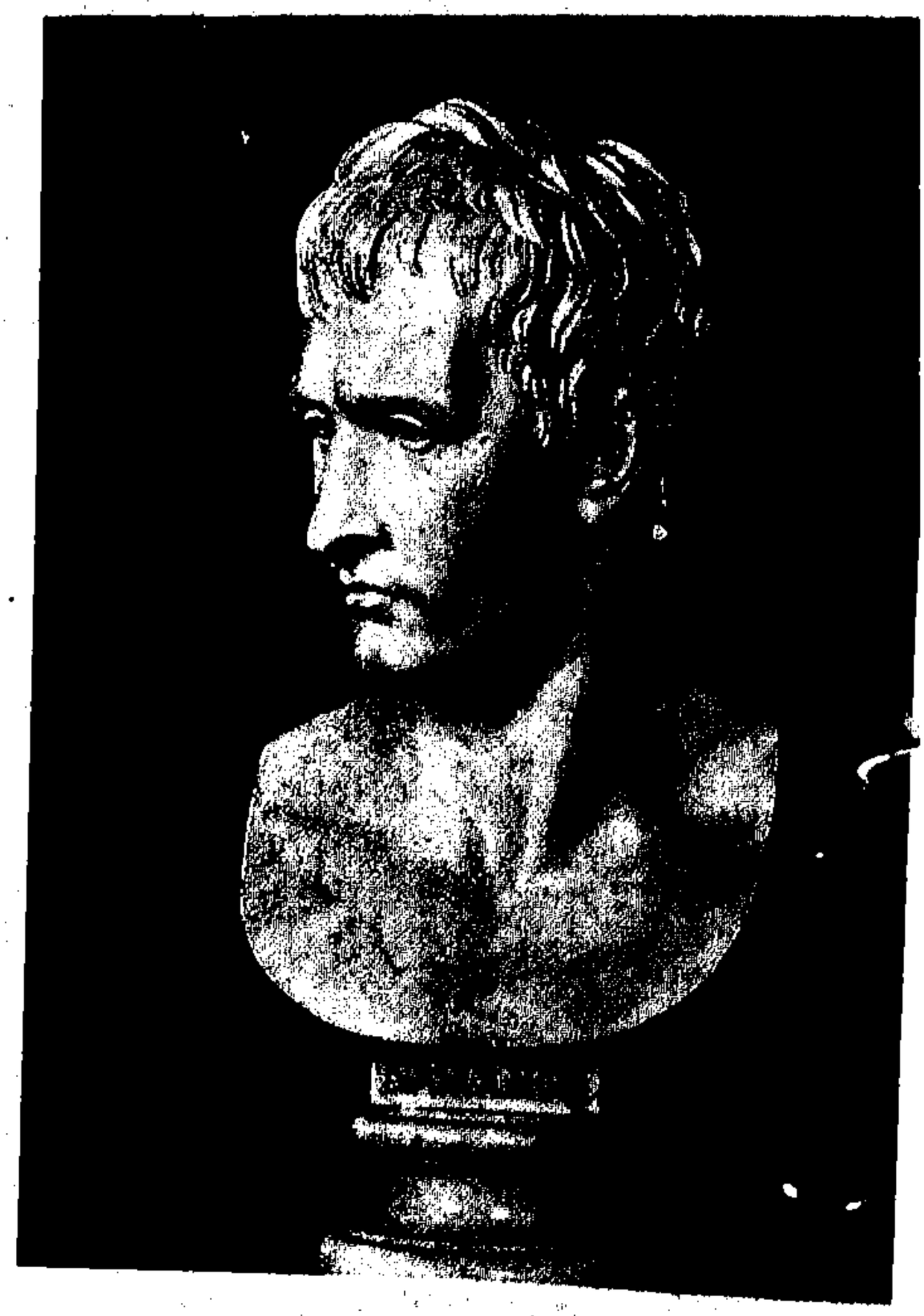


Napoleon
From a Bust by Canova in Florence

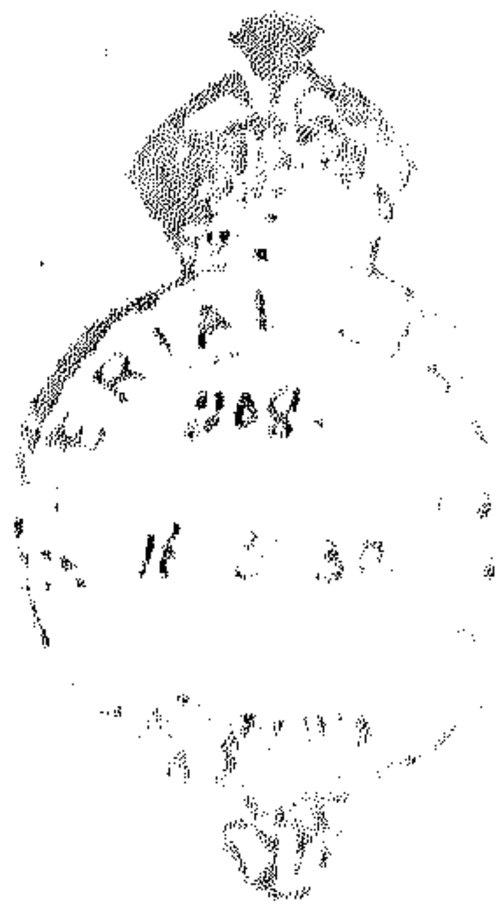
Memoirs of
NAPOLEON I
compiled from his own writings

by

F. M. KIRCHEISEN

Translated from the German by
FREDERICK COLLINS, B.A.

With fifteen plates



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MEMOIRS OF NAPOLEON I

CHAPTER I

YOUTH, 1769–1792

MY BIRTH

I WAS born just at the time that my country was being conquered. Thirty thousand French thrown upon our coasts, who covered the throne of freedom with blood, that was the terrible spectacle which my eyes first beheld. The shrieks of pain of the dying, the wailing of the oppressed, tears and despair surrounded my cradle from my birth. This event happened suddenly and unexpectedly; just like my rise and the misfortunes which have befallen me since then. My mother, who had shared the vicissitudes of the struggle for freedom, happened to be near her confinement. It was the Feast of the Assumption. She thought she was strong enough to take part in the celebrations of the day, but she was mistaken. She had not got as far as the church when she felt the first pains. She immediately returned home, and had only just time to reach the drawing-room, giving birth to me on an old carpet on which were worked large patterns. I was named Napoleon. For centuries that was the name that the second-born sons of the family bore from an ancestor who had been famous in the history of Italy. What my mother had to put up with is incredible. Losses and deprivations of all kinds, in addition to the hardships of civil war; she had really a man's head on a weak woman's body.

MY PARENTS AND MY UNCLE LUCIANO

My father was a very handsome man. He was of a lively, imaginative disposition, fiery and passionate. In his love of freedom he was an absolute fanatic; but he

conceived it as it is impossible to be at the beginning of a revolution which overthrows the whole existing order before there is anything ready to be set up in its place. He would have died with the Girondins. In the struggle for the independence of Corsica he distinguished himself, and ventured to proclaim the only too true principle that all people should be free when freedom can be purchased without any special sacrifice, further, that only those deserved freedom who shrank at nothing to obtain it. In theory, my father was right, but in practice he failed; for Corsica's war with France was an act of folly only comparable to the struggle between a giant and a dwarf.

My father had squandered his inheritance in Pisa. In order to celebrate the taking of his degree he felt himself obliged to provide a treat for his friends which cost him 6000 francs, a sum which was equal to two years of his income. Fortunately, we had an old uncle who was a canon, and who, in our circumstances, was very rich. He had an income of at least 5000 francs, which we inherited. One day my sister Pauline ventured to play a little trick on him by taking away his purse while he slept. That is to say, the good old man always kept his purse under his pillow. It was a great temptation to the roguish Pauline to see his despair and fury when he woke up and failed to find his hidden treasure. And Pauline kept it back till the evening. But it was only Pauline, the darling of my mother and of our old uncle, who dared to play a trick like that. And she felt assured of not even being scolded for it.

My mother was a very orderly and virtuous woman, but, like all mothers, she did not love all her children equally well. Pauline and I were the favourites, Pauline because she was the prettiest and daintiest of my sisters, and I because perhaps a natural instinct told her that I would be the founder of the family's greatness.

MY SELF-WILL

I was a headstrong child. Nothing overawed me, nothing impressed me. I was quarrelsome and pugnacious, and feared nobody. I struck one person, I scratched another, till all were afraid of me. My brother Joseph was the chief sufferer. I struck him and bit him,

Then it was he who got the scolding, for, before he had time to recover from the blow I had complained to mother. My cunning stood me in good stead, as Mama Letizia would have punished me for my pugnacity. She would never have suffered my attacks. Though I grew up wild and untamable I nevertheless recognised the maternal authority. It is to my mother and her excellent principles that I owe all my success and any good that I have done. I do not even hesitate to affirm that the future of a child depends on its mother.

MY DEAR ISLAND HOME

From my earliest youth I had a reputation and influence in Corsica. The steepest mountains, the deepest ravines, the wildest mountain torrents, the abysses even, had no terrors for me. I roamed about the island from one end to the other; and I never had occasion to admit that my confidence was ill-founded. Even in Bocagnano, where hatred and revenge are bequeathed to the seventh generation, and where the number of a girl's male cousins is considered in fixing the amount of her dowry, I was welcome.

One's native land is always dear. Corsica possessed a thousand charms. Owing to their isolation, islanders have always something original in their characteristics. They are protected from the continual intermingling which the continent must undergo. Mountaineers possess a strength of character and a greatness of soul which are peculiar to them. Everything in Corsica is better, even the smell of the earth. I could have detected the smell with closed eyes, and nowhere else have I found it. I still often fancy myself transplanted into my childhood's days, in the midst of precipices, high summits, and deep ravines.

CHILDHOOD'S PRANKS

From the time that I was very small I used to play with toy soldiers, and whenever I saw real soldiers pass by I used to run after them. My liking for the exact sciences showed itself early, and my mother often told me that while my brothers and sisters were playing their childish games I used to draw mathematical figures on the wall.

Like all children, I was given to making fun of people. When my grandmother was old and bent she seemed to me, and also to my sister Pauline, like an old witch. She used a stick to walk with. In her affection for us she used to bring us sweets, which, however, did not prevent either Pauline or myself from running after her and imitating her. Unfortunately she noticed this once and complained about it to our mother. She told her that she was bringing us up without respect for our grandparents. Although our mother loved us very much she would stand no nonsense, and I saw in her eyes that trouble was brewing. It was not long before Pauline received her punishment, for it is easier to lift up a little girl's dress than to unbutton a boy's breeches. In the evening my mother tried to punish me too, but in vain, and I thought that the affair had blown over. But when I tried to kiss her next morning she pushed me away roughly.

One day—I had quite forgotten the incident—my mother called me and said : "Napoleon, you are invited to the Governor's house to dinner, go and change." Delighted to be allowed to dine with the officers, upstairs I go. But my mother was like the cat that lies in wait for the mice. Suddenly she enters the room, shutting the door behind her, and I perceive the trap into which I have fallen ; but it was too late to escape the punishment, and I had to take my whipping on the part adapted for the purpose.

On account of my love for soldiering my father intended making me an officer and the milder Joseph a priest. After attending several schools in the Island, in which I learnt very little indeed, my father tried to get me into a French military school ; but, as I had first to learn French—until then I spoke only my native dialect—I was placed, along with my brother Joseph, in the High School at Autun, which we entered on the 1st January, 1779. There they used often to annoy me about the conquest of my country by the French. But I used to retort sharply : "Had there been only four to one Corsica would never have been taken, but there were ten to one." And when the Abbé Chardon remarked that, anyway, we had a very good general in our Paoli, I replied : "Yes, and I should like to resemble him."

I ARRIVE AT BRIENNE

In the middle of May 1779 I entered the Military School of Brienne, and was happy. All kinds of thoughts began to run through my head. I found the need to learn, to acquire knowledge, to make progress. I devoured books. Soon I was the only subject of conversation. I became an object of wonder and envy; I had confidence in my power, and enjoyed my superiority.

As I still spoke French badly, and found it hard to accustom myself to a completely different mode of living, I generally kept away from my companions at first, and preferred to occupy myself with my books. Extraordinarily sensitive as I was, I suffered infinitely from the ridicule of my schoolmates, who used to jeer at me as a foreigner. My pride and sense of honour would tolerate no insult to my country or to the beloved national hero Paoli. Once I had been guilty of some slight offence, whereupon a particularly severe master snorted out: "On your knees, Mr. Bonaparte, you will take your dinner kneeling." Greatly excited, I answered: "I will, if necessary, take my dinner standing, but not on my knees, for in our family we only kneel to God." And as this brutal teacher still insisted on his demand, I uttered a cry of rage and fell to the floor insensible.

In Brienne it was only in the exact sciences that I took an interest. Everyone used to say: "That is a boy whose talent is all for geometry." I lived apart from my comrades and had chosen a small corner in the courtyard to which I would retire in order to give myself up to my day-dreams, for I have always been fond of indulging in visions. When my companions tried to take this retreat from me I defended it with all my might. Already I had the feeling that my will was stronger than that of the others, and that whatever I fancied must belong to me. I was not liked in the school; it takes time to be appreciated, and that I had not got. But even when there was nothing to do there always remained the indefinite feeling that I was losing nothing through the indifference of others.

THE SNOWBALL FIGHT IN BRIENNE

The winter of 1783–84 was unusually severe, and a huge amount of snow fell, more than had been seen in the south of France for a long time. We had just been receiving instruction in Fortification, and I resolved to put theory into practice. My schoolmates were also eager for it; and in the courtyard there shortly rose a small fort of snow, with bastions, escarpments, traverses, etc. Of course, I was always the leader, whether on the side of the attackers or that of the defenders, and I contrived such skilful plans that victory always remained with my side in the snowball fights. Unfortunately, the pleasure did not last long, for we put stones in the snowballs, so that many boys were injured, among them my friend Bourrienne, and the game was forbidden.

RECOLLECTIONS OF BRIENNE

Once, when my mother visited me in Brienne, she was so astonished at my leanness and the change in my features, that she declared that another had been put in my place, and she hesitated a few moments before she recognised me. I had indeed altered greatly, for I used to work even in the recreation hours, and my nights were passed in thinking over the lessons of the day. From the very beginning I could not bear to be anything less than the first in the class.

My father had gone to Paris to obtain the advice of the Queen's (Marie Antoinette's) physician on a chronic ailment of the stomach. But he returned to Corsica without visiting Brienne. That was no pleasure for me, as one can easily imagine. As, however, his health, and the well-being of the loved ones at home, made his return to Corsica necessary, I could not do otherwise than fall in with his wishes, and I tried to console myself with the fact.

Besides, how could I be otherwise than happy and contented in Brienne, as I was assured of my father's lasting love and affection, as well as of his care to advance and support me in all things.

For me, Brienne is my country! There I got my first impressions as a man, and how strange it is that it was at this place, where I found an unspeakable charm in my

youth reading and pondering far from the noisy games of my companions, that I would probably have been killed when Emperor, if Gourgaud had not blown out, with his pistol, the brains of a Cossack whose lance was already touching my breast.

I was delighted that Joseph had also gone with my father to Corsica, but hoped that he would enter Brienne on the 1st November, 1784, that is to say, in the course of a year. Joseph was well qualified for admission to the school, for the head master assured me that he would be extremely well received. Father Petrault, an excellent mathematical master, had assured me specially that he would undertake with pleasure to teach my brother, and if Joseph worked hard we might perhaps take the Artillery examination together. Lucien, who had become a boarder at the Military School a short time previously was working very hard and had, so far, passed the public examinations very well.

I AM CHOSEN FOR THE PARIS MILITARY SCHOOL

In the year 1783 I was one of those who were selected from the élite to complete my education at the Military School in Paris. The selection was made yearly by an inspector who visited the twelve military schools. This office was filled at the time by General the Chevalier Keralio, author of a work on Tactics, and formerly instructor of the then King of Bavaria (the former Duke of Zweibrücken). He was a nice old gentleman, quite suited to his post. He was fond of boys, used to play with them after having examined them, and invited to the master's table those who had pleased him most. For me he had a quite special liking and encouraged me in every possible way. He selected me for the Paris Military School although I had not yet reached the necessary age.

Now it was only in mathematics that I was well advanced, and the school staff represented to him that it would be better to leave me there till the following year, in which case I would have time to perfect myself in the other branches. But the Chevalier Keralio would not listen to this and said: "I know what I am doing. If I am overriding the general rule in this case, it is not because I wish to favour his family, for I don't even know this

boy's family. He himself is the cause of my decision; I have discovered here a spark which cannot be sufficiently fanned into flame."

The good Chevalier died very shortly afterwards, but his successor, Monsieur Régnaud, who did not perhaps possess his acumen, carried out, nevertheless, the intention of his predecessor, and I was sent to Paris.

I EXCHANGE BRIENNE FOR THE PARIS MILITARY SCHOOL

After a stay of five years I left Brienne on the 30th October, 1784, and entered the Paris Military School two days later. Here the most of my comrades enjoyed themselves to their hearts' desire, and spent much money, but learnt nothing for their future careers as soldiers. We were magnificently fed and looked after, and treated on all occasions like officers with gigantic incomes, which were certainly greater than the fortunes of our Corsican families, and more considerable than the pay which we were to receive later on.

DEATH OF MY FATHER

At the end of March 1785 I met with a great grief. It would be useless, if I wished to try, to express the deep pain that I felt at the death of my father. We lost in him a father, and God alone knows what a father he had been to us through his tenderness and love! In everything he was the support of our youth.

In him Corsica lost a zealous, enlightened, and unselfish citizen. That he was chosen many times as Deputy is the best proof of the confidence which his fellow-citizens had in him, and yet he was destined to die in a foreign land, a hundred leagues away from his family, far from everyone whom he loved. It is true Joseph was by his side at that terrible moment, which was doubtless a great consolation to him, but not to be compared with the happiness of ending his life's course in his own country surrounded by his wife and family.

I did not remain long in the Paris Military School which I liked very much on account of the good discipline prevailing there. The physical exercises suited me well. I gradually lost my reserve, although I was still often laughed at on account of my foreign appearance and

accent. On the whole, however, I worked harder than ever; for, after the death of my dear father I hoped soon to obtain my commission, in order to be a help to the family. Although Joseph was a year older than myself, I was already looked upon, after my father's death, as the real head of the family.

AS SECOND LIEUTENANT IN THE LA FÈRE REGIMENT IN VALENCE

In September 1785, along with my friend Des Mazis, I was gazetted as Second Lieutenant to the La Fère Artillery Regiment, which was then quartered in Valence. On the 5th of November we entered this town. Here I lodged with a worthy lady. Mademoiselle Bou was an old maid aged fifty. Her father, formerly a button manufacturer, now owned a literary coffee house where the gentry of the town used to meet. By chance these quarters were assigned to me. I liked them well, and therefore I remained. I shall never forget the time of my stay in Valence and the kindness of Mademoiselle and Monsieur Bou, for they are engraved on my heart, and here recollection does not change its quarters.

I CONTEMPLATE SUICIDE

As I was poor I gave myself up completely to my duties and my books. My relatives, my country, and my veneration for Paoli and Rousseau were my only passion. Far from home and those I loved a repugnance to life often overcame me so that I thought of suicide. At this time—it was the beginning of May 1786—I wrote the following words:

"Always alone in the midst of people, I return home in order to give myself up with unspeakable melancholy to my dreams. How do I regard life to-day? I give way to thoughts of death. I stand at the dawn of life and may hope to live long. For six or seven years now I have been absent from my country. What pleasure shall I feel when, in four months' time, I see my countrymen and my relatives again? Can I conclude from the tender recollections of my youthful enjoyment that my happiness will be complete? What madness then drives me to wish to kill

myself? Why am I really in the world? As I must die some time it would perhaps be better if I killed myself! If I had already sixty years behind me I would respect the prejudices of my contemporaries and wait patiently for nature to complete her work. But, as I am beginning to feel the seriousness of life, and nothing any longer gives me pleasure, why should I suffer the days from which I can promise myself no further good? What a gap there is between mankind and nature! How cowardly, base, and crawling men are! What tragedy awaits me in my country? My fellow-countrymen are loaded with chains! and have to bear, trembling, the weight of the oppressor's hand! Gone are the brave Corsicans whom a hero once inspired with his virtues, those enemies of tyrants, luxury, and base courtiers. Proud, and filled with the noble feeling of his worth, the Corsican led a happy life when he had devoted the day to public affairs. Then he spent the night in the tender arms of a loved spouse. Good sense and enthusiasm caused all the cares of the day to be forgotten. Love and nature created divine nights. But they also have vanished like the dreams of those happy days! You Frenchmen! It is not enough that you have robbed us of what we loved most, you have even destroyed our manners and customs! The present condition of my country and the impossibility of altering it are a further reason for leaving a world in which I am compelled by duty to love people whom I should naturally hate. What attitude shall I adopt, how shall I speak when I arrive in my country? When his country no longer exists a good citizen should die. If one man could save my countrymen by sacrificing his life, I would at once rise and thrust the avenging sword into the breast of the tyrant in order to revenge my country and its injured rights.

Life has become a burden to me, for I no longer enjoy any pleasure, and everything causes me pain. It is a burden to me because the people with whom I live, and probably always shall live, have manners and customs which are as different from mine as the light of the moon from that of the sun. I cannot, therefore, live as I should wish to, and thence arises an aversion to everything."

I BECOME A DISCIPLE OF ROUSSEAU

I occupied myself much with Rousseau and those who defended or attacked him and his doctrine. A Geneva pastor named Roustan had attempted in *Le Contrat Sociale* to refute the views uttered by my hero. I was of a different opinion, and I find in my papers, which, on last leaving Paris, I had entrusted to my uncle Fesch, the following words :

Is the Christian religion good for the political constitution of a state? Rousseau has such doubts about it that he says : "The Catholic religion is so obviously reprehensible that it would not be worth the trouble, if one wanted to give oneself the pleasure, to prove the contrary."

Everything which disturbs the social unity is of no value. All arrangements which set a man in conflict with himself are worthless. As these principles are incontestable Monsieur Roustan cannot change them, and yet he denies that the Reformed Churches have that fault. As for the Catholic religion, it is absolutely obvious that the unity of the state is being broken. Let us go into the reasons which he adduces for attacking Rousseau's judgment. It is true that Christianity and governments have as a common purpose the happiness of the people. But, does it follow that the unity of the State is not being disturbed? Without doubt, no! They seek the same goal, but in opposite ways. Christianity makes people happy through the contempt which it inspires for all the sufferings inherent in our earthly life; it forbids its followers to obey every law that runs contrary to its own; it forbids the carrying out of every unjust order, even when it comes from the people. It therefore acts in opposition to the fundamental law of social order, the foundations of government, for it sets up in the place of the universal will, which is the source of sovereignty, its own special trust.

As we are talking of politics we must also take the evils into consideration. The unpleasant effects which the setting up of the Gospel entails are so dangerous in a Christian state that they completely destroy the social unity, because the servants of the law and the servants of

the Church are not the same. The clergy aim at keeping definite rules, a violation of the ruler's commands. In fact what Court of Law can decide which of two orders is the unjust one? "Conscience," is the answer given me. But what directs conscience? So you see that the State is no longer a whole. Follow out this conclusion, and you will see that the answer of Viscount d'Orthes varies with regard to a Christian state. Think of the influence which the servants of the Church may have on the laws, all the more as you advise even enlightened and virtuous clergymen not to run the risk of making a wrong choice. You feel, too, that the Church has more influence than the servants of the law. As, however, the servants of the Church are never, or hardly ever, citizens, but only servants, there must always be a conflict of duty.

I will not cite any great number of the contradictions and inconsistencies into which Monsieur Roustan falls. I have mentioned sufficient. In any case it is beyond doubt that Christianity, even that of the Reformed Churches, destroys the unity of the State. First, because it diminishes the confidence that people must have in the servants of the State, and, secondly, because in consequence of its constitution, it forms a special society, which appeals, not only to the heart of the citizen, but often acts in opposition to the views of the Government.

When I entered on my duties in Valence I was bored in my garrison. I began to read novels, and took a lively interest in the reading. I tried to write some myself, and this occupation strengthened my imagination which became mingled with the positive knowledge that I had acquired. Often I indulged in day-dreams, in order to measure my fancies by the compass of my intelligence. I would set myself in imagination in an ideal world, I would try to determine how far it differed from the real world in which I found myself. I have always been fond of analysis, and when I was in love with anything I used to take my love to pieces, joint by joint. The why and the wherefore are such useful questions that one cannot ask them often enough. I conquered history rather than studied it.

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MY FIRST FLIRTATION

The time of my stay in Valence was on the whole unattractive. And yet I still remember a harmless flirtation with Mademoiselle Caroline du Colombier at her estate at Basseau. We used to make little appointments. I remember one especially. It was on a beautiful summer morning. It will scarcely be considered credible, perhaps, but our whole business consisted in eating some cherries together.

In June 1786 I took a trip to Dauphiny with my friend Des Mazis, and two months afterwards our regiment was moved to Lyons, as a rising of the silk-weavers, a forerunner of the Revolution, had broken out there. I remember I was dissatisfied with my quarters. I found myself as if in a hell. My hosts would not let me go out or come in without heaping attentions on me, and I couldn't get a moment to myself, to think. As one of my comrades complained about his quarters, we exchanged, and both of us were satisfied.

HOME ONCE MORE

I could at last satisfy my longing for home. I obtained six months' leave, and, after an absence of seven years and nine months, I found myself again in the dear homeland. I drank in deep draughts of freedom in the dear Island, whose peculiar scent can be detected far out at sea.

I remember still with pride, that in my twentieth year I was able to take part in a long journey which Paoli took to Pontenuovo. Paoli had a numerous following; more than five hundred of his adherents accompanied him on horseback. I rode by the General's side. On the way Paoli explained to me the situations and the places where hot fights had taken place and where war and freedom had triumphed. He explained to me the famous struggle from beginning to end, and my remarks caused him to exclaim: "Oh, Napoleon, you belong to the time of Plutarch!"

My other recollections of my first revisiting Corsica have grown quite dim in the course of years, so that I must make use of the notes that my brother Joseph wrote down referring to those days:

"Napoleon came, and that was a great happiness for our mother and myself. The sight of the country delighted him. He had the habits of a hard-working, zealously studious young man, but he was quite different from the man described by the author of his memoirs. At that time he was a passionate admirer of Rousseau; we lived in an ideal world, as we called it. We liked the masterpieces of Corneille, Racine, and Voltaire, from which we used to recite daily. He possessed the works of Plutarch, Plato, Cornelius Nepos, Livy, and Tacitus, in French translations, besides those of Montaigne, Montesquieu, and Raynal. All these books were in a trunk, which was much larger than the one that contained his clothes. I don't deny that he had also the *Poems of Ossian*; but I absolutely deny that he preferred them to those of Homer."

Fortunately my leave was extended, for the affairs of the family were in a bad way, and I resolved to go to Paris in order to remind the Government of its obligations to my family. But it was in vain. The Comptroller General knew nothing about sums of money owing to Bonaparte for the laying out of the mulberry tree nursery, and I returned to Paris disheartened and depressed.

MY FIRST LOVE ADVENTURE IN PARIS

One day, coming from the Boulevard des Italiens, I was walking up and down in the Palais Royal. As I was struggling with violent emotions, I bore the cold with indifference. But when the force of my imagination had cooled down a little, I felt the severity of the weather, and withdrew into the Galleries. I was standing on the threshold of one of the iron gates when my eyes fell on a female form. The advanced hour, her bearing, and her tender youth, left no doubt in my mind that she was a girl of the streets. I observed her, and she stopped, not casting at me a challenging look, as the other women of her profession are accustomed to do, but in a way that corresponded to her decent appearance and manner. This circumstance made me hesitate. Her modesty encouraged me, and I spoke to her—I who more than anybody was convinced of the baseness of her profession, I who, until then, had always felt myself besmirched by a

glance from such eyes. But her soft complexion, her weakly build, and her pleasant voice cleared away any hesitation in a moment. "Ah," I said to myself, "either this will be a woman who will be useful for my observations, or it is just a vain attempt."

"You are cold," I said to her. "How can you bear walking up and down in this cold?"

"Ah, sir, hope keeps me going, for I must finish my evening, you know."

The indifference with which she pronounced these words, the phlegm of this answer interested me, and I went with her.

"Your health is very poor, I wonder that your profession does not make it worse."

"Ah! the deuce, sir, one must do something, you know."

"That may be; but isn't there any other occupation more suitable to your health?"

"No, sir, one must live, you know."

I was delighted, for I saw that, at least, she answered my question. It was a success with which my previous attempt had not always been crowned.

"You are probably from some northern country, as you defy the cold so."

"I am from Nantes, from Brittany."

"I know that country."

"You must do me the pleasure, Mademoiselle, of relating to me how you lost your innocence."

"An officer has robbed me of it."

"Are you sorry for it?"

"Why, of course. You may be sure of that."

At these words her voice took on a hardness that I had not noticed in her till then.

"You may be quite convinced of that. My sister is well taken care of, why should I not be?"

"Why have you come to Paris?"

"The officer who seduced me, and whom I despise, left me. I had to flee for fear of my mother's anger. A second one took me to Paris and left me too, and a third with whom I lived for three years, did the same. Although he is a Frenchman his business called him to London, and he is there still—Come, let us go to your house."

"But what shall we do there?"

"Warm ourselves, and you shall then satisfy your desire."

And that night, in a bare hotel room I knew a woman for the first time.

ON PATRIOTISM

Five days after this meeting at the Palais Royal, on the 27th November, 1787, I composed a monologue on patriotism, addressed to a lady acquaintance:

"I have scarcely reached the age of eighteen, and I already hold the key of history in my hand. I know my weakness, but that is, perhaps, the best frame of mind in which to compose this kind of writing. I possess that enthusiasm which a deeper study of human nature often destroys in our hearts. The venality of a riper age will never smudge my pen. I breathe only truth, and I also feel the strength to publish it. In the reading of this sketch of all our sufferings, I see, my dear fellow-countrymen, how your tears flow. Dear countrymen, we have always been unhappy! To-day, as members of a powerful monarchy, all we get from its Government is the burden of its constitution, and perhaps, our troubles continuing, it will be only in the course of centuries that there will come a lessening of our misfortunes."

MY FIRST CHALLENGE

During my first stay in Auxonne a comrade who lodged in the room above me, had the bad habit of playing the French horn. He made such a noise that it was impossible to work. Meeting him on the stairs I said to him: "Well, my dear fellow, that blowing on the French horn seems to tire you."—"Oh no! Not at all."—"Well, then, worry somebody else."—"I am sorry."—"In any case you would do better to go somewhere else with your blowing."—"I can do what I like in my own room."—"That gives rise to quarrelling"—"I don't think anyone would dare."

The consequence of this discussion was a challenge to a duel. The officers' Committee of Honour investigated the case and decided that in future the one should do his

practice on the horn elsewhere, and that the other should be more patient.

I AM ENTRUSTED WITH IMPORTANT WORK ON THE ARTILLERY RANGE

I do not feel very well just at present owing to the heavy work which I have been doing in the last few days. I am in favour with General Du Teil, so that he has set me the task of erecting various constructions on the artillery range. This work requires difficult calculations, so I have been busy for ten days without a break, and from morning till night, at the head of 200 men. This extraordinary sign of favour has set the captains against me somewhat; as they assert that it is doing them an injustice to entrust a lieutenant with such important work. The other subalterns, too, are a little envious; but that will pass. What worries me most is my health, which does not appear to be any too strong. The sorrowful state of the family also troubles me, all the more as I know no means of improving it.

MY HEALTH IMPROVES—DISPUTES IN THE NATIONAL ASSEMBLY

At last my restored health permits of my writing again in fuller detail. The country here around Auxonne is very unhealthy on account of the surrounding swamps and the frequent overflowing of the river, which fills the ditches with pestilential water. I have had a severe intermittent fever, which, after having completely disappeared for four days, would attack me again for a considerable time. This has weakened me very much, my mind has been wandering a good deal, and it was a long time before I had quite recovered. Now that the weather is better, and that the ice and snow have melted, and the wind and fog disappeared, I am recovering visibly.

As it seems, discord has appeared in the Three Estates (the National Assembly) and the Third Estate have already won the victory with the majority of deputies. But this victory does not mean much unless it is obtained by individual voting, and not by the Estates, which are as old as the monarchy itself. The clergy and nobility seem determined to fight bravely for their ancient rights and

privileges. Besides these general bickerings there isn't a province where four or five parties are not quarrelling on various subjects. In any case the papers convening Parliament have not yet been delivered, and the Estates can, therefore, not assemble before May or June.

I have here no refuge but that of work. I change my quarters every week, and sleep very little since my illness. It is incredible! I go to bed at ten and rise at four, and take only one meal a day, which suits my health very well.

ON LOVE

In Auxonne, which I entered directly from Corsica on the 12th of February, 1791, I went deeply into philosophical considerations on love. I find in my papers the following notes:

When a man lives in a foreign land, quite apart from his parents and home, he needs—let no man deceive himself—relationships, and a support, feelings, which replace his father and brother. Then love comes to his aid, in order to offer him tempting advantages. One might say that friendship offers the same. Certainly, but abroad a man feels himself more drawn towards women. Hence it is that loneliness and imagination arouse passions which prepare the ground for love. But what is love? It blooms in all seasons, contrary to the urge in animals which stirs in them only at certain periods of the year. Love is found in the icefields of Russia, in the heat of the Equator, in the swamps of the Iroquois, in the shade of Italian groves, in the forest of Ardennes, under the Sign of the Lion as under that of the Bear.

What then is love? It is the feeling of weakness, which penetrates the lonely person, at the same time also the feeling of his powerlessness and immortality. The heart contracts, expands, beats stronger: sweet tears of passion flow—that is love!

Notice a boy of thirteen. He loves his friend just as at twenty he loves his sweetheart. It is only later that egoism is developed. At forty a man loves his riches, and at sixty himself only. But, make no mistake, when he weeps he does it from vexation, if he falls into despair, it is because that loneliness bores him which eventually kills him. It is said that the sweet emotions which love

brings forth, and the cunning shafts of Cupid are poisoned, but one feels happy in his pain, and doesn't want to be cured of it. When a person has once tasted the excitement and enjoyment of love he dreads the frightful loneliness of the heart and the emptiness of feeling. At a ripe age people solace themselves for their cares by distractions; would you also like to heal the pangs of love? Dull physician, arm yourself with courage, you are killing an innocent one. If you have feeling you will find that the earth opens itself.

One day a conversation took place between my friend Des Mazis and myself on love.

Des Mazis: "What sir! you ask what love is? Are you not then like other men?"

I: "I don't ask any explanation of love from you. I, too, have been in love, and the recollection of it is still strong enough so that I don't need any exaggerated definition of it; for that only confuses things. I have no intention of denying the existence of love. I consider it destructive of society and of the personal happiness of mankind, and, finally, I believe that love does more harm than good; it would be simply a blessing of the gods if the world were rid of it."

Des Mazis: "What? Love destructive of society! Love, which keeps all nature alive, which is the source of all life and all happiness? It would be better not to live at all than to live without love."

I: "You are simply getting excited, and passion urges you on. Pray, understand your friend! Do not look at me so scornfully, and tell me why, since you have been under the spell of this passion, I no longer see you in the company where you were always to be found formerly? Besides, what has become of your work? Why do you neglect your relatives and friends? You spend all your days in taking long, lonely walks, till the hour strikes when you are favoured with the sight of Adelaide."

Des Mazis: "Ah, what do I care about your social meetings and your work? What is the use of dry science to me? What have things that happened a thousand years ago to do with me? What influence can I have on

the course of the stars? What interest have I in all those exact, childish discussions on mankind? I have, of course, formerly occupied myself with all these things, but what better could I do then? I had to drive away boredom in some way or another. Still, believe me, I used to feel, when at work, the emptiness of my heart. My mind was often satisfied, it is true; but my feelings! . . . O God! I was simply vegetating till I fell in love. But now everything is different. When the dawn rouses me from sleep I no longer ask myself: Why is the sun shining for me to-day? No! The first ray shows me my darling Adelaide in her morning dress. In my mind I see her thinking of me and smiling at me. Yesterday evening she squeezed my hand; she sighed, and our eyes met. How excellently well she understood how to give expression to our feelings. I kept looking at her picture, which enraptures me. I take it out a hundred times, in order to hold it in my hand. And those walks, sir, which seem to you so dreary, oh, they are a thousand times more recreative than a voyage round the world. First, I call to mind all the things that Adelaide has whispered to me, then I read again the letter that she last wrote me . . . everything that concerns her is holy in my eyes. . . ."

I: "I laugh at all these things which hold your soul in bondage, but I laugh still more at the enthusiasm with which you relate them to me. What a strange malady has taken hold of you! I see that the common sense that I must call to your help, can make no impression, and that, in the mad condition in which you find yourself, you will not merely close your eyes to all objections, you will simply scorn them. Remember, you do not possess a cool temperament, and that my friendship will always recall you to your duties. Remember that I have always shown myself your friend, who was worthy of you. I should now really count up everything that you owe me, and how often I have given you proofs of my friendly feelings; for I am not protected against the insults which you might do me in your madness: your condition is that of a sick person who sees only phantoms . . . sleepless nights, untasted meals, not a spot on the earth where your restlessness can find recovery. Your blood is boiling, you walk up and down with long strides, and your eyes

have a far-away look. My poor friend! Can that be happiness?

If the time came to defend your country what would you do in the matter? Of what use are you? Do you think one would entrust a child who is always crying, who is always either in joy or in sorrow, according to the emotions of another person, with the well-being of his fellow-men? Do you think they would confide the secrets of the State to a man who has no will-power?"

Des Mazis: "Why, those are only big, but hollow words! What have your State and your secrets to do with me? You are really unbearable to-day! I have never heard you condemn so senselessly."

I: "Ah, sir, what have the State, your fellow-citizens, and society to do with you? There we have the consequences of a heart given over to sensuousness. No strength and no virtue on your life's path. Oh, I pity your error! What! You think that love is the road to virtue? No, it hinders it at every step. Do be sensible!"

UNEQUAL DIVISION OF THE WORLD'S GOODS

A man inherits with his birth rights the productions of the earth necessary to his maintenance. After the follies of youth comes the awakening of the passions: after one has selected a playmate one proceeds to the choice of a companion for life. The strong arm of the husband, and his needs, demand work. He looks round and sees that the land is divided among a few, and serves only luxury and superfluity. Then he asks himself: what are the privileges of these people? Why does the man who does nothing possess everything, and the working man almost nothing? Why have they left nothing to him who has a wife, an old father, and an old mother to support? The lawgivers have shut out of society the ownerless, and those who do not pay certain taxes. Why this injustice? Doubtless from political reasons! But how does that look in the framework of mankind? If I saw one of these unfortunate people transgressing the law I would say to myself at the sight of this worried being: "The strong man wears out the weak one." You should say to the rich: "You possess everything, and those people have nothing. Your destiny is the same, only

with this difference, that you, the wiser, can obtain redress and remedy, while the other can only sigh. Unfeeling man, is your heart never touched? I pity and despise you."

ON THE ENJOYMENT OF LIFE

We have been created to enjoy life. Life's happiness consists really in suiting the enjoyments of life to our natural disposition. And so we are born to be happy. We are continually having pleasant experiences and unpleasant experiences, and no one can deny that the latter are repugnant to nature, and therefore cause us to avoid all unpleasantnesses, just as we have recourse to medicine in order to restore our health. In all ranks in life we have sensations, the working man the same as the prince, only in different circumstances.

Now, in what does the enjoyment of life consist? In order to understand it one must try to read his own heart. In animals we can only see that they have the wish to eat, and yet animals seem to be capable of various passions: the dog is famed for his fidelity, the cow seems to feel pity, the elephant is grateful, and so on. But all these qualities of the mind seem to have been acquired only after a very long habit. It is, therefore, difficult to deny that an animal's instinct is a lower form of our own. But this instinct is not sufficiently developed to produce ideas, they have only experiences, which they use in a practical way, to rid themselves of their enemies and provide for their maintenance.

If a child, for instance, wishes to seize an object on the other side of the table, and sees that is impossible, he will go round the table a second time in order to approach the object more directly. A horse that happens to be in one meadow will go into another. It runs directly towards it, but, finding a wall that hinders its intention, goes along the wall till it finds an opening. The second time it goes direct to the opening. That is, therefore, progress acquired by experience. The birds build their nests, as they have been building them for thousands of years. The bees do the same.

Man, on the other hand, has spiritual needs besides his physical ones. Eating, it is true, is the first law of all

creatures, but man has an advantage over the animals in taking less time over it, as is also the case in digestion and sleep.

What, however, is the chief occupation of man? Life brings him desire and pain, as a result of his passions, without which he would have neither the one nor the other, and consequently would be the unhappiest creature in the world. Ah! more than that, he would not be a human being at all. The ability to compare while observing and thinking creates all the qualities that he possesses. As a physical being a man must eat, as a psychical being he must control himself. And what does this control consist in? It consists in directing his inclinations, his spiritual qualities in such a way that each of them may contribute to his happiness.

Physical maintenance is the first law of nature; the desire to be happy, the second. What is happiness? It is the reason why we are on this earth, that is, the real enjoyment of life.

Half the world is ambitious and seeks happiness in getting honour. The love of fame arouses in them the wish to command and to defy every danger. Lust and avarice strive after riches; love demands the passion of a woman, charity desires the amelioration of want, the man of leisure longs for work.

REPUBLIC OR MONARCHY

For a long time I have had a taste for public affairs. If an unprejudiced public writer could have any uncertainty as to his preference for a republic or a monarchy, I believe that his doubts would soon be cleared up to-day. Republicans are insulted and threatened, and the only reason given is that republicanism is impossible in France. In reality the oratorical defenders of the monarchy have contributed much to its fall, for after having indulged in all kinds of useless analysis, they always say that the republican form of government is impossible because it is impracticable.

I have read all the writings of the monarchist speakers. I have perceived in them the greatest efforts to defend a bad case. They make assertions which they cannot prove. Really if I had had doubts, the reading of their speeches

would have scattered them. They assert that 25 million people cannot live as republicans. Without good morals no republic!

When one asserts that 25 million people cannot live together as republicans, it is nothing but an unpolitical form of speech.

RUMOURS OF WAR (1792)

For some months we are wondering whether we shall have war. I have always answered no! One part of Europe is governed by princes who rule over men, the other part by sovereigns who command cattle and horses. The former understand the Revolution perfectly, and would gladly make financial sacrifices to suppress it, but they never dare to raise the mask of fear, lest the fire should also spread amongst themselves . . . one has only to look at the history of England, Holland, etc.

But as for the rulers who govern horses, they cannot understand the coherence of the constitution, and they despise it. They think that this chaos of connecting ideas is bringing about the downfall of France. According to their speeches one would think that our brave countrymen were destroying each other in order to cleanse their blood from their crime against the princes. They think further that the patriots will then bow their heads deeper than ever before the bishop's mitre, before the imprisoned fakir (Louis XVI), and especially before the rascals who boast of their titles to nobility. But these princes keep quiet. They are only waiting for the moment in which civil war will break out, which, according to them and their dull ministers, must inevitably happen.

CRITICAL CONDITION IN PARIS

Yesterday, the 27th of May, 1792, I arrived in Paris and have taken up my quarters provisionally in the hotel where Pozzo di Borgo, Leonetti, and Peraldi are staying, namely, in the "Hotel des Patriotes Hollandais" in the Rue Royale. But it is too expensive, and I shall move to-day or to-morrow.

Paris is in a state of the greatest excitement. It is crowded with foreigners, and the number of the discontented is very great. Already for three nights the city has been

lighted up. The National Guard at the Tuileries has been doubled, in order to protect the King. They are trying to improve the corps of the Household Troops which is said to be very badly organised. The same news continues to come from the frontiers. Probably the people are assembling in order to take the defensive.

Among the officers desertion is the order of the day. The situation is in every way critical.

I am going to the Legislative Assembly to-day for the first time. Its reputation is not so high as that of the Constituent Assembly, but what is there left?

This country is, in the true sense of the word, torn to pieces by the most violent partisanship, and it is very difficult to hold the threads of the various plans of the parties. What turn events will take I know not; anyhow, it looks very like revolution.

During my present stay I have been working hard at astronomy. It is a fine distraction, and a magnificent science. With my mathematical knowledge I have little difficulty in mastering this science. I have gained much from it.

THE KING'S INCREDIBLE WEAKNESS

The day before yesterday, the 20th of June, 1792, seven to eight thousand men, armed with pikes, axes, swords, muskets, spears, and sharpened stakes, marched to the Legislative Assembly in order to hand in a petition. Then they betook themselves to the King. The garden of the Tuileries was closed, and guarded by 15,000 National Guards. The crowd tore down the gates, penetrated into the palace, and pointed cannon at the King's apartments; they broke in four doors, and offered the King two cockades, a red one and a tricolour, and left him the choice. "Choose," they told him, "whether you will reign here or in Coblence." The King showed himself and put on the red Jacobin cap. The Queen and the royal princes did the same. Then the King had to drink with the mob. The crowd were in the palace for four hours. This provided the news-sheets with ample material for their aristocratic declarations. Yet this is all very contrary to the Constitution and is a dangerous example. In such stormy conditions it is hard to foresee what fate is in store for France.

I AM A SPECTATOR OF THE STORMING OF THE TUILERIES

On that horrible 10th of August, 1792, I happened to be in Paris, and was lodging in the Rue du Mail near the Place des Victoires. When the noise of the attack became audible, and the news came that they were storming the Tuileries, I hastened to find Fauvelet, Bourrienne's brother, at the Place du Carrousel, where he had a furniture shop. From this house I could quietly observe all the events of the day. Before I got to the Place du Carrousel I met a horrible group of men in the Rue des Petits Champs who were carrying about a head on the point of a pike. As they saw that I was fairly well dressed, and took me for a "Monsieur," they came up to me to make me shout "Long live the Nation," which, one may be sure, I did without difficulty.

The palace was attacked by the lowest scum. The King certainly had as many troops for his defence as we had later on, on the 13th Vendémaire, and the enemies of the Convention were much better trained and much more formidable. The majority of the National Guard showed themselves to be on the King's side. This justice must be done them.

When the Palace had been taken and the King had betaken himself to the Legislative Assembly, I went into the garden of the Tuileries. It seemed to me as if I saw more corpses there than I have seen since on my battlefields. Either it was owing to the smallness of the space, or it was because such a sight had never met my eyes before. I saw well-dressed women behaving in a disgraceful way towards the bodies of the Swiss. I visited all the coffee houses in the neighbourhood of the National Assembly; everywhere the excitement was great, and rage was to be seen on all faces, although these people did not belong to the working classes at all.

ON THE FRENCH REVOLUTION

At the beginning the Revolution took its course during the leadership of Louis XVI. The great mistakes of the Three Estates, the evil counsels of foreigners, but especially the false advice of England, which knew better than

anybody what an advantage France was gaining through real liberty, destroyed the fine beginning.

The events of the 5th and 6th of October, 1789, were by no means the work of France. The King was besieged in his Palace, was subjected to abuse by the mob of Paris, until he at last gave way in order to save himself and his family. During the night, amid the howls of the cannibals, he was brought back to Paris. From this moment he was the prisoner of the Revolution. While he was being greeted as King of the French he was made to endure the sufferings of Christ. He accepted the Constitution which he should have granted. His flight to Varennes was the greatest mistake that he could make, even if it had been successful. The party considered it as an act of treachery, and from that day the death of the unhappy monarch was a foregone conclusion, and the fall of the throne was resolved on in secret. The Emigrants' Assembly in Coblence, the Congress of Pillnitz, Prussia's ridiculous war, the still more ridiculous retreat of the Prussian Army before our unorganised troops, excited the revolutionary rage to the highest point, and France went suddenly over from the rule of the Constituent Assembly to that of the Convention, from the Revolution to the Reign of Terror.

The French Revolution was a general rising of the people against the privileged classes. Its masterpiece was the destruction of all privileges, the abolition of the jurisdiction of the feudal lords, the suppression of the remnant of the old-time serfdom, the proclamation of liberty to the skies. France had been gradually formed from the union of countries which had passed under the Crown Domain either through inheritance or conquest. There were no natural boundaries to the provinces; they were unlike in extent and in population, and were ruled by laws and customs in accordance with the administrative rights of the citizens. It was not a state but a union of several states loosely joined together. The Revolution, which was essentially directed by the principles of liberty, destroyed also the last traces of the Feudal System. It created a new France with a homogeneous division of territories which accorded with local conditions. Everywhere the same judicial and administrative organisation reigned, the same civil and criminal laws, the same

system of taxation. The upheavals which the operation of the Revolution brought about in individuals and their property were as great as those which the maxims of the Revolution itself effected. The new France gave the world the singular spectacle of 25 million souls, who, all of equal rank, were governed by the same laws, the same rule, and the same regulation. And all these changes were in harmony with the good of the people, with its rights, with the progress of civilisation.

CHAPTER II

AS A YOUNG GENERAL OF THE REVOLUTION, 1793–1795

MY FIRST DEED OF ARMS AT TOULON

MY official career began at the siege of Toulon. I was then twenty-four years of age, and, as an officer of an old corps which enjoyed a certain reputation, I was sent to this siege. On this occasion I exhibited for the first time those military talents which, since then, have gained such great renown for the French Army. I personally took prisoner General O'Hara, the officer in command at Toulon. In November 1793 this General, at the head of 6000 men, had made a sally in order to capture a French battery which had been bombarding the Malbousquet Fort. The attack was successful, and they spiked the guns that they found. The General commanding the French, Dugommier, put himself at the head of his troops, whilst I, as commander of the artillery —I was already called his right-hand man at the time— caused some guns to be placed on different hills, in order to cover the retreat and to dispute the land with the English, in case the enemy General should try to extend his success as far as Ollioules and take possession of the large parks of garrison artillery belonging to the French Army which were set up a little in front of this village. When this task was completed I went over to one of the heights lying opposite to the lost battery, and occupied at that moment by our troops, and with a battalion of 400 men I crept along a trench covered with olive branches, which led to the height where the battery was. This trench had been dug in order to bring up powder and other provisions. In this way I reached the foot of the battery without being discovered, and from there I directed a violent fire from right and left on the English and Neapolitans who were occupying the battery, without it being possible for them to know whence this firing

came. An English officer, whom we then took for a colonel, climbed on to the breastwork to see whence this strange attack was coming. A non-commissioned officer of the French battalion fired at him and fractured his arm. The officer we took for a colonel, and who turned out to be General O'Hara himself, rolled to the foot of the battery which was on the side of the French. The soldiers threw themselves on him and would have killed him. Thereupon I hastened up, seized him with my own hand, and rescued him in this critical situation from all further harm and insult. As I gave him back his sword the English General told me his name and rank. Further, I used my influence in seeing that he was treated in a way becoming a man of his rank, contrary to the inhuman methods of treatment then used against the English. On account of this exploit I was made a colonel, and after the taking of Toulon I was raised to the rank of Brigadier-General.

I GET THE SCURVY

At this siege I was attacked by a horrible disease—the scurvy. I happened to be close to a battery of two guns. One of the English sloops approached the shore, fired, and killed two gunners at my side. I picked up a ramrod just as it had fallen from the warm hand of one of the dead men. The man had been suffering from disease, as was shown afterwards, and a few days later I too was seized with a stubborn attack of scurvy. I took baths and recovered. But, as I took very little care of myself, I got it again five years later in Italy, and also in Egypt. On my return from there Corvisart cured me of it by putting three blisters on my chest which brought about a change for the better. Before that time, I was sallow and lean, but since then I have always been very well.

I AM TO JUSTIFY MYSELF IN PARIS

The People's Representative in Marseilles, Meynier, had asked me, at the beginning of the year 1794, to sketch a plan to protect the arsenal of the town from a *coup de main*. I therefore sketched out a plan. Soon afterwards, however, a report was made attacking the Artillery Commission in Marseilles who had been slanderously

accused of wishing to build a Bastille against the patriots. An order from the Convention required them to appear before its bar. The commanding officer in Marseilles, Sugny, informed me that the matter concerned me, and that I must go to Paris. I replied that the order concerned the officer in command at Marseilles, and not me; that he must go to Paris and explain that the plan was not his. He did it, too. The result was another decree against me, but the younger Robespierre wrote to his brother in my favour, and I was left in peace.

THE UNSUCCESSFUL EXPEDITION TO CORSICA

After the siege of Toulon I was appointed to the command of the artillery in the army in Italy, and was, generally speaking, the virtual leader of this army. The execution of my plans brought to France, Saorgio, Oneglia, the Pass of Tenda, and Ormea. In October I conducted in like manner the movements of this army on the Bormida, at Dego, and at Savona.

In February 1795, I was in command of the artillery of the sea expedition at Toulon, which was intended first, for Corsica, and then for Rome. I made the proposal that the fleet of transports should not put out to sea until the French fleet had compelled the English to go away. The consequence of this was the engagement off Livorno, where the battleship *Ça ira* was taken, and the return of the French fleet to the harbour. During this time, owing to my influence with the gunners, I succeeded in suppressing a rising in the arsenal; by this action I saved the lives of the People's Representatives, Mariette and Chambon.

AN INCIDENT FROM THE MOUNTAIN WARFARE

When women are bad they are worse than men, and have a much greater inclination to commit crime. When the sex, gentle by nature, has once sunk, it falls much deeper than ours. Women are always either very much better, or very much worse than men.

When I was in command at the Pass of Tenda, a very hilly and difficult region, where the army had to march over a narrow bridge in order to get through, I had given the order that no woman was to be allowed to follow, as

the duties were laborious, and required the troops to be always on the alert. In order to assure the execution of this order I had placed two captains on the bridge, and had ordered them, on pain of death, to allow no woman to cross it. I went to the bridge myself in order to convince myself that my orders were being obeyed, and found a crowd of women assembled there. When they saw me they heaped abuse on me, shouting: "Ah! It is you, little corporal, who have given the order not to let us cross the bridge." I was called "little corporal" in the army at that time. Afterwards I was astonished to find, some leagues further on, a considerable number of women with the troops. I immediately ordered the two captains to be arrested, and brought to me, for I was determined to condemn them on the spot. They assured me, however, of their innocence, and insisted that no woman had passed over the bridge. I therefore caused some of these ladies to be brought before me, and to my great astonishment they admitted that they had emptied a few barrels containing certain provisions for the army, had hidden in them, and in this way had got over unnoticed.

I GO TO PARIS

In May 1795, on the recommendation of Aubry, I was placed on the list of infantry generals, in order to serve in that capacity in the army at Vendée. That was only to last until there was a vacancy in the artillery. I therefore went to Paris, and refused to serve in the army in Vendée. About ten days later our army of Italy was compelled to retreat, as Kellerman had been defeated on the Italian Riviera. The "Committee of Safety," which, at that time, consisted of Sieyès, Le Tourneur, and Pontécoulant, commissioned me to work out the plans for the army in Italy. Soon after came the 13th Vendémaire, and I became General-in-Chief of the army in the interior of Paris.

MY FIRST ATTEMPT AT SUICIDE

When in Paris, in the spring of 1795, I found myself in that very unpleasant frame of mind, when the brain almost ceases to function, and makes life appear as an insupportable burden. My mother had just admitted to me her

frightful condition. As a result of the Corsican Civil War she had fled to Marseilles, and there found herself without any means of support. She possessed nothing but her wonderful character to defend the honour of her daughters from want and corruption of every kind which had risen from the loss of morals in that social chaos. I had only one worthless draft. Through the vile action of Representative Aubry I had been deprived of my pay, and had no income of any kind. I had gone out and felt myself suddenly carried away by a kind of animal-like instinct to destroy myself. I slouched along the Embankment. It is true I felt my weakness, but could not conquer it. A few moments later I would perhaps have thrown myself into the water, when, by chance, I met a man in plain working-men's clothes. When he recognised me he fell on my neck, calling out: "Is it really you, Napoleon? What a pleasure to see you again!" It was Des Mazis, my old comrade in the artillery. He had left the country, and had returned, in disguise, to see his old mother, and was about to start on his return journey.

"What is the matter?" he asked me. "You are not listening, and are not glad to see me again! What misfortune have you met with? You quite give the impression of a fool who is about to kill himself."

This direct appeal to the mood which was mastering me produced a regular revolution in me, and, without taking time to reflect, I told him everything.

"If that is all," said he, and with these words, opening his shabby jacket, he drew out a belt and put it into my hand. "There are 30,000 francs in gold. Take them and save your mother."

Although even to-day I can't account for my action, I took the gold, and ran away in order to send it to my mother. Only when I no longer held it in my hand did I reflect on what I had just done. In all haste I returned to the spot where I had left Des Mazis, but he had disappeared. For several days I went out in the morning, and only returned at night. I looked in every place where I thought I might find him. But all my searches at that time, and all those I made later on, after I had ascended the throne, proved vain. It was only towards

the end of the Empire that by chance I found Des Mazis once more. Now it was my turn to question him, and to ask him what he thought of my strange behaviour, and why I had heard nothing more of him for fifteen years. He had behaved like myself, he said. As he had not needed money, he had not asked for any, although he was convinced that it would not embarrass me to pay it back. Moreover, he had feared that I would force him to come out of the retirement in which he lived so happily, occupied with his gardening. I had infinite trouble in persuading him to accept an imperial repayment of 300,000 francs for the 30,000 francs that he had lent me as a brother-officer. Against his will I forced him to accept the post of general manager of the State Gardens, with a salary of 30,000 francs per annum, and the rank of Officer of my Household. I also gave his brother a very good post.

Two of my comrades from the military school and from my old regiment, with whom I felt the most sympathy since my youth, Des Mazis and Phélipeaux, have, by some mysterious providence, exercised an enormous influence on my destiny. Des Mazis, as I have just said, saved me from suicide, and Phélipeaux held me back before Akka (Acre). If it had not been for him I would have been master of the key to the Orient, I would have marched to Constantinople, and would have restored the Eastern Empire.

PARIS REVIVES

After the fall of Robespierre, luxury, pleasure, and the arts got the upper hand again in Paris, and in an astonishing manner. On the 11th of July, 1795, a benefit performance of *Phädra* was given in the Opera House for a former actress. Although the prices of tickets had been raised threefold, an enormous crowd of people were already waiting at two o'clock in the afternoon. Society people appeared once more on the scene in their equipages, or, better, they only remembered now, as in a long dream, that there had been a time when they had ceased to shine. Active, industrious life reigned in the libraries, in the historical, chemical, botanical, and astronomical lectures. Every means was employed to provide amuse-

ment for the people, and to make life pleasant. People were dragged from their sorrowful brooding; how could one yield to gloomy presentiments in all this expenditure of mind, in all this wild revelry? Ladies were everywhere; in the theatres, on the promenades, and in the libraries. Charming figures were to be seen in the studios and workrooms of the learned and the scientists. Of all countries in the world it is here that women deserve to be at the helm. Therefore men went crazy over them, thought of nothing else, and lived through them and for them. A woman only needs to spend six months in Paris in order to know what is her due, and what a kingdom belongs to her!

THE COUP D'ÉTAT OF THE 13TH VENDÉMAIRE

On the evening of the 12th Vendémaire of the year V (the 4th October, 1795), I was in the "Council of Forty," of which Cambacérès was president, when the intentions of the Sections were made manifest. Everybody trembled and nodded to show that they understood. Sieyès approached me and said: "While they are consulting the Sections will overthrow everything; use your brain, and just shoot boldly." I had handed over the People's Representative, Flinton, and they asked what they were to do with him. When I told them that they should defend themselves with him, and in this way increase the defenders by 150 men, they understood that they were in danger.

The movement of the 13th Vendémaire was directed by Royalist leaders. One of them, Danican by name, sent a man to parley, who was brought blindfolded into meeting of the Council of Forty. But all the members begged him to recommend his General to stand by the Republic. It was resolved that, in case of our defeat, we should retire to Tours.

The next morning at five o'clock the People's Representative, Barras, was appointed General-in-Chief of the Army of the Interior, with myself as deputy.

The artillery park was still in the camp at Sablons and was guarded by only 150 men. The remainder was at Marly with 200 men. I asked for an officer of the 21st Chasseurs. Murat offered himself, and I sent him at

a gallop to Sablons, to take away the artillery park. It was high time, for the Sections soon appeared in order to seize it. Murat attacked them at once, and in this way I learned to know him. I also saw Lemarois there for the first time.

The powder magazine at Meudon was without any special protection. The Feuillans only possessed four guns without gunners, and 80,000 cartridges. The provision stores were scattered over the whole of Paris. In various Sections the drums were beating for the general march. The Section of the "Théâtre français" had pushed their outposts as far as the Pont Neuf, which was barricaded.

General Verdier, who was in command at the Palais National, was manœuvring with great skill; he was to fire only in case of absolute necessity.

In the meantime, reports were coming from all sides that the Sections were arming, assembling, and forming columns. I therefore had the troops posted so as to defend the Convention, and divided up the artillery to drive back the rebels. At the former monastery of the Feuillans I placed some cannon in order to be able to sweep the Rue Saint-Honoré: eight-pounders stood at every outlet. For the sake of safety I held some guns in reserve, in order to open a flank fire on the columns, in case they should force an approach. Finally I had three howitzers placed in the Place du Carrousel, in order to sweep the houses from which the rebels might shoot at the Convention building.

At four o'clock the rebels came in masses out of the streets to form columns of attack. At this very critical moment it was difficult, even for seasoned troops, to keep from shooting, for it was the blood of Frenchmen that would flow. We wanted to make the unfortunate wretches, who were already criminals through their insurrection, fratricides as well, by allowing them to attack.

At about a quarter to five the rebels had assembled. From all sides they began their forward push, but were everywhere beaten back. French blood flowed, but the Sections were responsible for the crime and the disgrace of that day. Among the dead we recognised mostly *émigrés*, landowners, and nobles. From the prisoners it

was proved that they were Chouans in the first place, and consequently followers of Charette.

The Sections did not, however, yet consider themselves beaten. They had fled to the Church Saint Roche, to the Théâtre de la République, and the Egalité Palace. Everywhere they were heard in their wrath urging the inhabitants to take up arms. In order to avoid bloodshed on the following day, we dared not give them time to assemble, but had to pursue them with vigour, and prevent a fight taking place in a district difficult of approach.

I ordered General Montchoisy, who was with his reserves on the Place de la Révolution, to form a column which was to march from the Boulevard with two guns, thus avoiding the Place Vendôme, to establish a connection with the troops which were with the General Staff, and to return in close formation. General Brune marched with two mortars from the streets Saint-Nicaise and Saint-Honoré. General Cartaux sent 200 men and a gun of his division through the street Saint-Thomas-du-Louvre, in order to come out on the Place Palais-Egalité.

The horse on which I sat was killed by a bullet. When I had mounted another I repaired to the Feuillan monastery.

The troops now began to move. Saint-Roch and the "Théâtre de la République" were taken. The rebels now retired to the end of the Rue de la Loi, and barricaded themselves on all sides. Their positions were successfully bombarded the whole night.

At daybreak I learned that some students of the Sainte-Geneviève quarter were marching with two guns to the assistance of the rebels. I sent against them a troop of Dragoons which took the guns from them and brought them back to the Tuileries.

In spite of that a few Sections still held out. They had barricaded the streets of the Grenelle Section and placed their cannon in the main streets. At nine o'clock General Berruyer marched with his division to the Place Vendôme and pointed his two guns from the Rue des Vieux-Augustins on to the head-quarters of the "Le Pelletier" Section. General Vachort turned to the right. On the Place de la Victoire General Brune placed two mortars at the end of the Rue Vivienne, and General Duvigier

marched with his column of 600 men and two guns to the Rue Saint-Roch and Montmartre. But as the Sections were losing courage, for they were afraid of their retreat being cut off, they evacuated their positions.

The "Brutus" Section still gave some trouble, for they had made prisoner the wife of one of the deputies. I therefore ordered General Duvigier to march along the Boulevard as far as the Rue Poissonnière, General Berruyer to take up his position on the Place de la Victoire, and I myself occupied the Pont-au-Change.

After the "Brutus" Section had been disarmed our troops marched to the Place de la Grève. Everywhere the real patriots had taken courage again; from every place the *émigrés*, armed with daggers, had disappeared, and the people were recovering from their attack of crazy folly and error. Finally, we disarmed next day the "Le Pelletier" Section, and that of the "Théâtre français."

HOW I MADE THE ACQUAINTANCE OF JOSEPHINE BEAUHARNAIS

After the 13th Vendémaire, one morning my adjutant Lemarois informed me that the son of Madame Beauharnais, whose husband had been guillotined when a general, was in my ante-room, and wanted to speak to me. He said he was a handsome boy. I called him in, whereupon he told me that his mother had kept his father's sword, but that it had been taken from her when the Sections had been disarmed. He asked me to return the weapon to him. I granted his request, and sent Lemarois with him to his Section to carry out his wish. On the following day Madame Beauharnais had her name written in my visitors' book, and a few days afterwards she came herself. I now instructed Lemarois to pay her a visit. He was very well received, and informed me that Madame Beauharnais was a beautiful lady, and very nice, and that she owned the house in which she lived. I then left my card, and was shortly afterwards invited to dinner. In her house I met some well-known Society people, among others the Duke of Nivernois, Madame Tallien, Ellviou; I think that Talma was there too. She treated me as a very distinguished guest, made me sit next to her at table, and drew me out with all kinds of teasing. For my part

I invited her to dine with me, Barras also being present. At last things took their course in such fashion that we fell in love with each other. Barras did me a service by advising me to marry Josephine. He assured me that she belonged both to the old and the new Society, and that this fact would bring me more support; that her house was the best in Paris, and would rid me of my Corsican name; finally, that through this marriage I should become quite French. Hortense would not hear of the marriage, for at that time the generals were described as "Dealers in laced uniforms." Eugène, on the other hand, wished for the marriage, for he was already looking forward to becoming my adjutant.

Josephine was at that time a very agreeable lady, full of charm, a lady in the true sense of the word. At first she would always answer: "No," in order to take time to reflect. Afterwards she said: "Ah, yes, sir!" She lied almost continually, but in a very clever way. I can say that I loved the lady very much. She understood me very well, and never asked anything for her children. She never asked for money, but made debts in millions. She had bad teeth, but she was so clever that one never noticed it at all. She would have been exactly the right person to accompany me to Elba.

CHAPTER III

ONWARDS TO FAME, 1796–1797

THE FIRST PHASE OF MY CAMPAIGN IN ITALY; MONTENOTTE, MILLESIMO, COSSERIA, DEGO, MONDOVI, CHERASCO

I ENTERED Nice on the 26th of March, 1796. The condition of the army, as General Scherer had reported, was worse than any force of imagination whatever can depict it. The provision of bread was not assured, and there had been no meat rations for a long time. For transport purposes there were only 200 mules available, and we could not think of sending forward more than twelve cannon. Things were getting worse every day. There was not a moment to be lost, for the army could no longer live where it was, but had either to advance or retreat.

I therefore gave the army the order to march. My intention was to surprise the enemy at the very beginning of the campaign, and to stun him by brilliant and decisive success.

The head-quarters, which, since the beginning of the war had never left Nice, now received instructions to move to Albenga. Then I held a review of the troops, and said: "Soldiers! You are half-naked, and badly clothed. The authorities find much fault with you, and yet can give you nothing. Your patience, and the courage you show amid these rocks are admirable, but you are not getting any fame. I will lead you into the most fruitful plains in the world. Rich provinces and great cities shall be in your possession, and then you will have wealth, honour, and fame in full measure. Soldiers of the army of Italy, will your courage fail?"

This speech from a young General of five-and-twenty in whom great confidence had already been shown on account of his brilliant feat of arms at Toulon, Saorgio, and Savona, was received with loud applause.

Napoleon as General-In-Chief of the French Army
Engraved by Haid from a Drawing by an unknown Master

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When one wanted to avoid the Alps in order to penetrate into Italy by the Pass of Cadibona one had to assemble the whole army on the extreme right wing. It would have been a very dangerous venture, if the snow had not still covered the exits from the Alps. The change over from the defensive to the offensive is one of the most difficult of military operations. Sérurier was posted with his division at Garessio in order to observe Colli's camp at Ceva. Massena and Augereau remained in reserve at Loano in the region of Savona. Laharpe marched off to threaten Genoa, and Voltri was occupied by an outpost. At the same time I sent word to the Senate of Genoa to ask leave to march through the Bocchetta to Gavi, and informed them that I intended invading Lombardy, and wished accordingly to support myself on Genoa. The Genoese were amazed at this news, and the Council met for perpetual sitting.

The Commander-in-Chief of the Austrian Army, Beaulieu, who was very uneasy at these communications, came in all haste to the protection of Genoa. He moved his head-quarters to Novi, and divided up his army into three corps. The right wing, under the command of General Colli, which consisted entirely of Piedmontese, had its head-quarters in Ceva. It was charged with the defence of the Stura and the Tanaro. The centre, under Argenteau, marched to Montenotte, in order to cut off the French Army, by falling on its left flank, and cutting off the road from Savona to Corniche. Beaulieu in person covered Genoa with his left wing, and marched to Voltri. At the first glance these dispositions seem well arranged, but when the lay of the land is more closely studied, you discover that Beaulieu had separated his forces, as every direct connection between his centre and right was blocked, and could only take place behind the mountains, while, on the other hand, the French Army was so disposed that it could unite in a few hours, and throw itself in a mass on either of the enemy corps. As soon as one was beaten, the other would be compelled undoubtedly to retreat.

General Argenteau, who commanded the centre of the enemy's army, had taken up his position at Montenotte on the 9th of April. On the 10th he marched over Monte

Negino with the object of reaching Madonna di Savona. Colonel Rampon, who had been entrusted with the protection of the three redoubts of Monte Negino, received information of the enemy's advance, and sent a strong force against him, which he withdrew again into the redoubts in the afternoon. Argenteau tried to capture these without any special preparation, but his three attacks were beaten back in succession, so that he gave up the idea. As his troops were exhausted he retired to his former position, and postponed till the next day the taking of the redoubts from the rear.

As for Beaulieu, he marched towards Genoa on the 9th of April. The whole of the following day Laharpe with his outpost was engaged in battle before Voltri to prevent him from entering the defiles in the mountains and establishing himself firmly in them. But on the evening of the 10th he fell back on Savona, and at daybreak on the 11th he found himself with his entire division behind Rampon and the three redoubts of Monte Negino.

In the same night, from the 10th to the 11th, I marched with the divisions of Massena and Augereau through the Pass of Cadibona and made in the direction of Montenotte. By daybreak Argenteau, who was hemmed in on all sides, in front by Rampon and Laharpe, in the rear and the flanks by myself, was attacked. The result was decisive, and Argenteau's whole army was annihilated. At the same time Beaulieu arrived in Voltri, and found nobody there. It was only in the course of the 13th that this general heard of the defeat at Montenotte, and the advance of the French into Piedmont. He had to withdraw his troops in all haste by the bad roads along which they had come. The result was that, three days later, only a portion of his troops could arrive in time to take part in the Battle of Montebello.

On the 12th the head-quarters of the French Army were in Carcare. The defeated army had retreated, the Piedmontese towards Millesimo, and the Austrians towards Dego. These two positions were connected by a Piedmontese division who were to occupy the heights of Biestro. In Millesimo the Piedmontese were on both sides of the road which covers Piedmont. Colli, with all the troops that he could take from his right wing, joined

them. In Dego the Austrians had occupied the position that defends the road to Acqui, leading into the direct road to the Province of Milan. Gradually the enemy were strengthened by the troops which Beaulieu was able to bring up from Voltri.

In this way the two chief outlets towards Piedmont and the Milan province were covered: the enemy hoped to have time to establish and entrench himself there. Although the Battle of Montenotte had been of such great advantages to us, the enemy still had the possibility, through his superiority in numbers, of making up for his losses. However, two days later—it was on the 14th of April—the Battle of Millesimo opened to us the two roads, the one to Turin, and the other to Milan. Augereau, who commanded the left wing of the French Army, marched towards Millesimo, Massena, with the centre turned towards Dego, and Laharpe, who was in charge of the right wing, aimed at winning the heights of Cairo. The enemy had his right wing supported on the Hill of Cosseria, which commanded both banks of the Bormida. But on the 13th, General Augereau, who had not taken part in the Battle of Montenotte, threw back the enemy's right with such impetuosity that he took from him the defiles of Millesimo and closed in Cosseria. Provera, with his rear-guard of 2000 men, was surrounded. In this desperate situation he retired into an old castle and fortified himself in it. From his high position he could see the right wing of the Sardinian Army making preparations for the next day's battle, by which he hoped to be relieved. All Colli's troops from the camp at Ceva were to have come up during the night. From the French point of view we recognised the importance of gaining possession of the Castle of Cosseria during the daytime. But as it was very strong the undertaking failed. On the following day the two armies were engaged in hand-to-hand fighting. After a stubborn fight Massena and Laharpe took Dego, while Ménard and Joubert took the Heights of Biestro. All Colli's attacks to relieve Cosseria were in vain. He was beaten, and vigorously pursued, so that Provera had to surrender in Cosseria. The enemy, who was pursued as far as the Spigno Passes, lost a part of his artillery, besides many flags and prisoners. From that

moment the separation of the Austrian and Sardinian armies was noticeable. Beaulieu moved his head-quarters to Acqui, on the road to the Milan province, and Colli turned in the direction of Ceva, in order to oppose the junction with Sérurier, and to cover Turin.

In the meantime a division of Austrian Grenadiers, who had marched from Voltri to Sassello, reached Dego at three o'clock in the morning of the 15th April. After a very hot fight lasting two hours, Dego was again captured and the enemy's division almost entirely made prisoners.

From now on I turned my attention to Colli and the King of Sardinia, and contented myself with watching the Austrians. Laharpe was given a post of observation near Dego in order to protect our line of communications with the rear, and to hold in check Beaulieu, whose forces were very much weakened, and who was engaged in collecting together the remnants of his army and infusing new order into them. Laharpe's division, which had been obliged to remain for some days in their position, found themselves in a very awkward situation on account of the impoverished state of the district and the lack of provisions. Sérurier, who had heard in Garressio of the Battles of Montenotte and Millesimo, now moved forward, seized the heights lying in front of him, and reached Ceva on the same day that Augereau arrived on the Heights of Montezemolo. After a few light skirmishes Colli evacuated the fortified encampment of Ceva, and the Heights of Montezemolo; he then withdrew behind the Corsaglia. On the same day I advanced my head-quarters to Ceva. The enemy had left there all his artillery, as he no time to take it with him, and contented himself with leaving a garrison in the castle. A magnificent view presented itself on the arrival of the army on the Heights of Montezemolo, for they could behold from there the immense fertile plains of Piedmont. The Po, the Tanaro, and a number of other rivers wound through the plain. The horizon of this much-extolled land was bounded at a considerable height by a chain-work of snow and ice. Gigantic barriers, which seemed like the boundaries of another world, and which had been formed so powerfully by nature, and artificially strengthened as well, had fallen with ease. "Hannibal crossed the Alps,"

I said, directing my gaze to the mountains; "as for us, we have got round them!" It was a well-chosen word which expressed in short the thought and the result of the Campaign.

The army now crossed the Tanaro River. For the first time we found ourselves fully on the plain, and the cavalry could be used with advantage. General Stengel, who commanded these troops, crossed the Corsaglia at Lesigno, and rode into the plain. The head-quarters were established in the Castle of Lesigno, which is situated on the right bank of the Corsaglia, near its confluence with the Tanaro.

General Sérurier united his forces at San Michele. On the 20th he crossed here by the bridge, while Massena at the same time passed over to Tanaro, in order to attack the Piedmontese. But Colli, who recognised the difficulty of his position, left the confluence of the two rivers, and established himself in Mondovi. Circumstances happening to be in his favour, he had just got close to San Michele when Sérurier was marching over the bridge. Colli halted, attacked Sérurier with superior forces, and compelled him to retreat. In spite of that Sérurier would have held out in San Michele if one of his light infantry regiments had not been plundering.

On the 22nd I myself marched over the bridge of Torre against Mondovi. Colli had already constructed a few entrenchments, and was prepared for an assault. His right stood near the Madonna di Vico and his centre near Bicocca. In the course of the day Sérurier captured the entrenchments of Bicocca and decided the battle, which has been given the name of Mondovi. The town, with all the stores, fell into the hands of the victors.

General Stengel, who had ventured into the plain with about a thousand troopers, was attacked by about twice that number of Piedmontese. He did everything that can be expected of a good general, and was in the act of falling back on the main body when he was mortally wounded in an attack. General Murat, leading the cavalry, threw back the Piedmontese, and pursued them in turn for several hours.

After the battle of Mondovi I marched against Cherasco, Sérurier on Fossano, and Augereau on Alba.

The three columns arrived at the same time, on the 25th of April, in Cherasco, Fossano, and Alba. Colli's head-quarters were in Fossano that day, and were driven out by Sérurier. Cherasco, which lies at the meeting of the Stura and Tanaro, was, in fact, a strong position, but badly defended, and devoid of any kind of provisions, as it did not lie on the border. I attached much importance to its possession. As I found cannon there I had it fortified. The vanguard crossed over the Stura, and marched on the little town of Bra. As we were in touch with Sérurier we were enabled to get into communication with Nizza, through Ponte di Nava, and we accordingly received from there reinforcements in artillery and everything else that could be procured. In the different battles we had gained possession of much artillery, and many horses, besides having seized a large number of horses in the district of Mondovi. A few days after our arrival in Cherasco, the army possessed 60 guns with ammunition, and the cavalry new remounts. The soldiers, who, during the eight or ten days of this campaign had been without regular rations, now received full supplies. Plundering and disorder, the usual consequences of a rapid advance, ceased. Discipline was restored, and the condition of the troops improved daily, thanks to the abundance of everything, and the remedies which this fair land afforded. The rapidity of the movements, the dash of the troops, but more particularly the art of opposing the enemy with equal, or even superior numbers, together with the results achieved, had prevented great losses. Besides, from the depots and military hospitals came crowds of soldiers from all directions at the mere rumour of the victories, and because everywhere in the army there was food and drink in abundance. In Piedmont the most splendid wines were found, the product of Montferat, most resembling the French wines. But, until then, the misery and destitution were such that one would hardly dare to describe it. For several years the officers received only eight francs a month, and the General Staff had to go on foot. Field-Marshal Berthier has preserved in his memoirs an order of the day from Albenga in which every general was granted a gratuity of sixty francs.

The army was now only ten miles from Turin. The Sardinian Court saw no longer any means of escape. Its army was discouraged, and in part destroyed. The Austrian Army, which had shrunk to less than half, seemed to think of nothing better than to cover Milan. All over Piedmont people's minds were greatly excited, and the Court did not possess public confidence in any way. In its necessity it turned to the French general, and asked for a truce. I acceded to the request. Many would have been glad to see the army advance and march on Turin. But Turin is a fortified town, and when the gates were once shut, in order to open them again siege artillery would have been required, which was not available. The King possessed, besides, a large number of fortresses, and, in spite of the victories that we had gained, the smallest failure, the slightest caprice of the fickle goddess, might have overthrown everything. The two hostile armies which, in spite of their numerous defeats, were equal in numbers to the French Army, possessed a considerable artillery, and, especially, a numerous cavalry.

In spite of the many victories the French Army were amazed at the greatness of the undertaking, and doubted the possibility of success when the weakness of the means at our disposal was considered. The slightest doubtful occurrence would have brought in its train the most unpleasant consequences. Officers, even generals, did not understand the risks we should be taking in attempting to conquer Italy with so little artillery, scarcely any cavalry, and such a weak army, which was constantly being reduced through illness, and the distance from our base. Traces of this opinion in the army are to be found in the proclamation which I addressed at that time to my troops in Cherasco.

The discussions concerning the armistice took place in my head-quarters at the palace of Count Salmatori, who was then Steward of the King's Household, and later became prefect in my Imperial Palace. The Piedmontese general, Latour, and Colonel Costa de Beauregard, the King's plenipotentiaries, repaired to Cherasco. Count la Tour, an old soldier, holding the rank of Lieutenant-General in the service of Sardinia, was against

all new ideas. He was a man of little culture and very moderate abilities. On the other hand, Colonel Costa de Beauregard, a native of Savoy, was in the prime of life, expressed himself with ease, was very intelligent, and distinguished himself in every respect. The chief conditions were as follows: The King should leave the coalition and send a plenipotentiary to Paris to negotiate the terms of a final peace there; that during this time the armistice should continue. Until the time when peace, or the breaking off of negotiations, was settled, Ceva, Cuneo, Tortona—or else Alessandria in its place—with all the artillery and stores, should be handed over immediately to the French Army.

From this time forward, we were able to pursue the Austrians, now deprived of their allies, into the interior of Lombardy. All the troops from the Army of the Alps, and those from the district of Lyons, were now available, and could join our forces. The length of our line of communications with Paris was reduced by half. At last we had everywhere points of supports, and large depots of artillery, for the formation of fortress batteries, with which to besiege Turin in case the Directory would not conclude peace. My first adjutant, Colonel Murat, was sent to Paris with twenty-one captured flags, and a copy of the terms of the truce. The first fruits of the campaign were gathered in the course of a fortnight. We had obtained most important results. The Piedmontese Alpine fortifications were in our hands, the coalition against France was weaker by one Power, which had raised an army of 50,000 men, and which was all the more important on account of its geographical position.

In accordance with the conditions of the armistice the King of Sardinia sent Count Thaon de Revel from Cherasco to Paris to negotiate the terms of peace. This was concluded on the 15th of May. Through this treaty, Alessandria also remained at the disposal of the French Army. The frontier fortifications were demolished. The Alps were now open, and the King remained completely under the influence of France, for he no longer possessed any strongholds except Turin and Bondo.

PANGS OF LOVE FOR JOSEPHINE

Every moment takes me further from her, and every moment I feel less power to bear the distance. She lives continually in my thoughts. My fancy exhausts itself in pondering over what she is doing at any given moment. When in my imagination I see her sad, my heart almost bursts, and I suffer infinitely. When I see her cheerful in the circle of her friends, I must reproach her for recovering so quickly from the painful separation at my departure for Italy. Then she is frivolous in my eyes, and possesses no real depth of feeling.

Apart from her I know no gladness. Apart from her the world is a wilderness to me, a desert in which I am all alone, and am deprived of the sweet happiness of pouring out my heart into hers. She has not merely stolen my heart; she is the only thought of my life! When I am wearied with the pressure of work, or when I fear its outcome, when people disgust me, when I am at the point of taking a distaste to life, I lay my hand on my heart. Her portrait is there. I look at it, and love becomes for me the most complete happiness. Everything smiles at me, except the time that I am absent from my sweetheart.

What has she done to chain me to her so completely, to unite my whole existence with hers? It is witchcraft! And this passion of love will only end with my life. To live for Josephine is my whole endeavour. I do everything to get to her; I die to approach her. Ah, foolish man that I am, I do not notice that I am ever getting farther from her. What spaces, what lands separate us from each other! Ah, what a destiny is still before me! But if it takes me still farther from her I can no longer bear it; my courage will not go so far.

My life is one continuous, tormenting dream. A fearful foreboding takes away my breath. I simply go on living. I have lost more than my life, more than my happiness, more than my peace of mind. I am quite without hope!

Only a long letter from her can console me. She is ill, she loves me, I have grieved her; she is hopeful, and I cannot see her. This thought throws me into confusion. I have done her such a great injustice that I don't know

how I am to make up for it. I reproach her for remaining in Paris, and she is ill! Can she forgive me? The love with which she has inspired me has robbed me of my reason! I shall never find her again!

Of this affliction one is never cured. My forebodings are so fearful that I would be contented if I could clasp her to my heart for two hours, and die with her. How is she occupying herself? I suppose she has taken her daughter, Hortense, to her house to live with her, and I love this dear child a thousand times more, since I know that she can console her mother a little. For me there is no consolation, no rest, no hope, before the messenger has returned whom I have sent to her. Only when she explains to me what her illness is, and just to what extent her sickness is to be taken as serious, shall I be calmer. If it is dangerous I shall set out for Paris immediately. My arrival will contribute to her recovery. I have always been successful. Never has Fate opposed my will, but to-day I have been struck a cruel blow in my dearest and only one.

All my thoughts are centred in her bedroom, at her bed, in her heart. Her illness occupies me day and night. I have neither appetite nor interest for friendship, fame, or country! She alone lives in me; I care as little for the rest of the world as if it did not exist. Honour is important to me because it is important to her; so it is with victory, because it gives her pleasure. If it were not for that I should have left everything in the lurch to go and throw myself at her feet. At times, it is true, I say to myself: I am worrying myself without reason; she has already recovered; she has started on her journey, she is perhaps already in Lyons! Oh, vain dream! She is lying in bed in Paris, in pain, still a thousand times fairer, more interesting, more worthy of adoration!

It had never come into my mind to think of another woman. In my eyes they are all without charm, beauty, or intellect. Only she alone, as she is, as I can see her, can please me, and occupy my whole heart and soul. She claims all my being. No corner of my heart is hidden from her, all my thoughts belong to her. My strength, my arms, my mind, all belong her. My soul lives in her body, and the day in which she changed, or ceased to

live, would also be the day of my death. The earth and Nature are only beautiful because she dwells in them.

(After I had seen her again.) When I was far away from her I was always sad; only in her presence I was happy. Her charming jealousy, and her incomparable witchery, kindle anew the wildly glowing flame of my heart and senses. If only I had been free from cares and business, in order to spend all my time with her!

Some time ago I thought I loved her, but after having seen her again, I felt that I loved her a thousand times more. Since the time I first knew her, I worship her more every day. That proves how false is the maxim of La Bruyère: "Love comes all of a sudden."

I TAKE THE BRIDGE OF LODI, 10TH MAY, 1796

The head-quarters reached Casale on the 10th of May, at three o'clock in the morning. At nine o'clock our vanguard threw themselves on the enemy, who were defending the approaches to Lodi. I at once ordered all the cavalry to mount and take with them four small cannon which had just arrived and were drawn by cart-horses belonging to the lord of the manor of Piacenza. General Augereau's division, which had passed the night in Borghetto, together with that of Massena from Casale, at once began to move. In the meantime our vanguard overthrew all the enemy's outposts and captured a cannon. We forced our way into Lodi, thus driving out the enemy, who had already crossed the bridge over the Adda. Beaulieu stood with his whole army in battle array. The bridge was defended by thirty pieces of fortress artillery. I ordered all my artillery to drive up. For several hours there was a very lively cannonade. As soon as the army had come up they formed into close columns, with the two Carabinier battalions leading, followed by all the Grenadier battalions. At the double, and with a shout: "Long live the Republic!" our men hurled themselves on the bridge, which was 200 metres in length. The enemy opened a murderous fire. The head of the leading column seemed to waver. A moment's irresolution and everything would have been lost. This was observed by Generals Berthier, Massena, Cervoni, Dallemagne, Brigadier-General Lannes, and Battalion-Commander

Dupas, who at once placed themselves at the head of their troops, and decided the wavering fortune. This redoubtable column overthrew everything that stood in their way. The whole of the enemy's artillery was taken in a moment; Beaulieu's order of battle was broken through, and in all directions the column spread terror, flight, and death. In a trice the whole hostile army was burst asunder. Generals Rusca, Augereau, and Beyrand, directly their divisions had arrived, marched over the bridge and fully completed the victory. The artillery crossed over the Adda by a ford, but as the ford was a very bad one, the artillery were much delayed, which hindered the shooting.

In order to cover the retreat of the infantry, the enemy's cavalry tried to attack our troops, but they were not so easily frightened. The approaching night, and the extraordinary fatigue of the troops, many of whom had marched more than ten leagues that day, did not allow of our pursuing them. The enemy had lost twenty guns, with two to three thousand killed, wounded, or prisoners, while our losses only amounted to 150 killed and wounded.

THE EMPEROR ORDERS A NEW OFFENSIVE AGAINST MEWURMSER'S PRELIMINARY GAINS—I WIN AT LONATO, AND CASTIGLIONE. ON THE 3RD AND 5TH AUGUST, 1796

When the news spread of the arrival of the French at the Adige, and the siege of Mantua, the Austrian Court gave up the intended offensive in Alsace and the Lower Rhine, and ordered Field-Marshal Wurmser, who had been appointed to the command of these operations, to divert his route in all haste to Italy, and take with him 30,000 of his best troops, which, together with the reinforcements which had been sent from all parts of the monarchy, formed an army of almost 100,000 men.

Since the end of June 1796 I had been closely following all these preparations, which occupied me keenly. I informed the Directory that it was impossible for 30,000 Frenchmen alone to withstand the attacks of the united power of Austria. I requested them to send me reinforcements from the Army of the Rhine, or alternately, that these same armies should begin the campaign without delay. I reminded them of the positive promise that had

been given me, on my departure from Paris, that the forces on the Rhine should begin their operations on the 15th of April, but that already two months had passed without a move having been made.

Wurmser left the Rhine with his reinforcements at the beginning of June, and our combined army of the Rhine and Sambre and Meuse at length opened the campaign. At this time, however, its co-operation with the Italian Army was no longer of use, for Wurmser had already arrived.

I united all my forces at the Adige and the Chiese, and left no troops behind, either in the legations or in Tuscany, except a battalion in Ferrara, and two in Leghorn. I was unable to collect together under arms more than 30,000 men, and with this army I had to fight the main army of the House of Austria.

At the end of July General Sauret was with his General Staff at Salo; he was charged with the covering of the means of exit from the Chiese where a main road connects Trent with Brescia. Massena was in Bussolengo, and caused Corona and Monte Baldo to be occupied by Joubert's brigade, while he himself fought with the rest of his division on the plateau of Rivoli. Dallemagne's brigade was established in Verona, and Augereau's division occupied Legnago and the Lower Adige. General Guillaume was in command in Peschiera, where six galleys under the control of Allemand, captain of a line-of-battle ship, protected the Lake of Garda. Finally, Sérurier was besieging Mantua, and Kilmaine commanded the army's cavalry corps.

Wurmser, who had been informed of the capture of the fortified camp before Mantua and the great straits of the fortress, attempted to accelerate his movements by eight or ten days. He divided up his forces into three corps. The first and strongest formed his centre. It consisted of four divisions and was 40,000 strong. This army corps marched over Monte Baldo, and took possession of all the country lying between the Adige and the Lake of Garda. The second corps formed the left wing, and consisted of an infantry division of 10,000 to 12,000 men, accompanied by all the artillery, cavalry, and baggage troops. It moved forward along the road leading from Rovereto to

Verona, on the left bank of the Adige, and was to unite with the other forces, either on the plateau of Rivoli or at the bridges of Verona. The third army corps, which formed his right wing, was three divisions strong, and consisted of 30,000 to 35,000 men. It marched down the left shore of the Garda Lake, followed the course of the Chiese, and then the shores of the Idro Lake. By taking this route the corps had avoided the Mincio, had cut off one of the chief roads of the French Army to Milan, and made a complete change in the siege of Mantua. On the part of the enemy this plan was a sign of the extraordinary confidence which he had in his own strength and its results. He reckoned absolutely on our defeat, so that he was already taking measures for cutting off our retreat. In this way Wurmser was already surrounding the French Army in advance. He believed that it must without fail defend the army besieging Mantua. And when he was firmly convinced on this point, he resolved to surround the French Army, as he considered it inseparable from the besieging army. At the end of July the French head-quarters were moved to Brescia. On the 28th, at ten o'clock in the evening, I left Brescia on a tour of inspection of the outposts. When I reached Peschiera at daybreak on the 29th, I learnt that Corona and Monte Baldo had been attacked by considerable forces. At eight o'clock in the morning I arrived in Verona. At two o'clock in the afternoon the enemy's light infantry appeared on the summit of the mountains which separate Verona from Tyrol and were attacking our troops. I rode back all the evening, and removed my head-quarters to Castel Nuovo between the Adige and the Mincio. I was in a better position there for receiving reports from the whole line. In the course of the night I learnt that Joubert had been attacked at Corona by a whole army. He was said to have just withdrawn on to the plateau of Rivoli, which Massena had occupied with considerable forces.

A little later I was informed that the enemy division had pushed forward their vanguard to Brescia, where they met with no resistance; for we had only left there 300 soldiers discharged from the hospitals. In this way the army's line of communications with Milan via Brescia

was broken, and we could only communicate with that town via Cremona.

Hostile troops were to be seen on all the roads from Brescia to Milan, Cremona, and Mantua, and spread the news that an army of 80,000 men had advanced through Brescia, and that another army of 100,000 men was moving on Verona. I learnt further that the enemy division which had marched on Salo was already engaged in battle with Sauret, and that the latter, who had heard that two more divisions were marching on Brescia and Lonato, was afraid of being cut off from Brescia and the army, and had, therefore, considered it necessary to withdraw on to the Heights of Desenzano. He had left General Guieu behind in Salo with 1500 men, in an old castle, a kind of fortress. From this moment Wurmser's plan of campaign was revealed. Alone against all these forces the French Army could accomplish nothing, for we were only one against three. But there was equality of forces as against each of the enemy corps taken separately.

I at once made up my mind. The enemy had taken the initiative, which he hoped to maintain; but I resolved to nullify the enemy's plans by assuming the offensive myself. Wurmser supposed that the French Army was bound to the Mantua position, but I determined to make it movable by raising the siege of this place, by sacrificing my whole park of garrison artillery, and by throwing myself with all possible speed on one of the enemy's army corps, in order, later, to turn on the others. As the right wing of the Austrian Army, which was on the road leading from Chiese to Brescia, had ventured farthest, I fell on this one first.

Sérurier burnt his gun-carriages and his platforms, threw the powder into the water, buried his ammunition, spiked his guns, and raised the siege of Mantua on the night between the 31st of July and the 1st of August.

Augereau marched from Legnago across the Mincio to Borghetto. Massena passed the whole day of the 30th defending the heights between the Adige and the Garda Lake; and Dallemagne turned towards Lonato.

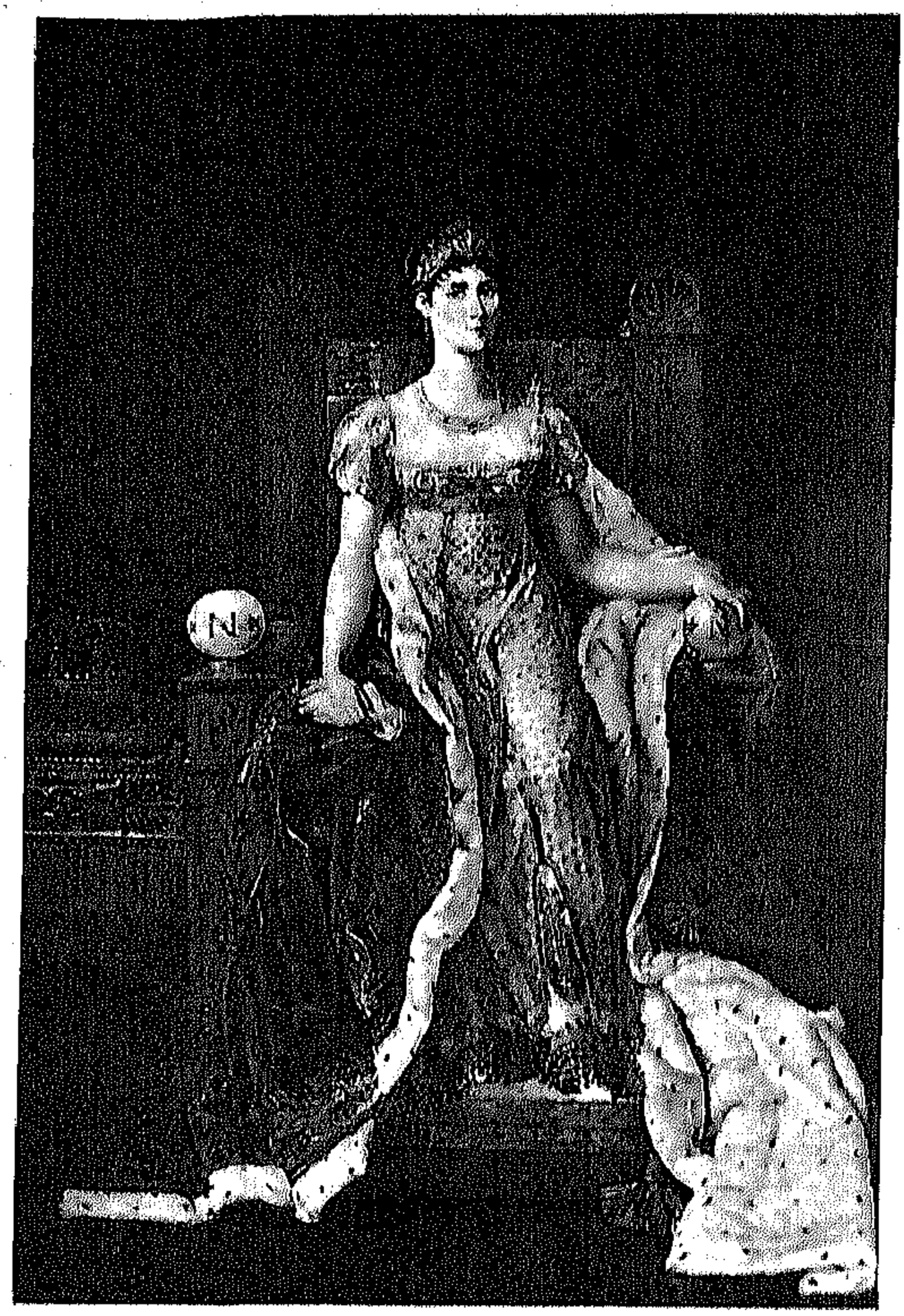
I betook myself to the heights behind Desenzano. I ordered Sauret to march back to Salo, to relieve General Guieu. In the meantime this general had been engaged

in desperate conflicts for forty-eight hours against a whole enemy division. Five times they had tried to take the place by storm, and five times they had been beaten back. Sauret arrived exactly at the critical moment when the enemy was making a last attempt. He fell on his flank, completely beating him, captured two of his flags, and relieved Guieu.

At the same moment the Austrian division of Gavardo had begun to march on Lonato, in order to take up a position on the heights, and establish its communication with Wurmser on the Mincio. I myself led Dallemagne's brigade against this division. This brigade won for itself extraordinary fame. The enemy was beaten, and suffered severe losses.

During this time Wurmser had marched his artillery and his cavalry over the bridge of Verona. Master of the whole district between the Adige and the Garda Lake, he placed one of his divisions on the Heights of Peschiera, to cover this place and protect his line of communications. He sent to Borghetto two other divisions, and a part of his cavalry, to seize the bridge over the Mincio and to keep in touch with his right wing. Finally, with the two last divisions of his infantry, and the remainder of the cavalry, he marched on Mantua, to raise the siege of this fortress.

Twenty-four hours previously, the French troops had evacuated the whole region of Mantua : Wurmser found there the trenches and earthworks still intact, the guns, however, overthrown and spiked, and everywhere remains of gun-carriages, platforms, and munitions of all kinds. The haste with which these measures had apparently been taken seemed to cause him a lively satisfaction; for everything that he saw around him appeared to be the effect of a sudden panic, rather than the results of a carefully thought out plan. After Massena had held the enemy the whole day of the 30th, he marched at night close to Peschiera, crossed over the Mincio, and then turned on Brescia. The Austrian division which appeared before Peschiera, found the right bank of the Mincio covered with *tirailleurs* who had been supplied from the garrison, and a rear-guard which Massena had left behind, and who had orders to defend the crossing of the Mincio, and afterwards to concentrate on Lonato.



The Empress Josephine
From a Portrait by Guillon Le Thiere in the Versailles Museum

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While Augereau was turning upon Brescia, he had crossed the Mincio near Borghetto. There he had destroyed the bridge, besides leaving a rear-guard for the protection of the river, with orders to fall back on Castiglione, in case the enemy should force a crossing.

The whole night from the 31st of July to the 1st of August I marched on Brescia with the divisions of Augereau and Massena, reaching the town at ten o'clock in the morning. The enemy's division at Brescia, who had been informed that the entire French Army was marching on them from various roads, had no desire to wait for the enemy, and withdrew in the greatest haste. On their entry into Brescia the Austrians had found there all our sick and convalescent, but they remained here only a short time, and had been compelled to beat such a hasty retreat, that they did not find an opportunity of looking after their prisoners. Some battalions were sent up to Sant Osetto in pursuit of the enemy. The two divisions of Augereau and Massena returned by forced marches from the Mincio, in order to support their rear-guard.

On the 2nd of August, Augereau, whose troops formed the right wing, occupied Montechiaro. Massena, who formed the centre, was established in Ponte-Marco, and was in touch with Sauret, who was occupying, with the left wing, a hill between Salo and Desenzano, and was so placed that he could hold in check the whole right wing of the enemy.

Meanwhile, the rear-guards that Augereau and Massena had left behind the Mincio, withdrew before the enemy divisions which had crossed the river. Augereau's rear-guard left this post too soon, and came back to their corps, with their ranks broken. The enemy, taking advantage of this mistake of General Valette, who was in command of the rear-guard, took possession of Castiglione on the 2nd of August, and established himself firmly there.

On the 3rd of August was fought the Battle of Lonato, in which were engaged Wurmser's two divisions, which had come from Borghetto, and one of the brigades belonging to the divisions left behind at Peschiera. Including the cavalry, the enemy's forces numbered 30,000 men. The French had 20,000 to 30,000 men; so that the result

could not be in doubt. Wurmser, with the two infantry divisions and the cavalry, which he had led to Mantua, could not be present.

In the grey light of morning the enemy marched on Lonato, which he attacked violently. From that place he hoped to be able to effect a junction with his right wing, the condition of which, moreover, began to cause him uneasiness. Massena's outposts were overthrown, and the enemy took Lonato.

At the time I happened to be in Ponte-Marco, and resolved to recapture Lonato. The Austrian general, who had extended his position too far, especially on the right wing, with the object of keeping in touch with Salo, was hurled back, Lonato was taken by storm, and the enemy's line was broken through. A part of his forces retreated to the Mincio, the others hastened to Salo, but by this movement the Austrians found themselves with General Sauret in front and General Saint-Hilaire in the rear. Surrounded on all sides, the enemy had to lay down their arms. As we were attacked in the centre, we, in our turn, took up the attack on the right wing. During the day Augereau attacked the hostile forces covering Castiglione and beat them after a stubborn fight, in which the quality of our troops had to make up for their lack in numbers. The enemy suffered great damage, lost Castiglione, and fell back on Mantua, where he received his first reinforcements, but only when the day was already over. We lost many brave soldiers in this stubborn engagement.

The three divisions of the Austrian right wing received, during the night, the news of the result of the battle of Lonato, and their discouragement was great. Their junction with the main body of the Austrian Army was now impossible. They had, besides, seen various French divisions opposite to them and believed the French Army to be inexhaustible, as they saw it everywhere.

Wurmser had sent out a portion of his troops from Mantua towards Mascaria in pursuit of Sérurier. It, therefore, cost him some time to fetch back his troops to Castiglione. Even on the 4th he had not succeeded in doing it. He spent the whole time in reorganising the troops that had taken part in the battle of Lonato, and in repairing his artillery.

As I surveyed my line of battle, about two or three o'clock I found it very imposing, for it still comprised 40,000 fighting men. I gave orders that the men should entrench themselves near Castiglione, and proceeded to Lonato to observe the movements of my troops who were to assemble in the night at Castiglione. The whole day long Generals Sauret and Herbin had been marching on the one side of the three divisions of the enemy's right wing and those who were beaten in the centre of Lonato, while Generals Dallemagne and Saint-Hilaire had been marching on the other side. They had been pursued without rest or intermission, and at every step prisoners had been taken. Whole battalions, some at Sant-Osetto, others at Gavardo, had laid down their arms. Many portions of their troops repeatedly took the wrong road in the valleys lying around.

Four or five thousand men who had heard from the country people that there were only 1200 French in Lonato, marched to that place in the hope of forcing a way through to the Mincio. It was four o'clock in the afternoon. At the same hour I arrived from Castiglione. A messenger with a flag of truce is announced. At the same time I am informed that our men are standing to arms, for enemy columns are approaching from Ponte-San-Marco. They are in the act of marching into Lonato and are calling on the garrison to surrender.

Yet we were masters of Salo and Gavardo, and it was apparently only a case of broken columns who were seeking to cut their way through. I ordered my numerous General Staff to mount their horses, caused the messenger to be brought to me, and the bandage to be removed from his eyes, so that he could see that he was in the middle of a large general staff. "Inform your General," I said to him, "that I give him eight minutes to lay down his arms; he is in the midst of the French Army; when the time allowed has passed, he has nothing more to hope for."

These 4000 or 5000 men, who had been worried and driven about hither and thither for three days, and did not know what would become of them, thought that they had been deceived by the country people, and laid down their arms. This single incident will give an idea of the

disorder and confusion of the Austrian divisions, which, having been beaten at Salo, Lonato, and Gavardo, were pursued in all directions, thoroughly disorganised, and almost completely broken up.

The remainder of the evening was spent in assembling the columns and directing them to Castiglione.

On the 5th of August, before the break of day, the whole French Army, 25,000 strong, including Sérurier's division, was united, and occupied the Heights of Castiglione. It was an excellent position. General Sérurier, with the siege division from Mantua, had received orders to march all night, and at daybreak to fall on the rear-guard of Wurmser's left wing. Sérurier's attack was to be the signal for the beginning of the battle. I expected a great moral effect from this unexpected attack, and in order to render it still more effective, the French Army was made to appear as if it were retreating.

As soon as the first shots of Sérurier's troops were heard (he, being ill, was replaced by General Fiorella), our troops threw themselves on the adversary, whose confidence in victory had already been very much shaken. A hill lying in the middle of the plain formed a strong point of support for the enemy's left wing. General Verdier was instructed to attack it. My adjutant, Marmont, came to his assistance with twenty cannon, and the point of support was captured. Massena attacked the right wing, Augereau the centre, and Fiorella fell on the rear of the left wing. Everywhere our men were victorious, and the enemy was completely put to flight. It was only owing to the extreme exhaustion of the French troops that the ruins of Wurmser's army could be saved from destruction. They fled in disorder over the Mincio where Wurmser hoped to stop them. If he had retained his connection with Mantua, it would probably have been possible for him to do so. But Augereau's division was marching on Borghetto and Massena's on Peschiera. I myself was advancing with Sérurier's division on Verona. At seven o'clock in the evening we arrived before the town. Wurmser had ordered the gates to be closed, for he hoped to be able to save his baggage in the night. The gates were shot down with cannon-balls, and we forced an entrance into the town. In this action the

Austrians lost many men. Soon Monte Baldo, Rocca d'Anfo, and Riva were also captured, and Augereau succeeded in reaching Ala.

After the loss of two battles, like those of Lonato and Castiglione, Wurmser must have seen that it was impossible for him to contest the line of the Adige with the French. He therefore withdrew to Rovereto and Trent. But the French Army was also in need of rest. In spite of his defeats the strength of Wurmser's fighting forces was still quite equal to ours, but with the difference that now one battalion of our Army of Italy was able to put four of the enemy's battalions to flight. Wurmser had, it is true, strengthened the garrison of Mantua, but, of his very fine army he led back not more than 40,000 or 45,000 men.

HARD FIGHTS AROUND ARCOLA, 15TH TO 18TH NOV., 1796

As I had been informed of the movements of the Commander-in-Chief of the Imperial Army, Field-Marshal Alvinczy, who was approaching Verona in order to effect a junction with the divisions of his army quartered in Tirol, I proceeded, with the divisions of Augereau and Massena, along the Valley of the Adige. In the night, between the 14th and 15th November, 1796, I ordered a bridge of boats to be put together, and we crossed the river. I hoped, in the course of the morning, to reach Villanova, and from there to capture the enemy's artillery and baggage, besides attacking the enemy in the flank and rear. The head-quarters of General Alvinczy were in Caldiero. The enemy had, in the meantime, received information of our movements, and had sent a regiment of Croats, together with a couple of Hungarian regiments, to the village of Arcola, which is extraordinarily strong on account of its position among swamps and canals. This village held up the vanguard of our army the whole day. In vain the generals, who understood that precious time was being lost, rode up to the head of our columns to force them to cross the Bridge of Arcola. Too much courage does harm: they were almost all wounded. Generals Verdier, Lannes, Bon, and Verne, were disabled. Thereupon Augereau seized a flag, ran with it to the beginning of the bridge, and shouted: "Cowards, are

you then so very much afraid of death?" and remained in this attitude for several minutes without the least result. However, we had to cross the bridge, or else make a detour of several leagues, by which our whole operation would have failed. I therefore hurried up to the bridge myself and asked the soldiers whether they were really the victors of Lodi. My presence produced an emotion in the troops which decided me to make another attempt at the crossing. General Lannes, who had already been wounded by two musket-bullets, returned, and received a third and dangerous wound. General Vignolles was also wounded. We now had to give up the idea of storming the village from the front, and were obliged to wait for the arrival of a column, commanded by General Guieu, which I had sent via Albaredo. It did not arrive before nightfall. Guieu gained possession of the village, taking four guns and a few hundred prisoners. During this time General Massena was attacking a division which the enemy had sent from his head-quarters to threaten our left flank. He repulsed them and put them completely to flight.

It had been found advisable to evacuate the village of Arcola during the night, and we quite expected to be attacked at daybreak by the whole army of the enemy, who had had time to take away their baggage and artillery, and to draw back farther in order to receive us.

At break of day the fight developed on all sides with the greatest liveliness. Massena, on the left, routed the enemy, and pursued him up to the gates of Caldiero.

General Robert, who was in the centre with the 75th Half-brigade, attacked the enemy with the bayonet, and strewed the field with dead. I now ordered General Vial, with a half-brigade, to march along the Adige, so as to turn the whole left wing of the enemy. But the country presented insurmountable obstacles. In vain the brave general threw himself up to his neck in the Adige. Only 80 Grenadiers were able to follow him, which did not give any satisfactory result. In the night between the 16th and 17th I had bridges built over the canals and swamps, which General Augereau crossed over with his division. At ten o'clock in the morning we stood opposite to each other: General Massena on the left wing, General

Robert in the centre, and General Augereau on the right wing.

The enemy vigorously attacked the centre, and drove it back. Then I brought up from the left wing the 32nd Half-brigade, placed them in ambush in the woods, and when the enemy, who was driving the centre in front of him, was in the act of turning our right wing, General Gardanne, at the head of the 32nd Half-brigade, rushed out of his ambush, took the enemy in the flank, and produced terrible slaughter in his ranks. The enemy's left wing was supported by the swamps, and held our right wing in respect owing to its superiority in numbers. I now ordered Citizen Hercule, an officer of my Guides, to choose twenty-five men from his company, to march them half a league along the Adige, to avoid all the swamps which supported the left wing of the enemy, and then, in full gallop and with the braying of trumpets, to fall on the enemy's rear. This manœuvre succeeded perfectly: the enemy's infantry began to waver. General Augereau was not slow in taking advantage of this. The enemy, fighting a rear-guard action, and still opposing the attacks made on him, is completely routed by a small column of 800 to 900 men, with four guns, which I had ordered to march via Porte-Legnago, to take up a position in the rear of the enemy, and then to fall on him from behind. General Massena, who had again taken up his position on the left wing, now marched straight to Arcola, seized the village, and pursued the enemy as far as San Bonifacio. The night, however, prevented us from advancing farther.

The results of the battle of Arcola were 4000 to 5000 prisoners, four flags, eighteen cannon. The enemy had at least 4000 killed, and an equal number of wounded; we, on the other hand, had a list of 900 wounded, and about 200 killed.

Many times in my life I have been saved by officers and soldiers who protected me with their bodies when I was in the greatest danger. When I was in the raging turmoil of the fight at Arcola, my adjutant, Colonel Muiron, threw himself towards me, covered me with his body, and received the bullet which was intended for me. He sank at my feet, and his blood splashed into my face. He

sacrificed his life to preserve mine. Never, I believe, have soldiers shown such great self-sacrifice as mine have for me! In spite of all my defeats, no soldier has ever cursed me, not even when dying. Never have troops served a man more faithfully than they have served me! To the last drop of the blood that flowed from their veins, they called: "Long live the Emperor!"

CHAPTER IV

IN THE LAND OF THE PYRAMIDS, 1798-1799

I LAND IN EGYPT, AND TAKE ALEXANDRIA BY STORM

ON the 19th of June, 1798, the army had left Malta, and at daybreak on the 1st of July it arrived off Alexandria. A very strong English squadron, so they said, had appeared there three days earlier, and had delivered despatches for India.

There was a fresh wind and a rolling sea, still I felt that I must land at once. The day was passed in making preparations for landing. The first to do so was General Menou, who disembarked at the head of his division, near the Marabouts, about a league and a half from Alexandria.

I landed with General Kleber at eleven o'clock at night. We marched at once to Alexandria. At dawn we perceived Pompey's Pillar. A detachment of Mamelukes and Arabs began to skirmish with our vanguard. But we proceeded rapidly towards the different points of Alexandria. The ramparts of the Arab city were crowded with people. General Kleber burst forth from the Pompey Pillar, in order to climb the ramparts, while General Bon stormed the Rosetta Gate; and General Menou, with part of his division, blockaded the three-cornered castle, threw the remainder against another part of the fortifications, and forced his way through. He was the first to enter the fortress. In this engagement he received seven wounds, none of which, fortunately, was dangerous.

General Kleber pointed out the spot, at the foot of the wall, where his Grenadiers were to climb up. When doing this a bullet grazed his forehead, and flung him to the ground. Fortunately his wound was not mortal. The Grenadiers of his division were spurred on to greater courage by this incident, and forced their way into the fortress. The 4th half-brigade, commanded by General Marmont, smashed in the Rosetta Gate with the axe, and

the whole division of General Bon stormed into the fortifications of the Arabs.

When we had captured the fortified ramparts of the Arabs, our enemies fled into the three-cornered castle, the lighthouse, and the New Town. Every house was a small fortress in itself. But when the day was almost over, the town became calm, the garrisons of the two castles surrendered, and now we were completely masters of the town, the forts, and the two harbours.

In the meantime the Arabs of the desert, in mounted detachments of thirty to fifty men, had ridden up hastily. They worried our rear-guard, and fell on men of the train. For two whole days they annoyed us incessantly. But I soon succeeded in concluding with them, not only a treaty of friendship but even of alliance. Thirteen of their most important chiefs came to me. I sat in the middle of them, and we held a long conversation. When we had agreed on the articles of our treaty, we assembled round a table, and we consigned to the flames of Hell whomsoever should injure our decision, that is to say, either themselves or me. The agreements were as follows:

They, on their side, should cease to harass my rear-guard, support me with all their power, and supply me with as many men as I should require, in order to march against the Mamelukes. I, for my part, should, when I became master of Egypt, restore to them the lands that had formerly belonged to them.

Prayers were said, as usual, in the mosques, and my house was crowded continually with Imams or Kadis, Shereefs, the foremost people of the country, and Muftis or religious leaders.

MARCH THROUGH THE DESERT—FIRST FIGHTS

On the 7th of July the army of Alexandria broke camp, and arrived on the 8th at Damanhur, after having suffered enormously on the march through the desert from the extraordinary heat and the lack of water. On the 10th of July we reached El-Rahmanieh, on the Nile, and joined the division of General Dugua, which had come up by forced marches from Rosetta. General Desaix's division was attacked near El-Rahmanieh by a force of

about 700 to 800 Mamelukes, who withdrew after a rather brisk cannonade and the loss of a few men.

In the meantime, I was informed that Murad Bey was waiting for us near the village of Kobrakit, at the head of his army consisting of a great number of mounted men, aided by eight or ten large gunboats and several batteries, on the Nile. In order to get in touch with him, we began to move on the evening of the 12th July, and at daybreak on the following day we were opposite to him. We possessed only two hundred horsemen weakened and half sick from the march through the desert. The Mamelukes, on the other hand, had a splendid body of mounted men, all gleaming with gold and silver, who were armed with the best London carbines and pistols, and the best sabres of the East, and were riding perhaps the best horses on the Continent.

The army stood in battle array. Each division formed a square, with the baggage in the centre, and the artillery in the spaces between the battalions. All the five divisions of the army were arranged in echelon, mutually covering each other, and were protected by two villages which we had occupied.

Citizen Perrée, commander of a small squadron, moved up with three gunboats, a xebec, and a half-galley, to attack the enemy's flotilla. The fight was extremely stubborn. From both sides more than 1500 cannon-shots were fired. Perrée was wounded in the arm by a cannon-ball. It was owing to his skilful arrangements that the French were successful in retaking the three gunboats and the half-galley, which the Mamelukes had captured, and in setting fire to their flagship.

Soon the cavalry of the Mamelukes covered the whole plain, enveloped both our wings, and tried everywhere to find a weak point in our flanks and our rear, in order to penetrate into our positions. But everywhere they found the line equally formidable, and they were greeted by a double fire from the front and the side. Many times did the enemy's cavalry try to charge down on us, but always without result. Some of the more valiant began skirmishing, and were received by volleys from the carabiniers, who had been placed in the spaces between the battalions. At last, after having remained a part of the day at a

distance of half the range of our cannon, they withdrew and disappeared. Their losses may be estimated at some three hundred killed and wounded.

For a whole week, deprived of everything, we have been marching continually in one of the hottest countries in the world. On the morning of the 20th July the Pyramids came into view. In the evening we found ourselves still six leagues from Cairo, and I learnt that the twenty-three Beys had entrenched themselves, with all the forces at their command, in Embabeh, and that they had fortified their earthworks with over sixty guns.

THE BATTLE OF THE PYRAMIDS, ON THE 21ST JULY, 1798

On the 21st of July we attacked the enemy's outposts and forced them back from village to village. At two o'clock in the afternoon we found ourselves face to face with the hostile fortifications and army.

I ordered the divisions of Generals Desaix and Reynier to take up their position on the right between Giseh and Emballeh, with the object of cutting off the enemy's communications with Upper Egypt, his natural line of retreat. The army was arranged in the same way as in the battle of Kobrakit.

When Murad Bey observed the movement of General Desaix he resolved to attack him. He sent one of his bravest Beys with a picked body of troops who threw themselves with lightning speed on the two divisions. We allowed them to approach within fifty paces, and received them with a hail of bullets and case-shot which stretched many of them on the ground. The others charged into the space separating the two divisions, where they were greeted by a double fire which completed their defeat.

I seized the opportunity, and ordered General Bon's division, which was standing by the Nile, to attack the fortified earthworks. General Vial, who was in command of General Menou's division, was to throw himself between the body of troops that had just attacked him and the earthworks, with a threefold object: first, to prevent those troops that had just attacked him from penetrating; secondly, to cut off the retreat of the men occupying the

entrenchments, and, finally, if necessary, to attack these entrenchments from the left.

As soon as Generals Bon and Vial were within range they ordered the 1st and 3rd detachments of each battalion to arrange themselves in columns of attack, while the 2nd and 4th detachments retained their positions, and formed a square which was only three men deep, and advanced in support of the storming columns.

The attacking columns of Bon's division, led by the brave General Rampon, were hurling themselves with their usual impetuosity on the entrenchments, in spite of the fire of a numerous artillery, when the Mamelukes charged. In full gallop they dashed out of the earthworks, but our troops had still time to halt, form front on all sides, and receive them with fixed bayonets and a hail of bullets. In a twinkling the battle-field was covered with their corpses. Soon, also, our troops had taken the entrenchments. The fleeing Mamelukes threw themselves in a mass on our left wing; but there General Vial was standing. A battalion of carabiniers, under whose fire they had to come at a distance of five paces, produced fearful carnage in their ranks; many of them threw themselves into the Nile and were drowned.

More than 400 camels laden with baggage, and fifty guns fell into our hands. I estimated the losses of the Mamelukes at 2000 men, chosen cavalry. Many of the Beys were wounded or killed. Our losses amounted to twenty or thirty dead, and a hundred and twenty wounded. Cairo was evacuated the same night; all the gunboats, corvettes, brigs, and even a frigate of the Mamelukes, were burned by us; and on the 22nd of July our troops entered Cairo. In the night the rabble had set fire to the houses of the Beys and committed various excesses. Cairo, with more than 300,000 inhabitants, possessed the most detestable rabble in the world.

After all these fights and pitched battles which the troops under my command had fought against superior forces I felt I must especially praise their demeanour and coolness on this occasion, for this quite new kind of warfare demanded of them a degree of patience which is in strong contrast with the French impetuosity. If they had completely given way to their hot temperament they

would never have conquered that which could only be attained by extraordinary coolness and great self-control.

The cavalry of the Mamelukes showed great bravery. They knew they were defending their fortunes, for there wasn't one of them on whom our soldiers could not have found 300 or 400, and even 500, gold Louis.

In this country there was little coined money, not even enough to pay our army; on the other hand, there was corn, rice, vegetables, and cattle, in abundance. The Republic could not possibly find a colony better suited to them, or one whose soil would have been more fruitful. The climate is very healthy, because the nights are cool.

In spite of a fortnight's marching, hardships of every kind, the complete lack of wine, and of everything that can contribute to a man's refreshment, we had no sick. The soldiers found a satisfactory substitute in a kind of water-melon which was found everywhere in great profusion.

On the 5th of August I ordered General Reynier's division to march to El-Kanga, to the support of Cavalry-General Leclerc, who had been engaged in desultory fighting with a swarm of Arabs and peasants of the district, acting at the instigation of Ibrahim Bey. Leclerc killed about fifty peasants and a few Arabs, and occupied the village of El-Kanga. At the same time I ordered the division commanded by General Lannes, and that of General Dugua, to depart.

IN PURSUIT OF THE ENEMY

In long daily marches we advanced towards Syria and kept driving Ibrahim Bey's army in front of us.

Before we reached Belbes we freed a portion of the Mecca caravan which had been attacked by the Arabs and already carried off two leagues into the desert. I ordered these pilgrims to be conducted to Cairo under a safe escort. Near Koraim we came upon another part of the caravan, all merchants, who had first been captured by Ibrahim Bey, then liberated, and finally robbed by the Arabs. I also caused this remnant to be assembled and conducted in like manner to Cairo.

The Arabs must have taken an enormous quantity of booty. A single merchant assured me that he had lost

shawls and other Indian wares to the value of 200,000 thalers. In accordance with the custom of the country this merchant had all his wives with him. I gave them food and drink, and procured for them the camels necessary for their journey to Cairo. Many of the women were very well formed, but their faces were, as usual, veiled, a custom which our soldiers found rather difficult to get used to.

We reached Salihijeh, the last Egyptian town, where there is good water. There the desert separating Syria from Egypt begins.

Ibrahim Bey had left Salihijeh with his army, his treasures, and his women. I pursued him with the few cavalry that I possessed, and we saw his numerous baggage-train pass by in front of us.

A horde of Arabs consisting of 150 men, which was in the neighbourhood, proposed that we should unite and attack them, in order to share the booty. The night was coming on, the horses were dead tired, the infantry still far behind us. General Leclerc attacked the rear-guard, and, as a result, we took about fifty camels loaded with tents and other objects. The Mamelukes withstood the attack with the greatest bravery. They are extraordinarily brave, and would make an excellent light cavalry-corps. They were very richly dressed, very carefully armed, and were riding the best horses. Every officer, every soldier, had taken part in some particular fight.

Ibrahim Bey withdrew into the Syrian Desert. He had been wounded in the fight.

WE LOSE OUR FLEET

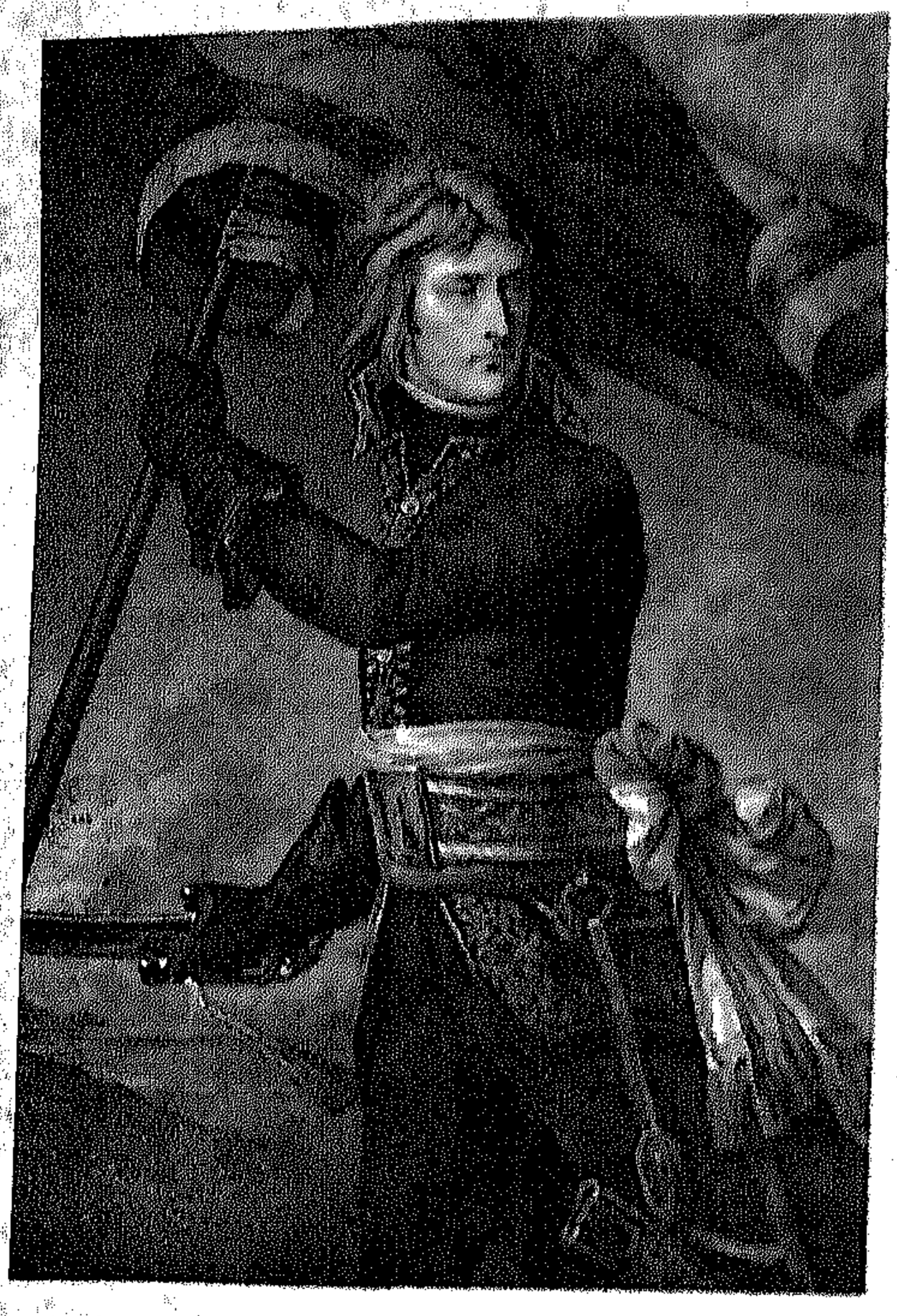
I left behind in Salihijeh General Reynier's division and a few general officers, who were to erect a fortress there, and marched back towards Cairo on the 19th of August. I had hardly got two leagues distant from Salihijeh, when one of General Kleber's adjutants brought me news of the battle which our naval squadron had fought at Aboukir on the 1st of August. On the 6th of July I had started from Alexandria. I had written to the admiral that he should run into the harbour within twenty-four hours, and that, in case it would be impossible for his fleet to do this, he should put on shore, with all

possible speed, all the artillery and all the stores intended for the land army, and then sail to Corfu.

As the admiral had anchored on rocks outside the harbour of Alexandria, and as many of the ships had already lost their anchors, he did not consider it possible to carry out the disembarkation in this position, and laid to off Aboukir, where there was good anchorage. I sent engineer and artillery officers there who agreed with the admiral that the land could offer them no kind of protection. Therefore, if during the two or three days that he was obliged to remain in Aboukir, in order to land the artillery or to inspect the fairway to Alexandria, the English were to appear, nothing would remain for him to do but to cut his cables. It would, therefore, have been urgently necessary to remain as short a time as possible in Aboukir. So I left Alexandria in the firm belief that the squadron would either run into the harbour there, or sail for Corfu. Between the 6th and the 24th of July I had received no news of any kind either from Rosetta or Alexandria. From all parts of the desert the Arabs kept galloping up and swarming around the camp continually at a distance of a thousand yards. Eventually the rumours of our victories and various dispositions of the troops made on the 27th of July had the effect of freeing our communications once more. The admiral wrote me several letters from which I saw with astonishment that he was still in Aboukir. I replied to him again that he should not lose a moment in entering Alexandria, or else sail to Corfu.

In reply the admiral informed me in a letter dated the 20th July, that several English ships had been reconnoitring him, and that he was confirmed in his resolve to wait for the enemy, who had cast anchor diagonally off Aboukir. This strange decision filled me with the greatest anxiety. But it was already too late, for the admiral's letter, written on the 20th, only reached me on the 30th. I sent him my adjutant, Citizen Julien, with orders not to leave Aboukir until he had seen the fleet under sail. It was impossible for this courier, despatched on the 30th, to arrive in time. He was attacked on the way by a troop of Arabs, his boat on the Nile held up, and he and his escort killed.

On the 26th the admiral wrote me that the English had



Napoleon in the battle of Arcola
From an Engraving by J. Longhi

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sailed away, which he ascribed to lack of provisions. I received this letter on the 30th by the same courier.

On the 29th he informed me that he had just heard at last of the victory at the Pyramids and the taking of Cairo, and that a place had been found where they could enter the harbour of Alexandria. I received this letter on the 5th of August. On the 1st, in the evening, the English had made their attack. As soon as he perceived the squadron Brueys sent me an officer to make clear to me his arrangements and plans; this officer, however, perished on the way.

As it appears, the admiral did not wish to sail for Corfu before he was assured that it was impossible to enter the harbour of Alexandria, and before he knew that the army, from which he had received no news for a long time, did not need the fleet owing to some possible retreat.

But if he made mistakes in this unhappy event, he atoned for them by his glorious death.

Fate tried to prove on this, as on so many other occasions, that, if it granted to us great superiority on land, it had given our rivals the mastery of the sea. Great as the defeat was, however, it cannot be ascribed to the fickleness of Fortune. Fortune never forsook us; on the contrary, she was better disposed towards us than ever before. When I lay off Alexandria, and heard that the English had been there only two or three days before, in superior strength, I landed in spite of the terrible storm which exposed me to the danger of shipwreck. I remember that during the preparations for landing, a fast sailing ship in the distance, scudding before the wind, was signalled; it was the *Justice* coming from Malta. Thereupon I called out: "Fortune, must you forsake me? Give me only five days!" I used to march all night and attack at daybreak with 3000 exhausted soldiers without guns and almost without cartridges, and in the course of five days I had conquered Rosetta and Damanhur, that is to say, I had already gained a firm footing in Egypt. During these five days at least the squadron must have been safe from the English, however great their numbers were. Nevertheless, it remained exposed to danger during the whole of the month of July. During the last days of the month it received supplies of rice for two months. For

ten consecutive days the English showed themselves in these waters in superior numbers. On the 29th of July the squadron received the news of the complete conquest of Egypt and of our entry into Cairo, and it was only when Fortune saw that her favours were all in vain, that she left our fleet to its fate.

THE RISING IN CAIRO ON THE 21ST OCTOBER, 1798

While Desaix was remaining in Upper Egypt in order to completely annihilate Murad Bey, a rising took place in Cairo on the 21st of October, which was, however, put down. Meetings were being held everywhere in the city, and when the officer commanding the garrison, General Dupuy, appeared, he found all the streets barricaded. In order to clear his way through the crowd he ordered his men to attack, but was killed himself in the fight. General Bon then took over the chief command. The alarm was given by the firing of cannon, but shooting was soon going on in all the streets, and the populace were beginning to plunder the houses of the rich. By the evening calm was almost restored in the town, with the exception of the Great Mosque, which the insurgents, assembled in the neighbouring streets, were using as their head-quarters.

After I had scattered, through General Veaux, the Arabs and country people, who had hastened up in support of the insurgents in the town, General Dommartin, who had taken up a position with a few guns on a piece of rising ground, which dominated the Great Mosque, began to bombard it on the following day.

After a bombardment lasting less than twenty minutes, the barricades were cleared away, the square cleaned up, and the mosque was in the hands of our troops. Calm was now completely restored. The losses of the insurgents were reckoned at 2000 to 2500 men. Ours amouted to 57 men.

I DETERMINE ON THE MARCH TO SYRIA, 1799

In the new year I resolved to undertake an expedition to Syria. In this determination I had a threefold object: First, to render secure the conquest of Egypt by the erection of a fortress on the far side of the desert; secondly,

to compel the Sublime Porte to declare its position with regard to us, and, thirdly, to prevent the English squadron from obtaining support from Syria.

On the 22nd of August, 1798, I had sent an officer to Djezzar, the Pasha of Acre. He met with a bad reception, and I obtained no answers to my questions. On the 19th of November I wrote to the Pasha again; he had the messenger beheaded without ceremony. The French men who happened to be in Acre were arrested and treated with the greatest cruelty.

The Provinces of Egypt were flooded with grandiloquent orders in which Djezzar did not conceal his hostile intentions, and in which he proclaimed his early arrival on the scene.

He did more. He occupied the Provinces of Jaffa, Ramleh, and Gaza. His advanced troops took up a position at El-Arish, where there were a few good wells, and where, in the midst of the desert, ten leagues from the frontier on Egyptian territory, there stands a fort.

So I had no choice left. I was being challenged to fight. I felt I must not hesitate in attacking Djezzar himself. On the 4th of February General Reynier passed up with his advanced troops, under the command of the indefatigable General Lagrange, near Katieh, which lies far out in the desert at a distance of some three days' march, and where I had erected considerable depots.

On the 6th of February, 1799, General Kléber arrived, having crossed the Lake of Menzaleh, on which several gunboats had been built. He landed at Pelusium, and marched to Katieh.

General Reynier started from Katieh with his division on the 6th of February, in order to march on El-Arish. For several days we marched through the desert without finding a drop of water. But all difficulties were overcome. The enemy was attacked and routed, the village of El-Arish taken, and the whole of the enemy's cavalry and troops were invested in the El-Arish fort.

TAKING OF EL-ARISH AND GAZA

In the meantime, Djezzar's cavalry, supported by a body of infantry, had taken up a position a league in our rear, and was hemming in our besieging army. General

Kleber instructed General Reynier to make a certain movement. At midnight the enemy's camp was surrounded, attacked, and taken. In this action one of the Beys met his death; tools and utensils, weapons, baggage, everything was captured. The most of the rank and file had time to escape, but several of Ibrahim Bey's subordinate leaders were made prisoners.

Trenches were dug in front of the El-Arish fort. One of our mines was discovered, and our sappers driven away. On the 16th of February I caused a breach-battery, and two trench-batteries to be erected. Gunfire went on the whole day, on the 17th. At noon on the 18th the breach was wide enough for entry. I then called on the enemy's commanding officer to surrender, which he did.

We found in El-Arish a large quantity of biscuit and rice, 300 horses, 500 Albanians, 500 Moghrebines, 200 Anatolians and Karmanians. The Moghrebines took service with us.

We left El-Arish on the 22nd of February. Our vanguard lost their way in the desert, and had to suffer extremely from lack of water. (As we were short of provisions we had to slaughter horses, donkeys, and camels. On the 23rd we reached the pillars set up on the frontiers of Asia and Africa. On the 24th we encamped on Asiatic ground, and, on the following day, we found ourselves on the march to Gaza. Towards ten o'clock in the morning we perceived 3000 to 4000 mounted men riding in our direction.

Through a couple of movements carried out with the greatest exactness in the presence of the enemy, General Murat, commanding the cavalry, succeeded in crossing several mountain streams.

General Kleber proceeded to the left towards Gaza. General Lannes, with his light infantry, supported the movements of the cavalry, who were arranged in two lines. Each line had behind it a reserve squadron. We attacked the enemy by the high ground from which may be seen Hebron, to which town Samson carried the gates of Gaza. The enemy avoided the attack and retreated; a few of his men were killed, among them the Pasha's Kiaya.

The 22nd Half-brigade Light Infantry distinguished itself very much. It followed the horses at the double, although the men hadn't had a regular meal for days, and hadn't tasted a sip of good water.

On our entry into Gaza we found 150 hundredweight of gunpowder, a great quantity of munitions of war, bombs, implements, more than 200,000 rations of biscuit, and six guns.

The weather was abominable; much thunder and rain. Since our departure from France we hadn't had a thunderstorm until then.

We passed the night of the 28th February at Esdud, the old Azotus. On the 1st of March, 1799, we slept at Ramleh, which the enemy had abandoned so hastily that he left behind for us 100,000 rations of biscuit, a great quantity of barley, and 1500 leather bottles which Djezzar had intended for use on the march through the desert.

CAPTURE AND PLUNDER OF JAFFA, 7TH MARCH, 1799

Kleber's division first invested Jaffa, and then proceeded to the El-Ugeh River in order to cover the siege. Bon's division hemmed in the right-hand works of the town, and Lannes' division those on the left.

On the 6th of March two trench-batteries, the breach-battery, and one of the mortar-batteries were ready for the bombardment. The garrison made an attack. Then we saw a crowd of variously dressed men of all colours throw themselves on the breach-battery. They were men of Mograka, Albanians, Kurds, Anatolians, Karmanians, men of Damascus and Aleppo, black men from Takrur. They were repulsed with vigour, and retreated more rapidly than they had intended.

When the morning of the 7th broke I called on the Governor to surrender. His only answer was to have my messenger beheaded. At seven o'clock the firing began. At one o'clock I considered the breach practicable. General Lannes made preparations for storming the town. Netherwood, an officer attached to the staff of the Adjutant-General, with ten carabiniers, was the first to mount the ramparts, next came three grenadier companies of the 13th and 69th Half-brigade under the command of Adjutant-General Rambeau.

At five o'clock we were masters of the town, which, for twenty-four hours, was given over to pillage and to all the horrors of war; never did these horrors appear to me so ghastly as on this occasion.

Four thousand of Djezzar's troops, including eight hundred gunners, were put to the sword. A number of the inhabitants were massacred.

Viscount Ebrington asked me on the Island of Elba whether I had ordered the Turks taken prisoner at Jaffa to be butchered. To this I answered: "Certainly, I had a few thousand shot down. You will call that rather strong measures, but I had already granted them a capitulation on condition that they were not to fight against us again, and return to their homes. Instead of doing that they had fortified themselves in El-Arish, which they defended against me, and which I took by storm. I could not take them with me as prisoners, as I had no bread. On the other hand, they were such rascals that I could not let them go a second time. And so I had no choice left but to shoot them."

During the next few days several ships arrived from Acre laden with munitions of war and provisions; they were captured in the harbour. Their crews were very astonished to find the town in our hands, for it was believed that the garrison would hold us up for six months. Abd-Allah, one of Djezzar's generals, succeeded in hiding himself among the Egyptians, and throwing himself at my feet. I sent to Damascus and Aleppo more than 500 persons from the two towns, besides 400 to 500 Egyptians.

I had spared the lives of the Mamelukes and lesser leaders whom I had taken prisoner at El-Arish. I also pardoned the Sheik of Cairo, Omar-Makram. I was as merciful to the Egyptians as I was to the people of Jaffa, but I acted sternly towards the garrison who were taken with arms in their hands.

We found in Jaffa fifty guns, including thirty field-pieces of European pattern, much ammunition, more than 400,000 rations of biscuit, 200,000 hundredweight of rice, and a quantity of soap.

I FAIL TO TAKE ACRE

On the 19th of March I arrived in front of Acre, and at once ordered an attack on the fortress defended by Djezzar Pasha and the English commodore, Sidney Smith. The great number of artillery which the English had placed at the disposal of the Turks, combined with the lack of heavy guns on our side, made the situation very unfavourable for us. For fourteen days we did not fire a single cannon-shot, and had to content ourselves with modestly picking up the enemy's cannon-balls, for which I paid one franc each.

While we were besieging Acre a Turkish army tried to annihilate us, but was thoroughly beaten, first near Nazareth, and then by Mount Tabor.

Once, while we were besieging Acre, a grenade thrown by Sidney Smith fell at my feet. Two soldiers, who were standing near me, immediately covered me with their bodies, one from the front, the other from the side, and so formed a shelter for me. The grenade exploded and smothered us all three with sand. We sank into the hole which it made, one of the soldiers being wounded. I made them both officers.

Although we made various attempts to take the place by storm, and, in doing so lost a large number of men, we were not successful in capturing the wretched hole, and I resolved to start on my retreat to Egypt.

EVENTS IN EGYPT DURING MY ABSENCE

During my invasion of Syria certain events had taken place in Lower Egypt which I should like to add here.

On the 31st of January, 1799, a portion of the Province of Beni-Suef rose in rebellion. General Veaux marched there with a battalion of the 22nd Half-brigade and covered the country for leagues around with the corpses of the enemy. Order was completely restored everywhere. He himself had only three killed and twenty wounded to report.

On the 4th of February the English cruiser squadron off Alexandria, having received reinforcements a short time previously, began to bombard the harbour. The English threw from fifteen to sixteen hundred bombs, but

killed nobody; they succeeded only in shooting two wretched houses to pieces and sinking an old ship.

On the 6th of March the squadron disappeared, and nothing more was seen of it.

Four gunboats sailed from Suez on the 1st of February, and reached Koser on the 6th, where they found many vessels laden with the treasures of the Mamelukes, defeated by General Desaix in Upper Egypt. At the first cannon-shot fire broke out on the *Tagliamento*, through which it was blown up.

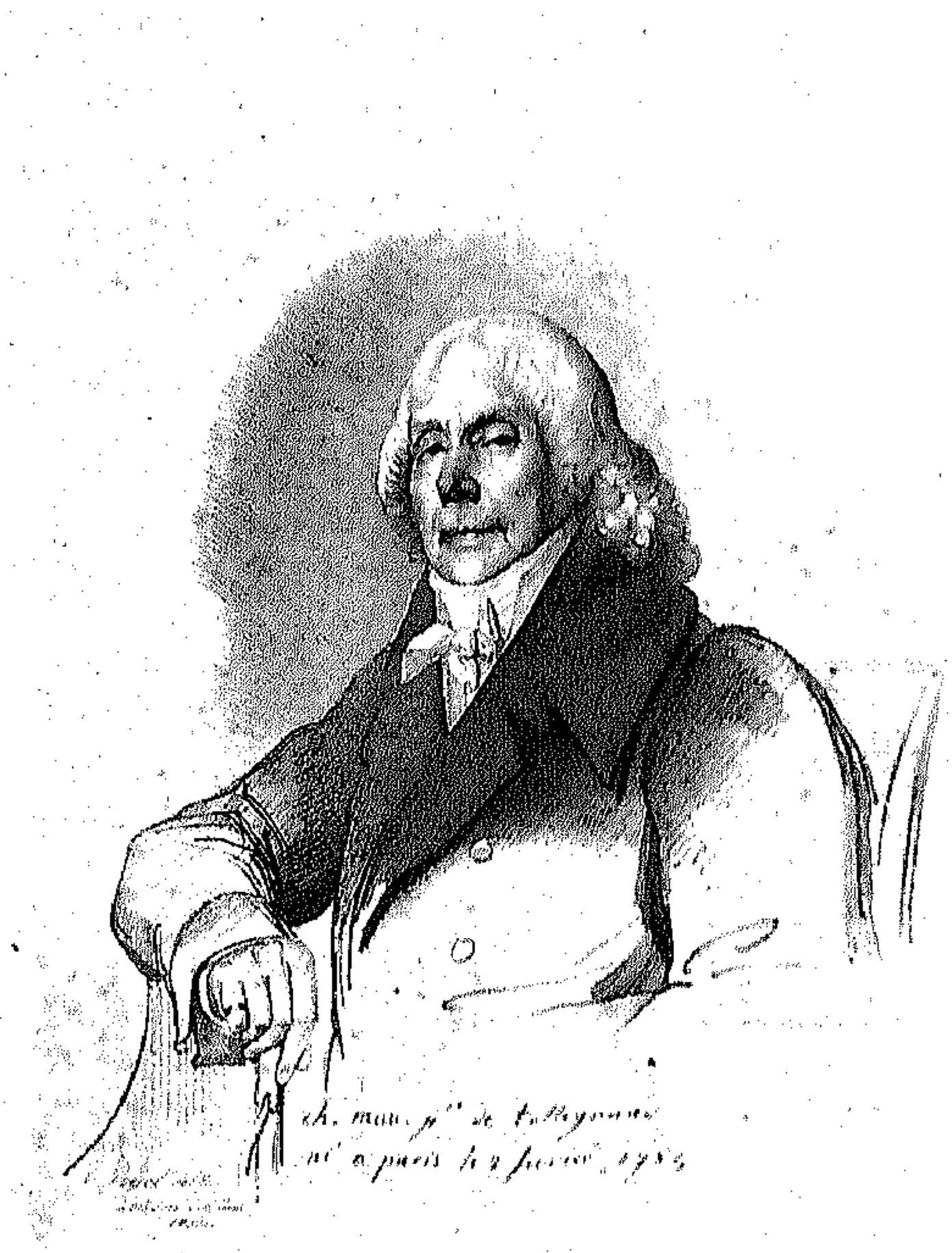
Citizen Duranteau, commandant of the third battalion of the 32nd Half-brigade, proceeded on the 14th of March towards the Province of Sharkieh. The village of Horbeyt, which had risen in rebellion, was burned down, and its inhabitants killed.

On the 5th of March General Dugua, having been informed that a new tribe from Central Africa was advancing on the borders of the Province of Gizeh, ordered General Lanusse to march against them. He fell upon their camp, lay in ambush for them on several occasions, and took from them a great number of camels, after having killed several hundred of their men.

The Emir Hadshi, a man of weak, indecisive character, on whom I had heaped benefits, could not resist the intrigues going on around him, and entered himself on the list of our enemies. He took the field with several Arab tribes and some Mamelukes. Driven from the field, and pursued, he lost in one day all the good things that I had given him, besides all his own wealth, and some members of his family who were still in Cairo, in addition to losing the reputation of a man of honour which he had until then possessed.

THE RISING OF THE ANGEL EL-MAHDI

Towards the end of April 1799, an event, the first of its kind that we had ever seen, caused an insurrection in the Province of Bahireh. A man from Central Africa landed in Dern, collected the Arabs round him, and proclaimed himself as the Angel El-Mahdi, who is foretold by the prophet in the Koran. Two days later it chanced that two hundred Moghrebines came that way, and they likewise flocked around him. As it is written in



Charles-Maurice de Talleyrand, Prince of Benevento
From a Drawing by G. Vogel

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the Koran that the Angel El-Mahdi will descend from Heaven, this deceiver asserted that he had come down from Heaven in the midst of the desert. He was naked, but was able to distribute quantities of gold which he managed to keep very skilfully hidden. Every day he dipped his finger in milk and moistened his lips with it, this being the only nourishment that he took. He proceeded to Damanhur, overwhelmed there sixty men of the Marine Legion who had been carelessly left in the place, instead of being taken within the fortified earthworks at El-Ramanieh, and murdered them. Encouraged by this deed he inflamed the imagination of his disciples to such a degree that they believed that gunpowder would not take fire if he threw a little dust at our cannon. They were also convinced that our musket bullets could do no harm to the True Believers. Numberless people bore witness to hundreds of miracles of this kind which he performed daily.

Brigadier-General Lefèbre with four hundred men started off to march against the Angel, but as he saw that the numbers of the enemy were increasing every minute he was soon forced to see the impossibility of bringing such a large number of fanatical people to reason. He formed his men into a square and kept shooting all day on these frantic people who were not to be convinced of their error, and continued to throw themselves on our guns. It was only in the night, when they counted their killed and wounded—there were more than a thousand killed—that the fanatics perceived that God no longer works miracles.

On the 8th of May General Lanusse, who had showed himself to be extremely energetic, and who had been rushing about wherever there were enemies to fight, arrived and collected 1500 men; and soon there remained of Damanhur nothing but a heap of ashes. Even the Angel El-Mahdi himself who had been wounded several times, now felt his zeal cooling down; he had hidden far away in the desert, but was still surrounded by adherents for a long time, for fanatical heads have no room for reason.

These events contributed to the hastening of my return to Egypt.

The appearance on the scene of the Angel El-Mahdi had been pre-arranged, and was to take place just at the moment when the Turkish fleet was expected to arrive off Alexandria to land the remains of the army beaten by me before Acre. The fitting out of this fleet, news of which had been obtained by the Mamelukes of Upper Egypt from the caravans, induced them to advance into Lower Egypt. But as they had been routed several times by Brigadier-General Détrès, an extremely brave officer, they retreated to Sharkieh. General Davout was ordered to march thither by General Dugua. On the 8th of May he attacked Elfi Bey and the Bili, and after three of the most prominent of the leaders under Elfi Bey had been killed by a couple of cannon-balls, Elfi himself fled terrified into the wilderness.

An English ship-of-the-line and a frigate appeared before Suez about the 4th of May. There resulted a cannonade, which the English, however, ceased as soon as they noticed that Suez was armed with numerous guns, and was able to offer resistance to them: the two vessels had disappeared without leaving a trace.

After General Lanusse had finished clearing the Province of Bahireh of the enemy, he happened, on the 5th of June, in the village of Kafr-Furnig, to meet with a party of Moghrebines and native inhabitants who had escaped into Bahireh. He killed some hundred and fifty of them and burned down the village.

THE RETURN MARCH FROM SYRIA TO EGYPT

On the 3rd of June I arrived at El-Arish on my return journey from Syria. The heat of the desert sand raised the thermometer to 44° centigrade, while the temperature of the air rose to 34°. In order to reach the well, which contained rather warm, salty, and sulphurous water, we had to march eleven hours daily, yet our troops drank this water more greedily than a bottle of good champagne in a restaurant.

On the Island of Elba I was asked whether it was true that I had poisoned my sick men on the retreat from Syria. To this I answered: "There is a certain amount of truth in it. Some men of my army were suffering from the plague. They had scarcely twenty-four hours to

live. I was compelled to break camp, and I asked Doctor Desgenettes how they could be got away. He said that it was useless, for they would not live, and besides, they might spread the infection. I therefore told the doctor to give them opium so that they should not be exposed to the cruelties of the Turks who were following us. He replied to this that he was a man of honour, that his business was to cure, not to kill; and the unhappy men were left to their fate. Perhaps he was right, although I had only advised him to do what I would have wished my best friend to do to me in a similar case."

My entry into Cairo took place on the 14th of June. The streets were filled with an enormous crowd of people. All the Muftis, who were riding mules because the Prophet liked riding these animals, the whole corps of Janissaries, the Odiaks, the Agas of the day and night police, the descendants of Abu-Bekr, of Fatima, and of the sons of several of the Saints revered by the True Believers, had prepared to give me a reception, and surrounded me. The head-men of the merchants went in procession in front of me, as well as the Coptic Patriarch. The rear-guard was formed by the Greek auxiliary troops.

The Sheiks El-Bekry, El-Shergâuy, El-Sadat, El-Mahdi, El-Sauy, behaved as well as I could possibly have wished. They preached on our behalf in the mosques every day, and their firmans (decrees) made a great impression in the Provinces. They are, for the greater part, descendants of the first Caliph, and enjoy in a very special manner the esteem of the populace.

LAND BATTLE OF ABOUKIR, 25TH JULY, 1799

As already mentioned, the season of the year favourable to the possibility of a landing had determined me to leave Syria and return to Egypt.

The landing took place, in fact, on the 11th of July, 1799. One hundred sailing-ships, including some man-of-war vessels, appeared off Alexandria and anchored near Aboukir. On the 15th of July the enemy disembarked, took by storm with extraordinary bravery both the redoubts and the Aboukir fort, landed his artillery, and, strengthened by the co-operation of fifty sailing ships, with his right flank supported by the sea, and his

left by Lake Madieh, succeeded in occupying a strong position.

I started from my camp at the Pyramids on the 15th of July, 1799, and entered El-Ramanieh on the 19th. Then I marched on Birket-Geitas, which became the centre of my operations, and from there I rode on the 25th at six o'clock in the morning to meet the enemy.

General Murat commanded the van. He ordered General Destaing to attack the enemy's right. Lieutenant-General Lannes advanced against the left wing, and General Lanusse supported the vanguard. A fine plain of eight hundred yards width separated the two wings of the enemy. Our cavalry charged into the opening and galloped with the utmost speed into his right and left wings. Our enemies now threw themselves into the water in order to swim to the ships which were out at sea three-quarters of a league from the coast. They were all drowned. It was the most frightful scene that I have ever beheld.

We now attacked the second line which was occupying a very strong position. Standing out in front lay a fortified village, in the centre stood a redoubt, connected to the sea-coast by a line of earthworks, and flanked by more than thirty gunboats. General Murat seized the village, while General Lannes attacked the left wing, which was protected by the sea. General Fugière, in close columns, attacked the enemy's right. Attack and defence continued to get more and more animated. Here also the cavalry decided the victory: they attacked the enemy, charging suddenly into the rear of his right wing, and causing frightful slaughter in the ranks. Next the redoubts were taken, and our enemies were forced to throw themselves into the water where they were pursued by our horsemen. All were drowned.

Now we invested the fort where the reserves, strengthened by numerous fugitives, were posted. As I did not wish to expose my men needlessly to danger, I had six mortars brought up and placed so as to bombard the fort. The shore was covered with the corpses of the enemy. Six thousand had been counted in a short time, of whom three thousand were buried at once.

Two hundred flags, numerous baggage, tents, forty

field-pieces, Hussein Mustapha, Pasha of Anatolia, and Commander-in-Chief of the whole expedition, and all his officers were captured. Such were the fruits of the victory. We, on the other hand, had only one hundred killed, and five hundred wounded.

On the following day, the 26th, I demanded the surrender of the fort of Aboukir. The Pasha's son and his officers declared themselves ready to do so, but the soldiers were of a different opinion. I therefore ordered the bombardment to begin on the 27th. Although the Turks were short of provisions and water, and the fort was merely a heap of ruins, the besieged troops would not surrender. At last, on the 2nd of August, our enemies resolved, not to ask for terms of capitulation, but to lay down their arms and to throw themselves on the mercy of the victor. The Pasha's son and two thousand men were made prisoners; in the fort were found three hundred wounded men, and eighteen hundred corpses. During the first two days of their captivity more than four hundred Turks died as a result of having drank too much and eaten too quickly.

I RESOLVE TO DEPART FOR FRANCE

Having, since my departure from France, received letters on one occasion only from the Directory, namely, on the 25th of March, 1799, before Acre, and these letters having led me to the expectation of an approaching war on the Continent, I felt that I must not remain any longer absent from France.

But although, through my Syrian campaign, I had destroyed the armies that threatened to flood Egypt from the desert, I was still obliged to await the result of the naval expedition which was being prepared with great zeal in the Levant (on the Island of Rhodes). The result was the landing near Alexandria. As soon as the news reached me that the Turks had landed I marched against the enemy and annihilated him near Aboukir. Egypt was now protected against any further invasion and belonged completely to us.

After several diplomatic transactions I procured the English newspapers up to the 6th of June, 1799, through which I learned the defeats of Jourdain in Germany and

those of Scherer in Italy. That very hour I sailed away with the frigates *La Muiron* and *La Carrère*, although they were bad sailers. I felt I must not think of danger. My place was where my presence was most needed. Animated by such feelings, if I had had no frigates, I would have muffled myself up in my cloak and travelled on a bark.

I left Egypt to the excellent administration of General Kleber. *It was already all under water, and the Nile* looked finer than it had done for fifty years.

On the voyage I met various cruisers, and it is only owing to the skilful measures taken by Rear-Admiral Gantaume that I landed without accident in Fréjus.

CHAPTER V

FORMING THE STATESMAN, 1799–1805

I MAKE AN ENEMY OF MADAME DE STAËL

AFTER my return from Egypt Madame de Staël did everything she could think of to induce me to pay her a visit. She wrote me letter after letter. I read them, as the Abbé de Pradt said, "with the thumb," that is to say, cursively. One day she came into my room without having announced herself. At that time I was living in my little house in the Rue Chantereine. I was in my dressing-gown at the time. So I excused myself for having to receive her in this way. "What!" said she, "Genius has no sex." I have been told that this lady used to push her friends into the water for the pleasure of pulling them out again. At any cost she had to take a part in everything. Once, during a ball at Talleyrand's, she came up to me unceremoniously and sat down beside me on a sofa. She at once began the conversation. Among other things she asked me: "For which woman of ancient or modern times have you the highest esteem?" "The most amiable," I answered. "But which one would you place on the highest pinnacle?" she asked, and could scarcely conceal her impatience that I did not give an answer in accordance with her secret wish. "Why, Madame," said I, "the one who has had the most children," and at that I stood up. Everyone began to laugh, whereupon she became confused. That was the original reason for the opposition which she showed to my rule.

Such incidents cause one more annoyance than one thinks. I certainly acted wrongly, for I did not sufficiently weigh the effect of a pointed word or a joke. For the rest, it was on the recommendation of Madame de Staël, to whom I wish to do full justice as a woman of very superior intellect, that I appointed Benjamin Constant a member

of the Tribunate. I have had reason to regret it, however, for he soon began to oppose me tooth and nail, and was backed up by the whole influence of Madame de Staël's Drawing-room. With this particular object she gave a grand party at which she proclaimed Benjamin Constant as a new Mirabeau. I tried to negotiate with them, but without result. Constant promised to alter, but he soon began to renew his opposition to me. Therefore I banished both Madame de Staël and himself.

MY ATTITUDE ON THE 18TH BRUMAIRE, 9TH NOVEMBER, 1799

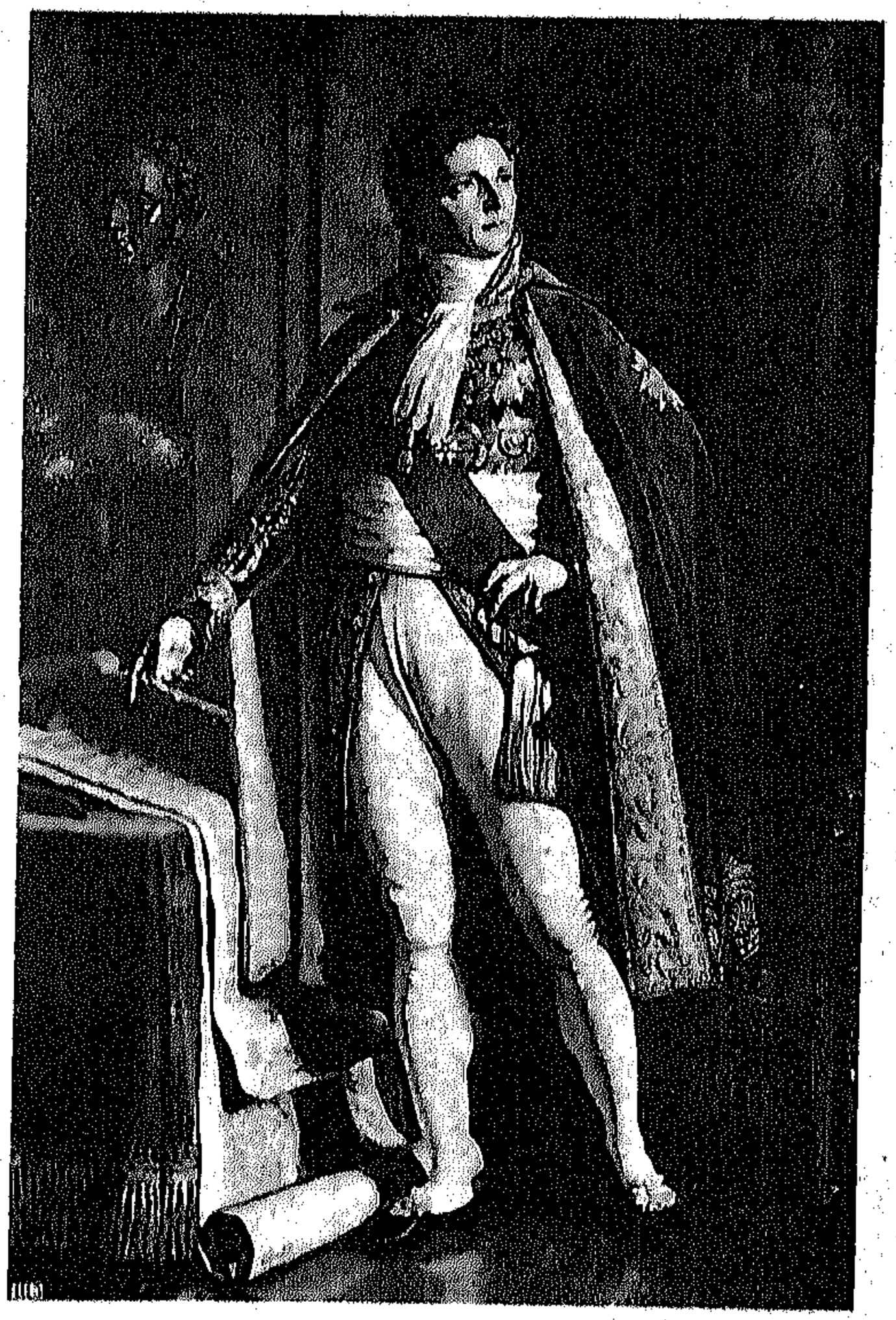
Never was a resolution so easily carried through, so fervently was it desired, as that of the 18th Brumaire.

My whole part in the execution of the *coup d'état* consisted in assembling at an appointed hour the crowd of my visitors and marching off at their head to seize the executive power of the State. From my doorstep I led them to this conquest without having informed them beforehand of my object. In their company I was inspired by the general enthusiasm, and I repaired to the tribunal of the Council of Veterans to thank them for the Dictatorship which they were handing over to me.

There has been much excited discussion—and there will be for a long time more discussion—as to whether we did not infringe the laws, and whether we were not criminals. That is all mere visionary talk, which at best is only fit for books, or oratorical platforms, but which must yield to inevitable necessity. One might just as well make a seaman responsible for the damage when he cuts down the masts of his ship to keep it from sinking. The fact is that our country would have been lost without us, and that we saved it. Therefore the originators of this great *coup d'état*, instead of justifying themselves, must proudly answer like that Roman of old: "We give the public assurance that we have saved our country; come, let us offer sacrifices to the gods for it!"

I LOSE AND WIN THE BATTLE OF MARENGO, JUNE 1800

When Melas evacuated Turin he left a garrison behind in the citadel. Tureau seized the town and invested the fortress, but he had to maintain his connection with



Marshal Berthier
From a Portrait by Pajou the Younger in the Versailles Museum

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Chabran who was besieging Fort Bardo. His forces were so weak that he was only able to invest the citadel of Turin. Then Chabran succeeded in taking Fort Bardo, in occupying Aosta and Chivasso, and in pushing forward as far as the left bank of the Po. The divisions of Monnier, Boudet, Watrin, and Victor, were stationed near Marengo. Loison was besieging Pizzighetone, occupying Cremona, and watching Mantua. Moncey came up over the St. Bernhard with the divisions of Lorge and Lapoype, each of these divisions being 4000 men strong.

During the battle of Marengo, Lapoype had occupied Pavia, and had advanced as far as the Po in order to be in a position to turn towards the Ticino in case Melas tried to pass over to the left bank of the Po with the object of cutting his way through to Milan. Chabran and Lapoype would then have formed a body of 12,000 to 15,000 men, who had pushed forward, under Moncey, as far as the left bank of the Ticino and would have given the army time to cross the Po again and withdraw behind the Ticino to prevent the army of Melas from crossing.

I had at Marengo: Watrin with 5000 men, Monnier with 5000, Boudet with 6000, Victor with 6000, the Consular Guard with 1000, and the cavalry with 3000, which together made about 30,000 men. I had sent Turcau with 3000 men to Turin, and Chabran and Lapoype, with 5000 men, to the left bank of the Po. Lorge with 5000 men was on the way, and Loison with 6000 men was in Pizzighetone: that was altogether about 20,000 men. If I had waited about a fortnight I would have had a united force of 50,000 men, but I was obliged to besiege the citadel of Turin, that of Milan (3000 men), and those of Cremona and Ancona (1500 men). Moreover, I had to keep under observation Pizzighetone and Piacenza, where there were 1200 men, besides Mantua, and the body of troops that came from Frioul, and was getting stronger every day. Finally I had to keep the left bank of the Po occupied, for it was not merely a question of besieging Melas but of taking him prisoner. And if that body of troops had not been there, Melas might have had to cross the Po at Valenca, turn as rapidly as possible towards the Ticino, cross it and reach Cassano, and from

there should have tried to force his line of retreat before my army could get back into the Milanese.

The French Army was not in its natural position, for in its rear lay Mantua and Austria. There was no possible line of retreat for the army except along the left bank of the Po, and, therefore, it was not advisable to leave this connecting line without defence. As a general rule, on the day of battle all scattered detachments should be called back. It was not possible to do so in this case without losing all the advantages of the campaign. If we had been beaten, we could not have been reproached for this mistake, which would have been attributed—and rightly so—to the loss of the battle. The advantage of the position taken up by these troops would have made itself noticeable, for the army would have owed its salvation to it, besides the possibility of waiting for reinforcements from Switzerland and France. Melas, on the other hand, could only hope to fall back on Mantua and take up a naturally defensive position.

Besides all this, the attack on Fort Bardo had discouraged the troops. Even Berthier lost his head. Fortunately I came up and succeeded in getting the troops through the defile. If I had not succeeded in getting the artillery through, I should have been in a very dangerous position, but it was possible to let the infantry march past. Besides, I could then have fallen back on Turin, which had behind it an abundance of guns and the town of Grenoble. In Stradella I would have lost almost everything. Ott attacked Lannes and fortified himself in Pavia. I drove him out of it. People believed that I was waiting for Melas in Stradella. I remained there for two days, but as he did not appear, I was afraid that he was turning against Suchet. I therefore advanced and moved Desaix to Rivolto.

After the battle of Montebello on the 9th in which Lannes routed a portion of the Austrian Army, our army moved in order to cross the Scrivia. The vanguard, under the command of General Gardanne had thoroughly beaten the enemy on the 13th June while he was defending the approaches to the Bormida and the three bridges which he had near Alessandria, taking from him two cannon and one hundred prisoners.

General Chabran's division arrived at the same time along the Po opposite to Valenca, to prevent the enemy from passing over the river. In this way Melas found himself hemmed in between the Bormida and the Po. The only way of retreat to Genoa which remained to him after the battle of Montebello was thus cut off. The enemy seemed to have no plan, and showed indecision in his movements.

At daybreak on June 14th the adversary with strong forces proceeded to cross the Bormida by means of three bridges, in order to clear an outlet for his army, and thus commenced with the utmost vigour the famous battle of Marengo, which decided the fate of Italy and the Austrian Army.

Four times during the battle we found ourselves retreating and four times attacking. More than sixty guns were lost and taken again by each side at various points and at different times. There were over twelve cavalry attacks with varying results.

It was three o'clock in the afternoon. On the magnificent plain of San Giuliano 10,000 infantry were marching on our right wing. They were supported by a line of cavalry and a strong force of artillery. I placed in opposition to them the Grenadiers of the Guard who stood like a bulwark of granite in the midst of the enormous plain. Nothing could move them. Infantry, cavalry, artillery: everything possible was put into the fight against them. But it was all in vain. There one could really see what a handful of brave men can do.

In consequence of this stubborn resistance the enemy's left wing was held in its place, and our right remained firm till the arrival of General Monnier, who seized the village castle of Ceriolo. Thereupon the enemy's cavalry made a furious onslaught on our left wing, which was already badly shaken, and this attack hastened its retreat.

The enemy now advanced along the whole line and kept up a fire of case-shot from over a hundred cannon. The roads were covered with fugitives, wounded men, and wreckage of every description, and the battle seemed lost. The enemy was allowed to approach within musket-shot as far as the village of San Giuliano, where Desaix's division, with eight light guns stood in battle

order. All the fugitives assembled behind it. Already the enemy was making mistakes which enabled one to foretell his catastrophe. He was spreading his wings too far out.

My presence restored to life the morale of the troops. "Boys," I said to them, "remember that it is my custom to sleep on the battle-field."

With shouts of "Long live the Republic!" "Long live the First Consul!" Desaix attacked at the double. In a moment the enemy was overthrown. General Kellerman, who, with his brigade of heavy cavalry, had been protecting the retreat of our left wing, led a charge so furious and so well timed, that 6000 Grenadiers with General Zach, the adversary's chief of the General Staff, were made prisoners, and many enemy generals were killed.

The whole army followed this movement. The enemy's right was cut off, and confusion and terror spread through his ranks.

The Austrian cavalry had ridden towards the centre to protect the retreat. Brigadier-General Bessières, at the head of the Grenadiers of the Guard, now led an attack with equal force and skill, and broke through the line of the enemy's cavalry, which brought about the retreat of the whole hostile army.

We had captured fifteen flags and forty guns and had taken 6000 to 8000 prisoners. More than 6000 of the enemy were left on the battle-field. Our losses were also considerable, for they amounted to 600 killed, 1500 wounded, and 900 prisoners.

General Berthier's uniform was riddled with bullets, and several of his adjutants had their horses shot under them. But one great loss to the army, and no less a loss to the Republic, took away all rejoicing from our hearts. General Desaix was struck by a bullet at the beginning of the attack by his division, and died immediately. He had only time to say to young Lebrun who was near him: "Make haste and tell the First Consul that I die with the regret of not having done enough to live for posterity."

Desaix had reached the head-quarters only three days before. He was eager for the fray, and had said to his adjutant two or three times the day before: "It is a long

time now since I fought in Europe; the bullets don't know me any longer, something will surely happen to me." When, in the midst of the hottest fire, the death of Desaix was reported to me, the only words that escaped from my lips were: "Why is it not given to me to weep?"

It is an open question whether Melas acted wisely in agreeing to terms of capitulation, or whether he would have done better by retreating to Genoa, where he could easily have taken ship. He gave up the strongholds, but he kept his troops, and it is troops that are required in war! Perhaps he did well, but I think that I should have acted differently had I been in his place. Besides, brilliant as this victory was, it did not bring about peace, and Austria saved her army.

MASSENA COULD HAVE HELD OUT LONGER IN GENOA WHILE I WAS DEFEATING THE AUSTRIAN ARMY IN THE FIELD

Massena could quite easily have held out ten days longer in beleaguered Genoa. He had only 16,000 men to feed; and the inhabitants of Genoa numbered about 160,000. A tenth part of the provisions requisite for the population would have sufficed to feed the French Army, and Massena could easily have obtained that amount daily. I even grant that the handing over of a tenth part of the provisions might have noticeably injured the general health of the Genoese population, and perhaps have caused the death of a few hundred Genoese. But what would that have mattered if thereby Genoa was held ten days longer? Massena knew of my arrival, and that a great battle was being fought on the plain of Alessandria which would decide the fate of Italy. Of course, he understood the enormous importance of Genoa, by which a numerous Austrian army-corps was tied up. He should not have hesitated to fight sanguinary battles in order to help me to victory. How is one to explain his action in shrinking from the stern measures which would have procured food for his soldiers for a few days longer? I, for my part, do not take this rosy view of war, and, in my eyes, the holding of Genoa for one day longer was worth more than the whole population of the town.

ATTEMPTS ON MY LIFE: EXPLOSION OF THE INFERNAL MACHINE

After the unsuccessful attempt of Louis in June 1800 the Bourbons had lost hope, and resolved to rid themselves of me by murder. I believe that the number of murderous attempts on my life undertaken by Chouans and Royalists amounts to six. All were discovered before their execution, with the exception of the horrible plan, by means of an infernal machine, which the murderers tried to carry out in the evening of the 4th Nivôse (24th December), 1800.

An oratorio was being sung in the Opera House, and the artistes wished me to hear it. But as I had spent the greater part of the day in the Council of State, I was very fatigued and had fallen asleep after dinner (about seven o'clock) on a sofa in my wife's drawing-room. When I woke up she begged me to take a little recreation, but I had little inclination to accede to her wishes. As, however, Generals Bessières and Lannes had come at the same moment, I yielded to her wishes, and got into the carriage with the two officers. The carriage was surrounded by the usual escort—about a dozen mounted Grenadiers. Two of them were riding near the outrider about twenty yards in front of the carriage. After we had passed the railings of the Place du Carrousel, and intended getting into the Rue Richelieu, we had to drive through the Rue de l'Echelle and the Rue Saint-Nicaise. At the end of the Rue Saint-Nicaise a small two-wheeled cart was standing, on which lay a barrel, which looked exactly like the barrels which are used in Paris for watering the streets.

That was the infernal machine. Some Chouans had come to Paris to place it there. Among the number were to be found, as I have been assured, Limoëlan, Saint-Réjant, Coster, Saint-Hilaire, and Joyaut. Limoëlan had taken a few steps towards my carriage, in order to assure himself that it was really that of the First Consul. He received a kick from one of the Grenadiers riding in front, which knocked him down. But he picked himself up again quickly, ran with all speed to the little cart, and set fire to the infernal machine. But the carriage of the

First Consul had already turned the corner. At the first moment, when I heard the explosion, and saw the roofs of the houses falling in, it seemed to me as if my carriage was being raised up as though by the waves of the sea.

At the same moment the windows of the carriage were broken into a thousand pieces. The coachman, who was drunk, fortunately took the report of the explosion for a salvo of guns fired in my honour, and whipped up his horses as hard as he could. One man only of the escort, who had not already ridden round the corner, was wounded, and thrown to the ground. My wife and my sister Caroline, who was pregnant at the time, were following at a distance of about a hundred paces. So the infernal machine exploded between the two carriages. General Rapp, who was in the second carriage, at once jumped out and tried to calm the ladies. They thought that I was dead until the Grenadiers of the Guard assured them to the contrary.

As soon as our carriage reached the Théâtre de la République, being very anxious about my wife, I sent the escort towards her. Then I entered the Opera House. And although all the opera-glasses in the theatre were turned on me, nobody, it is asserted, saw any kind of change on my countenance. The audience became uneasy, however, a few moments later, on the arrival of the ladies. Consternation was plainly expressed on their pale faces. Their long continued weeping made people suppose that some unfortunate event had taken place.

The explosion of the infernal machine destroyed five or six houses, caused the death of about twelve persons, and wounded thirty. The trial of the criminals, whom the people succeeded in catching, took place publicly in the accustomed way, before the Criminal Court. Saint-Réjant and Carbon were executed on the Place de la Grève. Limoëlan succeeded in escaping and reaching America. Georges Cadoudal, who was in Brittany at the time, and the Conte d'Artois in London were recognised as the odious instigators of this crime. The anger in Paris caused by this crime was very great indeed.

THE GREATEST MISTAKE THAT I MADE DURING THE CONSULATE

The expedition to San Domingo was one of the greatest acts of folly that I have committed. If I had succeeded, it would only have served to enrich the Noailles and the Rochefoucaulds. I believe that Josephine, being a creole, had also a certain influence in the matter of this undertaking; not directly, of course, but a wife who is living in close companionship with her husband always exercises an influence on him. From the administrative point of view it is the greatest mistake that I have made. I ought to have treated with the black chieftains as with the authorities of a province; I ought to have appointed negroes as officers in their regiments, and made Toussaint-Louverture viceroy. Instead of sending troops I ought to have left everything to the black men, or, at most, have sent a few white officials, for instance, a treasurer, and required that the white men should marry negro women. In this way the negroes would not have seen any armed white men around them, and would have acquired confidence in my policy. The colony would have announced the freedom of the slaves. Certainly I should have lost the Island of Martinique, for the black men would have been free. It is true that by the liberation of the negroes I should have lost in territorial strength, but it would have been done in a legitimate manner for I intended giving them land.

Colonel Vincent of the Engineers was the only one with whom I consulted concerning the proposed expedition, and he tried to dissuade me from the enterprise, advising me that it would be better to treat with the negroes than to destroy them. Everything that he prophesied came true.

THE BREAK WITH ENGLAND IN MAY 1803

The English were determined to compel us to take the daring decision—which we took only after much hesitation—of declaring war. They were only able to take a few ships, a few colonies, from us, but I wanted to spread terror in London, and said beforehand that they would shed tears of blood over this war. The King's Ministers had caused him to tell lies to the Continent of Europe.

No preparations for war were taking place in France, and no treaties of any kind with other Powers were being negotiated. Not a single note had been delivered to me. Lord Whitworth was forced to admit this. And yet the English Government tried to arouse passions with the help of such base pretexts! For six months I had been suffering from the impudence of England. The English took this for weakness on our part, and became more pressing in their demands. It went so far that the Ambassador dared to say to me: "Do this, or I shall leave in a week." Is a great nation to be addressed in this manner? I answered him: "Put it down in writing, and your observations shall be brought before the Government." "No," said he, "I have instructions to deliver the message by word of mouth." Was that not an unheard-of way of negotiating? They were mistaken when they thought that they could prescribe laws for a nation of forty million people! They believed I was afraid of war, as I might lose my authority. If the necessity arose I could have had two million men. The result of the first war was that France became greater by the addition of Belgium and Piedmont; the result of the second war was to be the consolidation of our federative system.

ENGLAND APPROVES OF ATTEMPTS ON MY LIFE—ORGANIZATION OF A POWERFUL CONSPIRACY. THE DUKE D'ENGHIEN ALSO TAKES PART IN IT—ARREST OF MOREAU, PICHEGRU, AND CADOUDAL—WHAT THESE THREE INTENDED DOING—SUICIDE OF CADOUDAL, AND SHOOTING OF THE DUKE D'ENGHIEN

The Treaty of Amiens lasted eighteen months. In May 1803 the King of England, in his speech from the throne, announced the beginning of a new war, and from the commencement of this sanguinary conflict the French Government expressed its intention of carrying hostilities into the heart of old England. In the years 1803 and 1804 numerous camps were established on the coast at Boulogne, Dunkirk, and Ostend, and powerful fleets were equipped in Brest, Rochefort, and Toulon. All the dockyards along the sea-coast, and all the wharves on the rivers were being covered with flat-bottomed boats,

gunboats, and transport ships of all kinds, and millions of hands were engaged in constructing small harbours along the English Channel for the accommodation of the numerous flotilla intended for the invasion.

In England the whole population rushed to arms. Pitt himself gave up the peaceful occupations of a Chancellor, put on uniform, girded himself with a sword, and thought of nothing but instruments of war, battalions, and batteries. The revered English Monarch left his palace and spent a great part of his time in the midst of his troops. Camps, as numerous as those of the French, were established in the counties of Kent and Sussex, at Dover and Deal.

The rival armies watched each other silently, separated only by the Channel, which was covered by the English ships.

The English Ministry did everything possible to draw the attention of the continental Powers to my plans. But Russia, Austria, Prussia, and Spain, were all either allied to, or friendly to, France whom almost all Europe obeyed. The English efforts to fan to a flame the civil war in La Vendée, which until then had served English interests so very well, also failed. The inhabitants of the west of France had completely changed their minds. Through the concordat concluded with the Pope I had won over the priests to my side, and the poorer classes were also grateful to me, owing to the numerous works of public utility in which I gave them employment. Finally, considerable sums of money had been granted to the people of La Vendée for the rebuilding of the houses destroyed or burnt by order of the Committee of Public Welfare.

And so, as long as I ruled, there was nothing to be hoped for, either from the continental Powers, or from the Royalists of La Vendée. Circumstances were always of such a nature that the English Ministry considered it necessary to create a diversion.

The English Government were very often misled by the illusions of the Royalists, and on various occasions were induced to engage in very unfortunate enterprises. Besides this, the English Government had a great opinion of the power and the help to be obtained from the Jacobin

party. They let themselves be convinced that a large number of these Jacobins, dissatisfied with Bonaparte, were disposed to unite their efforts with those of the Royalists, and that they also had the support of various envious generals. At the head of these generals was Moreau. He was dissatisfied, for, since his marriage, he had been strongly influenced by his wife and his mother-in-law, two ambitious and plotting creoles from the Isle-of-France. He set himself openly against me, publicly condemned the concordat, and the regulations of the Legion of Honour, and became reconciled with Pichegru, who had been his companion-in-arms in the Dutch and Rhine armies. Moreau had, indeed, declared Pichegru to be an enemy of the Republic in an order of the day in Fructidor of the year VII (1797), during the time following the Peace of Amiens; nevertheless, a correspondence had developed between Moreau and Pichegru. Their reconciliation was complete and sincere, and the Party of which I have just spoken could count on his support.

An agent in Munich and another in Stuttgart asked for the necessary money to support the Party with which they were in correspondence, and which, as they asserted, would not hesitate to kindle the fire of civil war in France. Abbé Rattel had connections in Abbeville, Amiens, and especially in Artois, and was lavish in the finest promises. In London there were 250 to 300 Chouan officers who were in constant touch with Brittany and Normandy. Extensive warrants of authority and considerable sums of money were sent to Munich. The chief command of the cruiser squadron of the Scheldt and Somme was entrusted to Sidney Smith, and a cutter was placed under the command of Captain Wright to carry out the plans of Georges Cadoudal.

On the 21st of August, 1804, Captain Wright brought over from England to France Georges Cadoudal, Villeneuve, Lahaye, Saint-Hilaire (two of those who had taken part in the criminal attempt of the 3rd Nivôse), Querelle, La Bonté, Picot, Troche, Jean Marie, all men of proved courage. They were landed on the rocky coast near Biville, between Dieppe and Tréport, in the neighbourhood of which was a small property whose owner had already been won over to the Party. He gave

them the prearranged signal. From the top of the cliff he threw a rope into the sea by means of which the men climbed up the precipitous side of the cliff. At this spot the face of the cliff rose unusually steeply from the sea, and had, in consequence of its loneliness, completely escaped the notice of the coastguard and the Customs officers.

The day after the landing was spent by Georges and his companions on the estate, and they journeyed towards Paris the following night. On the way secret resting-places had been prepared, so that they could rest by day and continue their journey by night.

On the 10th of December Captain Wright succeeded in landing a second band of conspirators which consisted of Coster-Saint-Victor (also concerned in the affair of the 3rd Nivôse), Lemercier, Tamerlan, Lelan, and the *émigré* noble Armand de Polignac. At the same time General Lajolais, who had served under Moreau and Pichegru, and whose wife had been Pichegru's mistress, was making numerous journeys to London. He brought over the letters exchanged by the two generals, and announced that Moreau was prepared to undertake anything and everything against me. He added that the moment and the circumstances were favourable, and that no time should be lost. In consequence of this Captain Wright effected a third landing on the 16th of January on the rocky coast of Biville, and put ashore Generals Pichegru and Lajolais, Rusillion, Rochelle, Armand Gaillard, all Vendéeans and Chouans, besides the *émigré* nobles Jules de Polignac and De Rivière. The latter was the chief confidant of the Count d'Artois. About fifty more Chouans were landed on the coasts of Brittany and Poitou, and wended their way, separately, and by different roads, to Paris.

I may fairly say that during the months from September 1803 to January 1804 I was sitting, as it were, on a volcano. Three kinds of people had been landed on the coast at Biville, Chouans and Vendéeans, a wretched rabble accustomed to crime and murder, nobles like Polignac and Rivière, and finally, such as had been employed more or less under Pichegru during the Revolution.

Just at this time a certain Leclerc, one of the Abbé

Ratel's agents in Abbeville, was arrested. They seized his papers, among which was found a large amount of correspondence dealing with unimportant espionage, but some mysterious reports attracted the attention of the authorities. Mention was made of the landing of Chouans who intended to prepare a great blow, and this event, it was stated, was near its accomplishment. The notorious Méhée de la Touche, who had been a passionately zealous Jacobin, and was angry with me because I had banished him to the Island of Oleron, had betaken himself to London. Here he had been received by princes of the House of Bourbon, had conversations with the Bishop of Arras, and had also been introduced to some of the Ministers of State. He was sent from London to Munich where he discovered the local agents. From there he went to Paris and corresponded for some time with the various agents in Munich and Stuttgart. But as he had no confidence in the *émigrés*, and hated England like poison, he resolved to disclose everything to the police, who advised him to continue his correspondence as before. But, as he was not trusted, an officer of the garrison of Strasburg, whose loyalty was not in doubt, was sent to Germany, where he obtained confirmation of Méhée's statements from the Bourbon agents.

In consequence of the unusual watchfulness of the Strasburg police it was discovered that there was a strange coming and going of certain persons in the Grand Duchy of Baden. A certain Massey, an agent of the enemy party, had his dwelling with the Duke d'Enghien in Offenburg. He acted as correspondent for the conspirators in the interior of France for whom he obtained financial support. The Prince himself had often come to Strasburg, paid visits several times a week to the left bank of the Rhine under the pretext of shooting game, and had thus had the opportunity of meeting various agents. A certain Baroness Reich, who had long been under suspicion, seemed also to be very busy, and was more active than usual. Finally, in the month of September, the police of Paris had arrested various Chouans and Brigants who had not been included in the amnesty. They were in Paris without permission, and were unable to give any sufficient reason for their presence in the

capital. Among the men arrested were Picot and Querelle who had landed on the cliffs of Biville.

The coincidence of all these circumstances obviously proved that a plot was being hatched. One night, towards the end of January 1804, I read the report in which all these accounts were collected. I thought that if I prosecuted a certain number of the imprisoned Chouans, the hope of being pardoned would perhaps induce one or other of them to make disclosures. So I began by having Querelle condemned, who was described on the lists of the Chouans as a surgeon.

This man was brought before a court-martial by the Chief Justice and condemned to death. As he was being led to the place of execution, he asked to be allowed to make a statement. He promised to make important revelations. General Lauriston, who was in my service at the time, arrived just in time to postpone the execution. Then Attorney Réal went to the prison, and Querelle admitted that he had landed on the coast at Biville from an English cutter along with Georges Cadoudal and several others. He gave the names of all the places where they had spent the daytime during the journey to Paris, and added that Georges Cadoudal was in Paris at that very moment for the purpose of murdering me. Several officers were at once sent to the various places where the conspirators had found refuge.

The result of these investigations was the discovery of the two other landings above mentioned. In spite of that, the names of the persons who had landed could not be obtained; however, it was learnt that a person of great importance, for whom all the others showed much respect, had taken part in the third landing. Further, the authorities were convinced that a new landing would take place very shortly. In consequence of this Savary proceeded with a detachment of gendarmes to the coast at Biville and occupied every means of egress. He had also with him some one who could imitate the signals, in order to deceive those on board the ship, and arrest them as soon as they had set foot on the coast.

As a result of the information which they had received, the authorities also arrested Bouvet de Lozier, an *émigré*, and owner of a house in Saint-Germain, besides several

other people. The accused were interrogated and placed face to face. Everything that was already known was confirmed, but nothing new was learnt.

Towards the end of February 1804 Bouvet de Lozier in despair had hanged himself in prison. The warder, however, who had heard a suspicious sound in his cell, came in just in time, cut him down, and thus saved his life. The warder at once fetched a higher official, and as the latter arrived he found Bouvet surrounded by surgeons. He was still quite purple in the face, and his features were distorted. "We have been betrayed!" he shouted scornfully. "How many brave men are to die because the traitor Moreau has deceived us! He told us that the army was with him; he has fetched from London Pichegru and many other important persons, and now that we have come he abandons us, and we die as his victims."

The Chief Justice, who had been informed of these statements, asked for my authority to have General Moreau arrested. But to me it was essential first of all to find out whether Pichegru was really in Paris, for this had not as yet been proved. Two hours afterwards, a former monk, a brother of Pichegru, was arrested in his dwelling in the Place Vendôme. He was a man of a very quiet temperament, and he admitted at once that he had seen his brother three times in the last ten days, and that he had reproached him for exposing himself to the disgraceful death of a criminal. That was all that was needed. The Chief Justice, in accordance with Article Ten of the Constitution, immediately issued a warrant for the arrest of General Moreau for having conspired together with Georges Cadoudal and Pichegru against the Republic and the life of the First Consul. Coming back from his country-seat, "Grosbois," he was arrested midway between there and Paris by a Colonel of Gendarmes. When his carriage was stopped, and the Colonel announced his intention, Moreau began to laugh and followed him to the Law Court. When he had arrived there he demanded to see the warrant for his arrest, but when he had read the names of Georges Cadoudal and Pichegru he turned pale, and appeared to be as much disconcerted as he had before been merry.

A fourth landing on the coast at Biville was just about to take place, when an enemy frigate appeared and signalled to Captain Wright, who at once put out to sea again. It is supposed that the enemy had just received news of the proceedings in Paris. If it had not been for this incident a very important personage would doubtless have landed.

At this time people were horrified at the supposed injustice with which Moreau had been treated. It was asserted that he was the victim of my ambition and jealousy. Pichegru, they said, had never for a moment left London. They could prove his alibi, and then the enemies of Moreau would be put to shame. At the same time the police displayed uncommon activity. A description of the sixty Brigants who were in the capital for the purpose of overthrowing the Government was printed. Pichegru and Cadoudal were driven into a corner, yet the police were not successful in arresting them, although they had followed their trail to their hiding-places, and knew where Cadoudal had slept three nights before, and where Pichegru had slept two nights before. The police agents were like bloodhounds; they had scented out the track and worried the conspirators without cessation.

On the 5th of February the Legislative Council made a law imposing the death penalty on anyone who gave shelter to the Brigants.

Pichegru was betrayed by a man to whom he had entrusted his secret. 100,000 francs was the reward for the betrayal. At two o'clock in the morning of the 25th of February, the police agents succeeded in entering Pichegru's bedroom by means of a key which had been given them, and rushed to a small commode on which his pistols were lying. Although taken by surprise, Pichegru, a man of enormous strength and of equal courage, defended himself with his fists like a madman, and to such effect that the police were obliged to put him in fetters and take him to the police station in his shirt. As he saw that further resistance was useless, he at length ceased to struggle, and allowed himself to be questioned and taken to prison.

Until then public opinion as to Moreau's guilt was still very doubtful; but as soon as it was known that Pichegru

had been arrested, Moreau was abandoned by almost everybody, and was supported only by his partisans.

Georges Cadoudal and about twenty others of his partisans had not yet been caught. As I was afraid that they might succeed in escaping, I adopted an expedient, not used till then, which also proved to what degree I was supported by public opinion. I proclaimed a state of siege in Paris, and no one was allowed to leave the city except by day and only through fifteen gates. The Consular Guard and the whole garrison bivouacked round the town, and sentries and other posts were placed fifty paces apart right round the circumference of the city. Nobody was allowed to leave the town without first being seen by the policemen on duty. They knew personally the evil-doers whose description was posted up everywhere.

Walks in the Bois de Boulogne and in the environs of Paris were forbidden. The state of siege lasted six weeks, and deprived the people of all their favourite customs and recreations without the least complaint being uttered.

At last, on the 9th of March, it became known that at four o'clock in the afternoon Georges Cadoudal was to drive over the Pont-Royal in a light vehicle, in order to seek refuge in the neighbourhood of the Panthéon. Consequently, all the precautionary measures were taken, and a few policemen were stationed on the bridge. At the time given Cadoudal drove rapidly over the bridge; he was driving the carriage himself. When he had reached the Place du Panthéon he noticed that the house in which he intended taking refuge was surrounded by police. He therefore turned round and met the two officials who had been following him. One of them seized the reins of his horse, but Georges brought him down with a pistol-shot, opened the door of the carriage, and jumped out, at the same time wounding the second police officer. But in the meantime he had been recognised by the crowd of people who came rushing up. He was surrounded amidst shouts of: "*That is Georges! That is Georges!*" He was then taken to the police station, and, after a preliminary questioning, locked up. All his accomplices were thereupon seized, and the state of siege in Paris was raised after the last arrest had been made.

While in prison Pichegru had to undergo various

judicial examinations. He denied that he had come to Paris with Georges Cadoudal, that he had even seen him. But when he perceived that everything had been found out, he put an end to his life himself on the 4th of April by throttling himself. Nobody mourned his fate. It had been proved—and he himself did not even deny it—that he had betrayed his country, that he belonged to the Bourbon party, and was paid by England. He would have been condemned to death, not only on account of his plot against me, but also because of his former betrayals.

Moreau was obdurate in his assertion that he was an enemy of Pichegru. He denied, further that he had seen him, and maintained that he did not even know the place where the two, according to his accusers, intended to meet; he also denied persistently having seen Georges Cadoudal.

On the 15th of May the Public Prosecutor read the indictment before the Criminal Court, although according to the war laws the accused should have been brought before a court-martial, which would have delivered judgment within twenty-four hours. To this, however, I declined to give my consent. The case was heard by the Criminal Court of the Seine; it went on for a long time, and for several days occupied the attention of all Paris. Memorials in favour of the accused were scattered abroad in a most generous manner, and the defence were given the utmost liberty. When it was proved that Moreau, in spite of his continual denials, had seen Georges Cadoudal, he became an object of contempt. Georges Cadoudal, De Rivière, Bouvet de Lozier, Armand de Polignac, Lajolais, Coster, and others, were condemned to death, some received two years' imprisonment. Moreau, who, by consent, was found guilty under less incriminating circumstances, was sentenced to two years' imprisonment, and the next day, having been released by my act of clemency, set out for the United States of America, after having disposed of all his possessions. I remitted the death sentence on several of the condemned men, their punishment being commuted to a few years' imprisonment. The others were executed on the Place de la Grève, to the great satisfaction of the public.

The trials took place—it is surely well to establish the

fact—in the presence of all Europe, for the ambassadors and all the foreign diplomatic agents were present at all the sittings of the Criminal Court of Justice. It was shown that Pichegru had become reconciled with Moreau, that he had come to Paris, that various meetings had taken place between them, and that Cadoudal had been present at three of these meetings.

The first meeting between Moreau, Pichegru, and Cadoudal, was held by night on the Boulevard de la Madeleine. "Here I am," said Pichegru. "No time must be lost in overthrowing the First Consul." Moreau said: "I can accomplish nothing against the First Consul as long as he is alive, but when he is dead I can do everything against him. Kill the First Consul, and the Senate, the Army, and the people will appoint me in his place. I will change the commanders of the troops in the camp at Boulogne, and appoint a Commission to pass final judgment on you, Pichegru. As soon as you are acquitted you shall be made Second Consul."

"All very well," said Georges Cadoudal, but then I want to be Third Consul."—"That is impossible," said Moreau. "If it were known that I had even spoken to you, I should be a lost man. I should not even have my valet on my side."—"That is all a farce," said Cadoudal. "As soon as you two, Moreau and Pichegru, get into power, you will have me shot. I therefore declare to you quite openly that Bonaparte is as good as another."

At the end of the conversation Moreau promised to seek out his friends, and to see what was best to be done. He sounded several of them, but it is supposed that he did not disclose all his plans to them, and he became convinced that Georges Cadoudal and the Chouans must make the attempt to get rid of me. Gradually they thought out various means. Six evil-doers were engaged to stab me during the parade, namely, at the moment when I should step out from the railings of the Place du Carrousel and walk through the crowd in order to receive petitions. But the parade did not take place on the day appointed, and three months often passed without a single parade being held.

Thirty of the other conspirators were disguised as Chasseurs of the Guard, and were to attack my carriage

between Nanterre and the bridge of Neuilly, during my drive to Malmaison, to which place I usually went at night. They were to attack the escort which consisted of only fifteen men, of whom, presumably, the half would already have been killed by the volley of pistol-shots, before they had had time to defend themselves, and then to stab me in my carriage.

It has been proved that most of these Chouans did not harbour any personal hatred or feeling of revenge against me. But as they had plenty of money at their disposal they indulged in all kinds of excesses. Almost all had mistresses, and they postponed from day to day their difficult and dangerous task.

It was arranged that a prince of the House of Bourbon should land on the coast at Biville as soon as the news of my murder had been known. But as they were not certain that a landing could be made, owing to the inconstancy of the wind, it was settled that the Duke d'Enghien, who was in Germany at the time, should travel to Paris as soon as he learned of the event, to act as the King's representative; for they considered that the presence of a Prince of the Blood was necessary. The Duke d'Enghien, a young and very brave man, was living within four leagues of the French frontier, and had, as has already been related, extensive relations with the enemy agents.

I considered it necessary to secure the person of the Prince. Consequently, at seven o'clock one evening, a regiment of Dragoons crossed the Rhine at Neubreisach, surrounded the Prince's house during the night, made him prisoner, and conveyed him to Strasburg. From here he was taken directly to Paris, placed before a military commission, and condemned to death in accordance with the laws. The sentence was carried out and made known all over Paris. The court-martial was not arbitrarily chosen, but consisted, in accordance with the law, of all the colonels in Paris. The Prince admitted having borne arms against the French Republic, and having sought and recently obtained employment in England. He also admitted that he was well informed of the events that took place from day to day, and that he had been actively concerned in them.

If the Conte d'Artois had been taken prisoner under

similar circumstances he would likewise have been condemned and executed. The laws of France were short and sharp against those who, with arms in their hands, rose against their country, and besides, the Prince was one of the chiefs of the great conspiracy which had been woven some time previously.

Those who contested the thesis that the Duc d'Enghien was not concerned in the plot have agreed that his death must be laid at the door of the Duc d'Artois who planned the overthrow of the Republic and the murder of its highest official. This reproach has been made more than once to the Duc d'Artois by the Duke of Bourbon, the father of the unfortunate Enghien.

A LANDING IN ENGLAND POSSIBLE!

From old times a landing in England has been regarded as possible, and, if it had been effected, the taking of London would have been the infallible consequence. Once you were master of London a powerful party would have been formed against the oligarchy. Did Hannibal look back when he was crossing the Alps, or Cæsar when he landed in Epirus or in Africa? London lies only a few marches' distance from Calais, and the English Army which was scattered for the protection of the coast, would not have been able to unite in time to protect the capital once the landing had been effected. Of course, this enterprise could not have been accomplished with a single army-corps. But with an army of 160,000 men that could appear before London five days after the landing, it would certainly have succeeded.

The fleets would only have been the means of putting the 160,000 men on land in a few hours, and of seizing possession of all the landing-places. The passage across the Channel would have to be carried out under the protection of one of the squadrons lying off the Island of Martinique, the ships having hurried in full sail from there to Boulogne. Fifty man-of-war ships, which ran out from Toulon, Brest, Rochefort, Lorient, and Cadiz, and assembled off the Island of Martinique, would have arrived off Boulogne, and the landing in England would have been assured while the English squadrons were occupying the seas in order to protect the East and the West Indies.

THE AIM THAT I HAD IN VIEW IN CREATING THE FLOTILLA AT BOULOGNE

I wanted to assemble forty or fifty battleships in the harbour of the Island of Martinique through combined operations from Cadiz, Brest, and Ferrol. When united they were to return suddenly to Boulogne. For fourteen days I hoped to be master of the sea. I had 150,000 men and 10,000 horses assembled on that coast, together with 3000 to 4000 flat-bottomed boats. As soon as the arrival of my fleets was reported, I should have landed in England and made myself master of London and the Thames. This plan fell through. If Admiral Villeneuve, instead of running into Ferrol, had contented himself with uniting under his command the Spanish fleet, and had sailed to Brest, in order to unite his ships with those of Admiral Gantaume, my army would have landed, and there would have been an end of any trouble with England.

In order to carry out my plan I had to collect 150,000 men in Boulogne. I needed, besides, an enormous amount of war material and stores of all kinds. It seemed impossible to put everything on board, and at the same time to deceive the enemy as to my real intentions. If I succeeded in deceiving him it is because I did the opposite to what appeared to be my intention. If fifty battleships were necessary to protect my army on the passage to England, I required only transport ships in Boulogne. And this luxury of praams (lighters), gunboats, etc., all provided with guns, was absolutely unnecessary.

If I had succeeded in collecting together 4000 transport vessels, the enemy would then have perceived that I was waiting for my fleet in order to risk the crossing; but while I was building lighters and gunboats, and providing all these vessels with guns, I kept on placing elsewhere cannon against cannon and battleship against battleship, so that the enemy should be deceived.

The enemy believed that it was my intention to force the passage across, and that it was to be done by the military strength of the flotilla alone. He had no idea of my actual plan, and it was only when all the movements of my squadrons were wrecked that he perceived the danger that was threatening him. London was moved to

terror, and all sensible people have admitted that England was never so near her downfall.

MY GREAT MARITIME PLAN

Before England attacked the Spanish silver-ships and Spain had assured me of her unlimited support, I received, up to the end of the year 1804, no help except that from Holland. My plan was at that time as follows: After the reunion of the fleets Toulon, Rochefort (six battleships), and Brest (twenty-three battleships), I intended to appear before Boulogne with this united naval strength, to join the Dutch battleships there, and so to cover the passage across and the landing of my troops. The Austrians spoiled this plan.

After the death of Latouche-Tréville, one of my best admirals, Villeneuve was given the chief command in Toulon, and hoisted his flag on the battleship *Bucentaure*. His squadron consisted of four battleships, each of eighty guns, eight battleships of seventy-four guns, and six frigates, with crews amounting in all to 7000 men. On the 30th of March, 1805, he sailed from Toulon, and arrived off Cartagena on the 7th of April, to wait there for six Spanish battleships. As the latter were not yet fully equipped, he continued his voyage and appeared before Gibraltar in the middle of April. From here he went in chase of Sir John Orde who was cruising before Cadiz.

In this district he received reinforcements of one battleship of seventy-four guns, and a Spanish squadron under Admiral Gravina, consisting of six battleships, together with 2000 troops for landing purposes.

On the 9th of May Villeneuve opened the sealed orders which I had sent him, and accordingly commissioned Admiral Gravina to separate his squadron from the French fleet to strengthen the garrisons of Porto Rico and Havana, and then to sail again towards him and meet him in a given harbour. On the 14th of May Villeneuve cast anchor before the Island of Martinique. Here he learned that Admiral Missiessy had just left the West Indies. The latter had sailed on board the flagship *Majestueux* from Rochefort for the West Indian colonies, with six battleships, three frigates, and 3000 men.

I was just on the point of making a tour of inspection of the Rhine fortresses when I gave orders for certain expeditions to be undertaken. They consisted in the following: First, to strengthen the garrisons of the Islands of Martinique and Guadeloupe and to capture the English islands of Dominika and Santa Lucia; secondly, to bring under the French dominion Surinam with the possessions pertaining thereto, and to run into San Domingo; and, thirdly, to occupy St. Helena.

Shortly before leaving Milan, after my coronation as King of Italy, in order to pay a visit to my eastern Departments I heard of the return of the squadron, and, of course, had to find fault with those concerned for the premature abandonment of Dominika. I continued sending out my ships, as above described, in the most varied directions, and I owed my results to this manœuvre; and I was able to congratulate myself on having kept secret the real object of Villeneuve's fleet. It was only about Nelson that I was very anxious. In a letter which I wrote on the 9th of June, shortly after my departure from Milan, to my Minister of Marine, Decrès, I said: "It is very difficult to find out what Nelson has been doing. It is quite possible that the English have sent fifteen newly fitted-out battleships to the East Indies, and at the same time have sent Nelson to America. Besides, I am of opinion that Nelson is still in European waters. I have a strong instinctive feeling that he has returned to England, in order to provision his ships and to distribute his crews among other vessels, for the ships were in need of repair, and his fleet may be regarded as being in a very bad condition." I reminded the Minister of Marine of the importance which I attached to the fact that Villeneuve was provisioning the fleet lying at anchor in Ferrol, and remarked concerning the Rochefort squadron that the English had doubtless sent a number of ships after it. One cannot easily reckon in advance everything that should be done by an admiralty which controls the movements of 100,000 men in Boulogne, seven battleships at the Texel, and 30,000 men, besides twenty-two battleships at Brest. It would have been possible for Villeneuve to return immediately, but he might just as well have continued his voyage to the West Indies, or Jamaica.

What a great responsibility weighed then on the shoulders of a Ministry when it let months pass without sending troops for the protection of its colonies! In all probability England was able at any time to fit out sixty-five battleships ready to sail. As soon as Villeneuve arrived off Ferrol news had to be sent him, for nothing strengthens courage and determination more than the knowledge of your opponent's position.

In point of fact, the English had at their disposal over one hundred and eleven battleships. When you deduct from this number three observation ships, and sixteen prison and hospital ships, there are ninety-two left, of which, however, as a rule, twenty were always lying in the docks. The above seventy-two ships were presumably distributed in the following manner: eight to ten in India, two to four in Jamaica, as many in Barbados. That makes altogether from fourteen to eighteen. So there still remained from fifty-four to fifty-eight left, which were employed in blockading the squadrons of Cadiz, Ferrol, and Brest, besides pursuing the fleets of Villeneuve and Missiessy.

The Franco-Spanish naval forces consisted of the following: twenty-two battleships in Brest, fifteen in Cadiz, twelve in Ferrol, twenty under the command of Villeneuve, one in Lorient, five under Missiessy, altogether seventy-five. The fifteen battleships lying in Cadiz were opposed to only five English; if you take ten from seventy-five there remains sixty-five, which could be united at pleasure. In all probability, the English were also able, as I have already said, to bring up sixty-five battleships at any time.

When Villeneuve sailed to the West Indies he was followed by Nelson. On the 21st he left the Island of Martinique, captured an English vessel on the high seas off Barbados, another in the neighbourhood of the Azores, seized, besides, a rich prize in a ship from the Cape, and a galleon, and was strengthened by two battleships whose commander, Magon, handed him my orders to sail to Ferrol, in order to unite under his command five battleships under Rear-Admiral Gourdon, six Spanish ships under Grandellana, and five French under Allemand (formerly under the command of Missiessy). With the

help of this fleet of about forty battleships Villeneuve drove Admiral Cornwallis from Brest, and thus cleared the way for the twenty-two battleships of Admiral Gantaume. Villeneuve should now have taken up a position at the entrance of the Channel with sixty-two battleships, including six three-deckers, besides a large number of gunboats, in order to protect the 2283 transport-vessels of which my flotilla consisted. This was my plan; unfortunately, it was wrecked by Villeneuve. For, after the engagement with Admiral Sir Robert Calder, he sailed to Vigo, put his sick and wounded on shore, and then repaired to Corunna, leaving behind three battleships, to unite under his command there six French and ten Spanish battleships.

I was in Boulogne at the time, and perceived, from the measures taken by the English, the positions of the different squadrons. I ordered Gantaume to cast anchor in the Bay of Brest, in order to wait there for Villeneuve with his fleet. On the 21st of August Gantaume obeyed my orders and anchored in the Bay of Brest.

On the 10th of August, when the wind was blowing from the east, Villeneuve put to sea, after having first increased the strength of his fleet by the French and Spanish squadrons under Gourdon, Gravina, and Grandellena which lay at anchor in the Bay of Ferrol. As, on the 13th, no hostile fleet appeared, Villeneuve sailed, first towards the north, but then suddenly altered his course in a southerly direction. He cruised for four days on the high seas off Sao Vincente, and on the 21st of August entered Cadiz on the very day that he was expected in Brest. Lord Collingwood who was cruising with four battleships off Cadiz found himself taken by surprise, and had only just time to escape.

During these events Admiral Allemand was cruising, as he had been ordered, with four battleships in the Bay of Biscay. He had been instructed to expect further orders there, and in case these orders did not reach him, to steer for Vigo, in order to meet Villeneuve on the 13th of August. He carried out these orders punctually, and cast anchor in the Bay of Vigo on the 16th, two days after Villeneuve had sailed from there without leaving any orders. Through this unusual proceeding Villeneuve

was gambling with Allemand's squadron. As Allemand did not receive any orders he put to sea again to continue his cruising, and took the opportunity of capturing an enemy ship of fifty guns, and a corvette. After that he cast anchor at Rochefort on the 24th of December.

When I heard in Boulogne of the arrival of Villeneuve at Cadiz I lost my temper and shouted angrily: "That is treason!" For Villeneuve, before leaving Ferrol had expressed the intention of sailing for Brest, and had ordered Allemand to wait for him in Vigo. In spite of that he sailed past this harbour without entering it.

ULM AND AUSTERLITZ. 1805

Mack's greatest mistake was his retreat to Ulm with his 80,000 men, and his refusal to surrender the town. In consequence of the rain everything was in confusion, and nobody was in command. The Archduke Ferdinand refused to take orders from Mack. I saw beforehand how everything would turn out, and therefore did not give orders for Ulm to be taken by storm, but wished to starve out the garrison. I had the complete lists of Mack's army, and showed them to him later on. He thought that the Russians were on the Inn; I assured the Austrian general that this was not the case, and therefore I contented myself with blockading the town. The fighting at Elchingen had demoralised the Austrians. Mack assured me that his troops were in the greatest disorder.

When I had made Mack's 80,000 men prisoners, and had taken possession of all the stores of the Austrian Army, I resolved to march on Vienna, first to relieve Italy of a burden, and to cut the Archduke's line of retreat, he having beaten the Prince of Essling (Massena), and having already reached the Adige; secondly, to prevent his army from uniting with that of the Czar Alexander; and, thirdly, to bring in Kutusow's army, to beat it, and, if possible, to destroy it. When I reached Vienna I heard that the Archduke Charles was in full retreat from Italy, that the Prince of Essling was following him, and that his army consisted of only 35,000 to 40,000 men, having been reduced by the garrisons left behind at Venice and Palmanova, as well as by the corps of observation in Carinthia; finally that the Czar

Alexander was in Olmütz. I resolved to cross the Danube at Vienna, with the object of cutting off, at Hollabrun, the army of Kutusow, who, after having been defeated at Amstetten, had crossed the Danube at Krems. This move would have succeeded if Murat had not let himself be led by the nose by Prince Bagration. While the Russian general was talking of peace, and Murat was imparting the information of a truce to be concluded between the two armies, the operations were held up for twelve hours, and Bagration withdrew his army from its desperate situation. I received information of these things a few hours later in Vienna. The same night I went to my army, entrusted the defence of Vienna to the Duke of Treviso (Mortier) with 15,000 men, proclaimed the truce, and attacked the Russians at dawn the next day at Hollabrun.

On the 2nd of December I defeated at Austerlitz the united Russo-Austrian Army which was commanded by the Emperors of Russia and Austria. I had sent the Duke of Ragusa (Marmont) with 18,000 men to the Semmering to oppose the Archduke Charles, and the Prince of Eggmühl (Davout) with 30,000 to the Hungarian frontier. The 15,000 troops of the Duke of Treviso (Mortier), the 30,000 of the Prince of Eggmühl, and Prince Essling's 35,000 men, who had already reached Klagenfurt, thus formed an army of 100,000 men who were opposed to the 35,000 men composing the Archduke Charles's army.

The move on Austerlitz to fight the Russian Army, and to prevent its union with the army returning from Italy, was correct according to all the rules of the art of war. It succeeded, and was bound to succeed. The Duke of Elchingen (Ney) was with the 6th army-corps in Tirol, the Duke of Castiglione (Augereau) with the 7th corps remained in reserve in Swabia, Marshal Gouvion Saint-Cyr was before Venice, and the King of Bavaria had reserves in Munich. As for Prussia, we were not at war with that Power. The oath taken over the tomb of Frederick the Great was only conditional. Count Haugwitz came into my head-quarters to make certain proposals to me, which I would have accepted if I had been beaten at Austerlitz.

General Moreau
From a Drawing by J. A. Dornstedt

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OPERATIONS OF THE ARCHDUKE CHARLES AGAINST MARSHAL MASSENA

After the battle of Ulm the Archduke Charles, who had gained advantages over the Prince of Essling (Massena), and had reached the Adige, was compelled to beat a retreat, and to hasten with all speed to the help of Vienna. He left a strong garrison in Venice and Palmanova, and an observation corps in Carinthia, and arrived on the Hungarian frontier with 40,000 men. The Prince of Essling followed him with 35,000 men of the French Army of Italy. General Gouvion Saint-Cyr had hurried up from Otranto and besieged Venice; the Duke of Ragusa (Marmont) had marched from Vienna to the Semmering with 20,000 men, to unite with the Prince Essling. The Duke of Treviso (Mortier) had remained in Vienna with 15,000 men, and the Prince of Eggmühl was at Pressburg on the Danube with 30,000. Two of his divisions proceeded by forced marches towards the battle-field of Austerlitz, but they arrived only after the battle had been decided, and when nothing more was to be feared from the Archduke Charles, who, thoroughly exhausted, sought a place of refuge in the lap of Hungary.

MY NEGOTIATIONS WITH PRUSSIA, DECEMBER 1805

Two days after the battle of Austerlitz, Count Haugwitz, Prime Minister of the King of Prussia, came to Brünn in Moravia and had two audiences with me. Fighting was already going on between the outposts, and I asked him to await in Vienna the result of the battle. "I shall beat the Russians and Austrians; wait, therefore, and tell me nothing, for I will not listen to anything to-day." Haugwitz was no novice in diplomacy, and did not wait to be asked twice. The battle of Austerlitz was fought; I returned to Vienna, and on the 15th of December, 1805, a treaty was signed between France and Prussia in order to relieve Prussia of any anxiety regarding the treaty which King Frederick William the Third had concluded with Russia a few weeks before. Prussia promised to disarm, and received in return the assurance that France would offer no opposition to the incorpora-

tion of Hanover in the Prussian dominions. France received, moreover, Wesel, Bayreuth, and Neuchâtel.

I MARRY EUGÈNE TO A BAVARIAN PRINCESS

I had intended for a long time to have my stepson married. But the King of Bavaria was unwilling to give his daughter in marriage to Prince Eugène Beauharnais, and asserted that he did not know what was meant by an adoption, and regarded him only as Viscount de Beauharnais. I let him know that, in that case, I should marry my stepson to an Austrian princess. That brought him to a decision. Josephine had already felt offended in Munich at hearing people always talking about the love relations between the Princess Augusta and the Prince of Baden. On my way through Munich, the King of Bavaria paid me a visit in my study with a veiled lady. He raised the veil from her face: it was his daughter! I found her charming, and was, I must admit, a trifle confused. The King, in consequence, thought himself justified in saying that I had quite lost my head. I offered the young lady a chair, and proceeded to read a lecture to her governess: may princesses fall in love? Why, they are nothing but political merchandise!

The Queen of Bavaria was pretty. I liked very much being in her company. One day at the hunt the King had started off before me, and I had promised to follow him, but I remained chatting with the Queen for an hour and a half. That gave occasion for gossip, and roused the King to anger. When the Royal Pair met again, the King scolded the Queen. But she replied: "Would you have me throw the Emperor out the door?"

From that time I had to pay dearly for this gallantry; for the King and Queen followed me on my journey to Italy in the winter of 1807, and I had them always around me. They had bad carriages which used to break down every moment, and I was obliged eventually to take them into my own. In Venice also they were with me. At bottom I was not vexed, for now I had royalty in my suite.

CHAPTER VI

IN THE BRILLIANCY OF THE EMPIRE, 1806–1811

PRUSSIA DECLARES WAR ON ME IN THE AUTUMN OF 1806

THE treaty concluded with Haugwitz in Vienna in December 1805 was only ratified conditionally in Berlin. As this procedure was contrary to the usual custom, negotiations were continually going on during the exchange of the terms for ratification which took up a part of the year 1806; however, everything was arranged. In October Prussia declared war without giving any reason. Not as the result of the advice of a Minister nor of the wish of the King, but in consequence of stirred-up passions. The fact of the matter is that towards the end of the summer of 1806 Prussia took up arms because it had been deceived by a false dispatch from the Marquis Lucchesini who assured the Court of Berlin that in the treaty that had just been signed by Count Oubril in Paris between France and Russia both these Great Powers had undertaken obligations which ran counter to the intersts of Prussia. In the first shock of fear the Berlin Court took up arms both against Russia and France. An explanation soon took place and Prussia was left without anxiety as far as Russia was concerned, for this Power had revoked what Oubril, the Russian chargé d'affaires, had done in Paris, and had refused to ratify the treaty, in which, besides, no reference whatever had been made to Prussia. After having been so quick in raising the standard of war against Russia and France, the Prussian Court, when it saw that it had only to fight the French, and felt sure of Russia's help as well, believed that it was certain to win the victory. A few weeks later, however, the battle of Jena decided the question.

JENA, 14TH OCTOBER, 1806

When war was inevitable I moved my head-quarters at the beginning of October to Bamberg, and united my whole army on the Regnitz. While the King of Prussia was advancing to the Main, he thought he could break through my line of operations in the direction of Mayence, and hold up my movements. For this purpose he sent forward the army-corps under Blücher and the one under the Duke of Weimar in that direction. However, the French line of communications no longer passed via Mayence but from Kronach via Forchheim on the Regnitz, and from there to Strasburg. As I had nothing more to fear from an offensive by the Prussians I marched in three columns. The left I directed on Coburg under the command of the Dukes of Montebello (Lannes), and Castiglione (Augereau), which consisted of the 5th and 7th Army-corps; the centre via Kronach and Schleiz (I was with this corps myself), which consisted of the 1st and 3rd Army-corps, and which was under the command of Marshal Bernadotte and the Prince of Eggmühl (Davout), besides the Guards and the cavalry reserve. The right wing marched through Bayreuth via Hof, and comprised the 4th and 6th Army-corps, being led by the Duke of Dalmatia (Soult) and the Prince of Moscova (Ney). The Prussian Army, which was already advancing on the Main, halted between Weimar and Auerstädt, in order to support its vanguard. Cut off from the Elbe and from Berlin, all their stores were captured, which stores served as food for the French Army.

Before the battle began the Prussians recognised their danger. Their position had really become desperate. And although their army was so near Magdeburg, the heart of Prussia, and was only two days' march from the Elbe, it was beaten, cut off, and unable to make an orderly retreat.

In the night between the 18th and 19th October, the army-corps of the Prince of Moscova, of Marshal Duke of Montebello, those of the Dukes of Castiglione, and Dalmatia, the Guards, the Cuirassiers of Hautpoul and Nansouty, were all united. The army was combined in two great masses of troops, one of 80,000 men at Jena,

and the other of 60,000 men at Naumburg, from which the Saale falls very rapidly as far as Jena, and has only one outlet, namely, at Dornburg, which was occupied by a small force.

The Prussian Army was completely taken by surprise. General Blücher and the Duke of Weimar had advanced to Cassel, and were marching towards the Main. The Duke of Brunswick was Commander-in-Chief, and as soon as he discovered my intention, he called back the two above-mentioned corps. But it would take a few days to return. On the 13th of October the Prince of Eggmühl captured the whole of the stores of the Prussian Army in Naumburg which is situated on the right bank of the Saale. The greatest anxiety reigned in the head-quarters in Weimar. The Prussian General-in-Chief resolved to withdraw his army across the Saale, left to their own resources the corps of Blücher and the Duke of Weimar, and marched to Naumburg to recapture his stores, for he thought they had fallen into the hands of partisan freebooters.

On the 14th of October 60,000 Prussians attacked the French 3rd Army-corps at the entrance to the defiles of Kösen. But already at three o'clock I had appeared on the heights of Jena with 80,000 men, and threw back the armies of the Generals Rüchel and the Prince of Hohenlohe, which together numbered 100,000 men. The 60,000 which King Frederick William commanded, were defeated by the sole efforts of the 30,000 men of the 3rd Corps, as Marshal Bernadotte would not take the risk of following them in the narrow defile leading to Kösen. In the night he had retreated two leagues in order to cross the Saale by the bridge of Dornburg, and here, early on the 14th he was in the position to fall on the enemy's flank. Without doubt the Prince of Eggmühl was not able to win a victory, but he was able to hold the Pass of Kösen. With such excellent infantry as he commanded, 10,000 men were sufficient to hold the pass. But in case he had lost it the Prussian Army would not have crossed the Saale before him, and it would certainly have been sufficient to guard the bridge. Finally, if he had been driven out of the Kösen defile, he could have gone over to the right bank of the Saale, and this would

not have influenced the result of the battle of Jena. In any case, the loss of the Prussian Army would not have taken place. Marshal Davout fulfilled his purpose completely by preventing the Prussian Army from crossing the Saale. If Davout had marched the three leagues separating Dornburg from Jena the Prussian Army would have escaped, for it could have reached the right bank of the Saale. The unexpected move of the 1st Army-corps (Bernadotte's) put the Prince of Eggmühl in the position of covering himself with glory, and of raising the reputation of the French infantry to the highest possible point.

THE KING'S AUNT IS LEFT BEHIND IN BERLIN WITHOUT MEANS

When I made my brilliant entry into Berlin, the mother of the Prince of Orange, sister of the King, had remained behind, ill, in the upper rooms of the Royal Palace. Her position was pitiable, for they had left her without money, and almost everybody had gone away. One or two days after my arrival some persons of her household came and begged help from me, and informed me that they had not even enough money to buy wood for the princess. She had in fact been abandoned in a disgraceful manner. As soon as I was informed of her condition I sent her 100,000 francs, and went to see her myself. I ordered everything suitable to her rank to be sent to her, and we had several meetings. She was very grateful to me for my attentions, and a kind of friendship developed between us, for I liked her conversation very much.

I PARDON THE PRINCE OF HATZFELD

Intriguing women I hate above all things! I have been accustomed to good, gentle, and agreeable women; these I love. If they have spoiled me it is not my fault, it is the fault of Josephine. I was good to one woman who showed herself gentle and amiable—Frau von Hatzfeld. When I showed her the letter which her husband had written to the King of Prussia before the entry of the French, she said, sobbing, and with deep feeling: "Yes, that is indeed his writing." And when she was reading the letter her voice affected me to the depths of my heart.

I was sorry for her. "Madame," I said to her, "throw this letter into the fire, and then I shall no longer have the power to punish your husband." She burned the letter, and seemed very happy. Her husband was now quite safe; two hours later he would have been a lost man.

I WIN A SANGUINARY VICTORY AT PREUSSISCH-EYLAU, 8TH FEBRUARY, 1807

After the battle of Pultusk in December, 1806, Bennigsen, the Russian Commander-in-Chief, marched to the Lower Vistula to attack Marshal Bernadotte who was occupying Elbing. I left Warsaw on the 25th of January, 1807, united my army in Willenberg, and marched on the left flank of the Russians with the object of driving them into the Frische Haff. The country was at that time still covered with snow and ice. Bennigsen's army soon found itself in a difficult situation, for the French Army was already standing in its rear, when the Cossacks took prisoner an officer of Berthier's General Staff who was on his way to Marshal Bernadotte. From the letters found they were able to recognise my plan. In all haste Bennigsen fell back on Allenstein and evacuated the town in the night in order to avoid a battle. The French Army vigorously followed up the Russians. Having arrived in Deppen, the Prussian general, Yorck, crossed the Passarge and turned towards Wormdit. I now ordered the Prince of Moscova (Ney) to pursue the Prussians with his 6th Corps. He did not succeed, however, in noticeably weakening Yorck, as he only pursued the enemy with an equally strong force, and if one had not followed General Yorck, he might have turned on the left flank and the rear of the French Army, which arrived in the evening of the 7th of February before Eylau, after having engaged in several fights. General Bennigsen was occupying the town with strong forces. The Duke of Dalmatia (Soult) attacked it with the 4th Corps, and captured it, after a stubborn fight which only ended at eleven o'clock at night.

The Prince of Eggmühl marched three leagues with his 3rd Corps on to the right wing, in order to get round the left wing of the enemy's position. I fixed my headquarters in Eylau. The 4th Army Corps bivouacked

before, to the left, and to the right of the town, the Guards in the second line, the 7th Corps and the cavalry reserve in the third line. At dawn on the 8th the Russians began the attack. They tried to retake Eylau but were beaten back. It would really have been difficult for them to take a town occupied by the Army Corps of the Dukes of Dalmatia and Castiglione (Augereau), the Guards, and the cavalry reserve, which the day before was defended only by the 4th Corps. If the battle turned out to be a sanguinary one for us, it was far worse for the enemy. Our losses on this day amounted to 18,000 men.

Though we let the Prince of Moscova remain several leagues from our left wing, and the Prince of Eggmühl two leagues from our right wing, we had still sufficient forces opposed to the Russian general.

QUEEN LOUISA TRIES IN VAIN TO MAKE ME ALTER MY DECISION IN TILSIT

If Queen Louisa had come to Tilsit at the beginning of the negotiations she would have had much influence on the result. Fortunately she arrived only when the negotiations were already far advanced, so that I was able to conclude the treaty in twenty-four hours. It is supposed that King Frederick William the Third prevented her from coming earlier from a not-unjustified feeling of jealousy of a certain high personage.

As soon as she arrived in Tilsit I called to pay her a visit. The Queen of Prussia was very beautiful, yet she was not in her early youth. The Queen received me like Mademoiselle Duchesnois in *Ximena*, asking for justice. It was a real tragedy. There was no means of escape from her; so I offered her a chair and forced her to sit down. In spite of all she continued in a very ceremonious tone. "Prussia," said she, "was blind as to her own strength. The country had tried to fight a hero, to oppose France's destiny, and underrated the value of a happy friendship with that Power. Prussia has been severely punished for it! The fame of Frederick the Great and the glorious memories have swollen the hearts of the Prussians too much. They have brought about the ruin of the country." She asked, begged, implored. Magdeburg was the special object of her prayers and

wishes. I withstood her requests as well as I could. Fortunately her consort came into the room. The Queen cast a meaning glance at him, regretted that her husband had chosen such an unsuitable time for his entry, and became vexed at it. In fact the King took part in the conversation and spoiled the whole affair; so I was released.

I had invited the Queen to dinner. She used all her wit, of which she had a great deal, on me. Her manner was very pleasing, and her coquetry was not without charm. Nevertheless, I was determined to hold fast. Over and over again I had to take great care not to make half promises, or to give expression to a dubious word, all the more as I was being sharply watched, and especially so by the Czar Alexander.

Shortly before we sat down to dinner, I stepped up to a small table, took from a vase a very beautiful rose, and offered it to the Queen. At first her hand seemed to move as though to wave it aside, then she took it and said: "Yes, but at least, with Magdeburg . . ." Whereupon I replied: "But . . . I should like to observe to Your Majesty, that it is I who am giving it, and it is You who are accepting it." The dinner and the whole of the remaining time was passed in this way.

The Queen was sitting between the two Emperors who were very gallant towards her. She was placed so that the Emperor Alexander could understand her, for with the other ear he could scarcely hear anything. When the evening came, and the Queen had retired, I resolved, although I had shown the utmost amiability all the time, while feeling myself often driven to extremity, to bring the matter to an end. I called Monsieur Talleyrand and Prince Kurakin, became quite violent in manner, and remarked to them that, after all, a lady and gallantry could in no wise alter a policy which concerned the destiny of a great country. I demanded that they should settle the business at once and sign the treaty. It happened as I had wished. In this way the conversations with the Queen had hastened the conclusion of the treaty by eight to fourteen days.

The next day the Queen began to renew her attacks. She was very angry when she heard of the conclusion of the treaty. She wept a great deal, and did not want to

see me again, or appear at the second dinner. Alexander had to persuade her. She was much vexed and insisted that I had broken my word. But Alexander had been there all the time. He was indeed a dangerous witness, and ready to speak in my favour. "Napoleon did not promise you anything," he said to the Queen. "If you can prove the contrary to me I pledge my word to induce him to do it, and I am convinced that he will keep his promise."—"Still, he gave me hopes," said she—"No," said Alexander, "and you have nothing to reproach him with."

At last she came. As I had no longer any need to defend myself I was extremely nice to her. For a few moments she assumed an offended air. When the repast was over and she was about to withdraw, I accompanied her to her carriage. As I remained standing on the steps, she squeezed my hand, and said to me in a voice full of emotion: "As I have the happiness of being so closely acquainted with the man of the century and of history is it possible for him to give me the liberty and satisfaction of assuring him that he has bound me to him for life?" "Madame," I replied seriously, "I am to be pitied. My unlucky star is to be blamed." And with these words I took leave of her.

Having reached her carriage she threw herself, sobbing, into it, sent for Duroc whom she esteemed highly, and repeated her complaints. Pointing to the building that she had just left, she said to him: "In this house I have been terribly deceived."

The Queen of Prussia has beyond doubt many good qualities, possesses much knowledge, and great finesse. For fifteen years she was really the Regent. In spite of my adroitness and all my efforts, she dominated the conversation, and returned continually to her main theme, but perhaps too frequently. It was done, moreover, with the greatest dexterity, so that it was impossible to take offence. To be sure it must be admitted that the subject was important to her, and the time valuable and short.

I MEET MY BROTHER LUCIEN IN MANTUA ON DEC. 13TH, 1807

During my Italian journey, which I made towards the end of the year 1807, I had seen Lucien in Mantua on the 13th December, and talked with him for several hours.

His views and his manner of speaking were so different from mine that it was only with difficulty that I could grasp what he wanted. As it seems, he wished to send his eldest daughter to Paris to her grandmother Letizia. Lucien seemed to me to be struggling against certain feelings but did not possess enough strength of character to make a decision.

I was ready to prepare the way for his rights as a French prince, and to acknowledge all his daughters as my nieces, if he were prepared to declare as null and void his union with Madame Jouberthon whether by a divorce or by any other means.

In these circumstances all his children would be taken care of. If Madame Jouberthon had been so fortunate as to give birth to a daughter, I should not have objected to adopting her, or, if it had been a boy, to recognise him as Lucien's son, not, to be sure, of legitimate marriage. I would have been willing to bring him up so as to make him capable of entering into possession of the estates that I wished to grant his father, apart from any title that might have been conferred on him by the general policy of the State, while he could make no claim on his father's successors by legitimate marriage, or to the throne of the French Empire. In any case I left no stone unturned to persuade Lucien to use his abilities for me and the country, but all my efforts were in vain.

THE DIVIDING UP OF THE WORLD AMONG THE POWERS IN ERFURT

In Erfurt I had come to an understanding with the Czar Alexander over the division of the East. France was to receive Egypt and Syria, and Poland was to rise again from her ashes. The treaty was outlined, yet I could not make up my mind to sign it. It would have meant a complete revolution of the world. Perhaps a war with the Emperor of Austria would have resulted from it on account of the Polish provinces. And then, how could I ever hope for peace with England? For, after the dismemberment of Turkey, if I definitely incorporated the above-mentioned territories in the French Empire, I would have had no possibility left of negotiating a general peace. If I had placed on my head the

Crown of the West on the basis of the Treaty of Erfurt, there would no longer have been any possibility of peace with England. It would have become a fight to the death. And who would have guaranteed to me that Czar Alexander, after possessing himself of Constantinople, would not return to the English alliance, in order to take back Poland from me, and reduce the French dominions, now that the Russian Power had no rivals of any kind, and Russian actions could not be controlled?

Alexander had always borne a grudge against me for postponing the signing of the treaty. He would not believe me when I told him that the interests of France required that I should not sign before I had settled the affairs of Spain. He thought that I was seeking an excuse. He was wrong: I would have signed if Spain had been subdued and I had had that country quite in my power; for I felt myself strong enough at that time not be obliged to fear Russian loyalty.

FOUCHÉ TRIES TO HASTEN MY DIVORCE FROM JOSEPHINE

The Minister of the Interior, Fouché, was worrying himself over the frequency and the duration of the conversations which I was holding with Talleyrand. He imagined that I had the intention of marrying a sister of the Czar Alexander, and took into his head to solve the difficult problem in which I seemed to hesitate, as I was so long considering it, convinced as he was that this service would help to increase his influence with me at the expense of an ambitious rival.

He addressed himself directly to the Empress Josephine and spoke of the interests of France, that required a successor to the Empire. He represented to the Empress how glorious it would be, how it would raise her above all women, if she would make this heavy sacrifice. Fouché succeeded in gaining full power over the Empress, for the latter was caught in the quite natural belief that a Minister would not dare to make overtures of this kind without having been authorised to do so. He ventured to bring her the outline of a letter which she was to write to the President of the Senate, to offer the country her renunciation of the title of Empress and Consort. The Empress

offered only a feeble resistance, but she postponed the signing of the letter till the following morning.

Madame Rémusat, one of the ladies of the Palace who, naturally, did not relish the idea of descending from her position as confidante of the Empress to that of a maid of honour to a dethroned princess, made a bold decision. She waited for the moment when I left my private study to go to my bedroom. It was one o'clock in the morning. She announced herself just as I was going to bed. Her age prevented any suspicion of a dubious character in this step. My curiosity was aroused, and I received her. The matter was very strange, for I learned, in fact, that it was a question of putting away my wife. I at once went to Josephine and gave her the assurance that if considerations of State should ever determine me to dissolve our union, she would receive the first overtures from me.

I journeyed to Spain without having seen Fouché, but I let him know that he was not to trouble himself any more about any matters outside his police administration, and to suppress the rumours of divorce which had been spread by his authority.

THE GREATEST MISTAKE OF MY CAREER: THE INTERFERENCE IN SPANISH AFFAIRS

The unfortunate war in Spain ruined me. All my defeats came from this source. The Spanish war destroyed my reputation in Europe, increased my embarrassments, and provided the best training-ground for the English soldiers. I myself trained the English Army in the Peninsula.

Circumstances have proved that I erred in the choice of means, for the mistake lay rather in the means employed than in the principles.

Doubtless, in the crisis in which France found herself at that time, that is to say, during the fight for new ideas and the struggle of the century against the rest of Europe, we could not leave Spain out, and abandon her to our enemies; we had to bind her to our policy either of her own free will or by force. France's destiny demanded it. Moreover, the code of laws for the salvation of nations is not always the same as that for the individual.

Besides, apart from the necessity of policy, I had an

additional good reason for the step taken. When Spain thought I was in danger, and knew that I was engaged in fighting the Prussians at Jena, she was near declaring war on me. Such behaviour must not remain unpunished. I, in my turn, was able to declare war on Spain, and the result could not be in doubt. This apparent easiness led me astray.

The Spanish people despised their Government and demanded a return to the old stately and pompous ceremonial. As Providence had raised me so high I thought that I was called to carry out this renewal of the old style. I considered myself worthy of carrying out such a great event in the midst of peace. I wanted to avoid bloodshed. I did not wish a single drop to smear Castilian independence; therefore I freed the Spaniards from their horrible form of government and gave them a liberal Constitution. I considered it necessary, and perhaps, also, easier than it was, to change their dynasty, and put one of my brothers on their throne. But he was the only foreigner among them. I respected the inviolability of their territory, their independence, their customs, and their laws.

The new ruler entered the capital, and had no other Ministers, counsellors, or courtiers, than those of the old Court. My troops were about to withdraw. In doing this I conferred the greatest benefit that has ever been given to a nation; so I said to myself, and so I still say to-day. The Spaniards themselves thought so, so I had been assured, and only complained as a matter of form. I was awaiting their thanks; but it turned out otherwise. They were horrified at my proposal, and rose at the sight of my troops. Everyone rushed to arms. The Spaniards in a mass behaved like a man of honour. I have nothing to say against that, especially as they won the victory. They have, however, been horribly punished for it, and will perhaps rue their triumph. They really deserved a better fate.

My most dignified and safest plan for Spain would have been a kind of mediation, as in the case of Switzerland. I ought to have given the Spanish nation a liberal constitution and commissioned Ferdinand to put it into practice. If he had carried out the plan conscientiously,

Spain would have prospered, and could have made herself closely acquainted with our new habits and customs. The main object would have been attained, and France would have had a trusty ally and a growth of power which would have commanded real respect. If Ferdinand, on the other hand, had not fulfilled his new obligations, the Spaniards would not have failed to send him back. They would then have come to ask me to give them a new master.

However that may be, this Spanish war was a real plague, the original cause of France's misfortune. After my negotiations in Erfurt with Alexander, England had to be brought to reason either by force of arms or by friendly discussions. She saw herself alone and unheeded on the Continent. The English bombardment of Copenhagen had excited public opinion against her everywhere, whilst I, on the contrary, was at that moment at the height of my fame, when this unfortunate war with Spain suddenly turned public opinion against me and rehabilitated England. From this moment she was able to continue the war. The separated territories of South America were opened to England. She trained an army in the Peninsula, she remained the victor. And Spain became a clearing-house for all the intrigues of the Continent. All this brought about my downfall.

At that time I was heaped with reproaches which I did not deserve. History will wash me clean. I was accused of falseness, disloyalty, and cunning. Nothing of that is true. Whatever may be said about it, I have never broken my word, either to Spain or any other Power. One day people will be convinced that in the Spanish affairs I remained apart from all domestic Court intrigues, that I never broke my word either to Charles IV or Ferdinand VII. I kept all my engagements both to the father and the son, and I made use of no kind of lying pretexts to induce them to come to Bayonne. They both came rather of their own free will. When I saw them at my feet and was able to judge myself of their complete incapacity, an unspeakable compassion filled me for the fate of a great people. I seized the only opportunity offered me by Fortune to cause Spain to rise again, to separate her from England, and to bind her closely to our

policy. According to my comprehension, that is to say, I was laying the foundation-stone of the tranquillity and peace of Europe. But it was far from my intention to use base and feeble means, as was said in the reports published broadcast. If I failed it was for the opposite reason. Bayonne was not an ambuscade but a huge and brilliant *coup d'état*. A little hypocrisy would have saved me, or, better, if I had handed over the Peace Prince to the fury of the people. The mere thought seemed horrible to me. It would have seemed to me that I was buying peace with a blood offering. And then, of course, Murat spoiled a great deal of my work.

However that may be, I scorned sordid and low means, for I considered myself too powerful for that. I even ventured on the bold stroke from too great a height. I wished to act like Providence which heals the sufferings of mortal men in her own way, many times by violent means, regardless of any condemnation whatever.

The Court and the Ruling Family were torn asunder by two parties. The one was the party of the King who let himself be led blindly by his favourite, the Peace Prince, Godoy. The latter had made himself the real king. The other party was that of the heir apparent, ruled over by his former tutor, Escoiquiz, who hoped to rule himself. Both sides, in like manner, sought my protection. Doubtless I was determined to take all the advantage possible from the situation.

The favourite, who wished both to hold his post and to escape from the son's revenge, in case the father died, offered in the name of Charles IV to join me in the conquest of Portugal, reserving to himself, however, a place of refuge in the lordship of Algarves.

On the other hand, the Prince of the Asturias (Ferdinand) wrote to me privately, and without the knowledge of his father, to request at my hand a Consort and my protection.

I closed with the first, and left the second without an answer.

My troops were already in the Peninsula when the son took advantage of a rising to force his father to abdicate and then reign in his stead.

I have been foolishly reproached for having taken part

in all these intrigues, and that the last-mentioned incident spoiled all the plans arranged with the father, in consequence of which my troops were already in the heart of Spain.

From that time the two parties realised that I alone could and must be the arbiter. So the father addressed himself to me, in order to be revenged, and the son did the same in order to be recognised. Both of them tried zealously to defend their point of view to me, having been persuaded to do so by their counsellors. The latter ruled them completely and saw no other possibility of saving their heads but by throwing themselves into my arms.

The Peace Prince, who had narrowly escaped being murdered, easily persuaded the King and Queen to undertake this journey, especially as they were in danger themselves of being killed by the mob.

Canon Escoiquiz, who was the real instigator of all the evil in Spain, was very active in persuading the young King to undertake this journey, for he saw that Charles IV was vigorously protesting against his abdication. He was convinced that his pupil would have to mount the scaffold, if he failed. This Canon, who, besides, was very confident of his methods, did not doubt that he could influence me, and that I would recognise Ferdinand. Speaking for himself, he proposed to me that he would rule quite in accordance with my wishes, just as the Peace Prince would do in Charles's name. For the rest I must admit that if I had listened to many of his reasons, and followed some of his ideas, I should have served my purpose much better. When I had them all assembled in Bayonne, my policy had more weight than I had ever ventured to expect. I had here the Gordian Knot before me, and I cut it. I proposed to Charles IV and the Queen to relinquish the Crown, hand it over to me, and they should live quietly in France. They agreed—I may almost say they gladly agreed—for they were so prejudiced against their son, that they and their favourite sought henceforth nothing but rest and safety. The Prince of the Asturias did not oppose my wishes very strongly; in any case no threats or force were used against him, and if it was only from fear that he abdicated, which I am willing to believe, that was his business.

That is, in a few words, the whole story of the Spanish affair.

I LOSE THE BATTLE OF ESSLINGEN ON MAY 21ST AND 22ND, BUT WIN AT WAGRAM ON THE 5TH AND 6TH OF JULY, 1809

I conducted a fine operation at Landshut in the year 1809. Berthier had lost his head when I arrived. Piré reported that Davout was surrounded and lost. I ought to have followed the Austrians into Bohemia, but they would then have fallen back on Prague, and this war would have had no object; for it was the Austrians who had declared war on me. At first I had the intention of separating the three Crowns, but, on the other hand, it was well to have in existence a strong Power as an opponent of Russia. If it had not been for Esslingen (Aspern) I should have destroyed the Austrian Monarchy, but Esslingen cost me too much, and I gave up that plan.

Did we lose the Battle of Esslingen because we attacked the enemy in close columns, or did we lose it because of a stratagem of the Archduke Charles, who broke down our bridges, and attacked us in this dreadful position with 100,000 men, while we had only 45,000?

After the Battle of Eggmühl the French Army reached Vienna. The Archduke Maximilian had taken over the chief command in the capital. It had been fortified and placed in a state of defence. During the night Artillery-General La Riboisière had drawn up thirty howitzers behind a house in the suburbs and bombarded the town, whereupon the gates were opened.

In the meantime the Archduke was approaching the Danube on the left bank of the river. I resolved to anticipate him and cross over to that bank. The position on the right bank was not favourable as long as we possessed no bridge-head on the left bank, for in that case the enemy was always master of his own movements. This was so important that I resolved to go back as far as the Enz, in case it should be impossible to establish a bridge-head on the left bank. This operation was very difficult, for the Danube was 1000 yards wide, fifteen, twenty, and even thirty feet deep, with a very strong current. To cross a great river in the presence of a powerful army seemed impossible, yet we could not move

very far from our position, for fear that the enemy, who had two bridge-trains at his disposal, might cross the Danube himself and turn towards Vienna.

I intended to undertake the crossing two leagues above Vienna, for in the year 1805 I had noticed a large island, which is separated from the right bank by the main stream of the Danube, and from the left bank by an arm only a hundred yards wide. If we took possession of this island we could establish ourselves on it, and then we should no longer have a river of 1000 yards to cross, but only an arm of a river of a hundred yards in width. It meant forcing the Danube as in a regular siege.

On the 16th of May the Duke of Montebello (Lannes) landed 500 men on this island; the Archduke Charles's army was still a day's march distant. Since the year 1805, however, a dam had been built between the island and the left bank, so that one could no longer speak of it as an island. At the head of 6000 men General Bubna threw himself on the 500 men and beat them. Some were taken prisoner, some managed to retreat under the protection of fifty guns and howitzers.

As this operation had failed I went two leagues below Vienna, that is to say, about five or six leagues distant from the first place, where the Danube forms a beautiful island of about 1600 yards in length, called Lobau, which is separated from the right bank by an arm of the Danube 1000 yards wide, and from the left bank by an arm of only 120 yards. I resolved to establish myself on this island, and now possessed a barrier against the Archduke. In case the Archduke turned on Krems, or any other point, in order to cross the Danube and cut my line of communications, I could break forth from the Island of Lobau and catch him in the act.

Lieutenant-General Bertrand built a bridge of ships and pontoons over the river, and on the 19th of May the vanguard crossed over. The bridge was completed on the 20th and the army was preparing to pass over. At noon the Danube rose three feet, the anchors of the ships gave way, and the bridge broke. Meantime we were already masters of the island, and the advanced guard had nothing to fear. In a few hours the bridge was repaired, and the army began to march across. Towards

six o'clock a bridge was thrown over the narrow arm. General Lasalles went over to the left bank with 3000 horses, advanced to Esslingen, and spread his troopers out in all directions. In doing so he came into collision with an Austrian cavalry division with which he had some skirmishing. He established himself between Esslingen and Grossaspern. I myself bivouacked at the head of the small bridge, and on the morning of the 21st I rode over to Esslingen and Grossaspern, where I ordered the Duke of Montebello and Massena to take up their positions. A battalion was posted in Enzersdorf, whose walls were provided with loopholes. The Cuirassiers from Spain and Nansouty also crossed the river. At noon the Danube had risen another four feet, and the large bridge was destroyed, so that the remainder of the cavalry and the artillery park could not get over.

During the day General Bertrand restored the bridges twice. At four o'clock in the afternoon General Lasalle reported that the Archduke's army was on the march. The Prince of Neuchâtel (Berthier) climbed up the church tower, and had a sketch made of the movements of the Austrian columns. The Austrians intended attacking Grossaspern with their right wing, Essling with the centre, and Enzersdorf with the left, thus forming a half-circle round Esslingen. I gave orders to retreat to the Island of Lobau, and wanted to leave only 10,000 men in the wood at the end of the little bridge. But at that moment General Bertrand sent me word that the Danube was falling, that he had repaired the bridge again, and that the artillery batteries were being brought over. It was already late. Yet I resolved to remain in the position; for, if the enemy should succeed in taking the village of Esslingen, it would be very difficult to recapture it, and it would have cost much blood. At five o'clock the first shots fell, and the artillery fire soon became general. The Cuirassiers made several fine and brilliant charges, and the enemy was thrown back in all his attacks on Grossaspern and Esslingen. 25,000 men, who were attacked by 100,000, thus held fast the battlefield for three hours.

The French Army was stronger than that of the Archduke by 20,000 men, and the victory could not be in

doubt. But towards midnight the Danube rose so frightfully that the bridges were again broken; however, they were again restored by General Bertrand. At daybreak the Guards, and the Duke of Reggio (Oudinot) raced across at a flying pace. Filled with the highest hopes, I dismounted, intending to settle the fate of the House of Austria.

When I had arrived in Esslingen I ordered the Duke of Montebello to break through the centre of the Austrian Army and march out of Esslingen with the Young Guard, in order to throw himself at the critical moment on the left flank of the enemy. This flank was supported on Enzersdorf, a small town on the arm of the Danube which forms the Island of Lobau. The Duke of Montebello manœuvred his divisions with the well-known dexterity and coolness which he had acquired in numberless fights.

The enemy recognised the importance of not letting his very extended battle-line be broken through. It was more than three leagues in length. All our efforts were in vain. The Young Guard was already advancing on the flank of the enemy's left wing, when orders had to be given it to stop, as news came that the pontoons had been swept away by the force of the current, and that there was no hope whatever of restoring the bridges before several days had passed. Half of the Cuirassiers, and the Corps of the Prince of Eggmühl (Davout), were still on the right bank. An especially decisive result was no longer possible, but the plan of operations had been so wisely and thoroughly thought out that no danger threatened the army, for at the worst we could at any time resume our position on the Island of Lobau, where we were unassailable. Never was an armed camp stronger, for it was protected by a moat of 120 yards in width on the one side, and by a very rapidly flowing arm of the Danube on the other. I therefore ordered the Prince of Essling and the Duke of Montebello to stop and quietly take up their positions, the first in the village of Grossaspern, which is a league long, and the other between Grossaspern and Esslingen. On the last-named village he supported his right wing. The movement was carried out as though it were a parade on the Champ de Mars. The enemy,

discouraged and in retreat, paused astonished, but he soon learned that our bridges were swept away, and his centre resumed its former position. It was ten o'clock in the morning. From this time till four o'clock, when the firing ceased, that is to say, for six hours, 100,000 men with 400 guns attacked in vain and without result 50,000 French, who had only 100 guns in position, and were compelled to be sparing with their ammunition, as they were short of powder and ball.

The issue of the battle lay in the taking of the village of Esslingen. The Archduke did everything to take it. Five times he attacked it with fresh troops, and five times it was retaken. At three o'clock in the afternoon I ordered my adjutant, General Rapp, and the valiant Count Lobau (Mouton) to put themselves at the head of the Young Guard, to attack in three columns, and to rush at the double on the enemy's reserves, when the latter were beaten into a wild flight, and the victory was decided. The Archduke had no more fresh troops at his disposal, and retreated to his former position. Firing ceased exactly at four o'clock, for at this season one cannot fight till ten o'clock at night.

The Old Guard, with whom I was, remained stationary on the battlefield a musket-shot distant from Esslingen, with its right wing resting on the Danube and its left close to Grossaspern. In the afternoon General Dorsenne, the colonel of the Grenadiers of the Old Guard, asked for leave to make an attack, in order to decide the day and determine the Austrians to retreat. "No," I answered, "It is well that it ends so! Without a bridge, and without guns we have certainly done better than I hoped. Let us keep quiet."

I now rode on to the Island of Lobau, and inspected it all over, for I was afraid that the Austrians would construct a bridge lower down and throw over a few battalions. Then I rode to the Danube bridge. Unfortunately everything had disappeared, and not a battalion was to be found near the place. In three days the water-level of the Danube had risen twenty-eight feet, and the low-lying parts of the island were under water. Then I rode back to the little bridge leading to the northern bank, and ordered the army to march back the following morning at

dawn over the little bridge, and to camp on the Island of Lobau. Marshal Massena's corps did not cross over to the island till near midday, but he was not molested by the beaten Austrian Army.

That was the Battle of Esslingen. As long as we were in possession of the Island of Lobau we had everything that we needed to secure the possession of Vienna, and let me repeat—we could not have held the city if we had lost the island. While in possession of this entrenched camp we were in a position at any time to cross over to the left bank of the Danube.

Since the day of Essling I was afraid all the time that the Archduke Charles would turn on Linz. That would have been very unpleasant, for my bridges were only half finished. I had a new one built, namely, on the spot where I had already constructed a bridge after Esslingen. The Austrians thought that the mouse would come out of the same hole that it had gone into, and threw up entrenchments after entrenchments.

When I crossed the bridge I wished to make a great sham manœuvre, in order to deceive the Austrians and prevent them from falling in to battle order, and then to attack them during the night. The Austrians are good when they are standing in line, but they are neither good nor safe in manœuvring when they feel themselves attacked on the march. In the Battle of Wagram Davout made a wide detour, Bernadotte failed with the Saxons, while the Austrians took their positions. Their line was longer than mine. I had left a space between my left wing and the Danube, but had numerous troops in reserve, and tried to turn their left wing. They, however, turned my left wing by marching through the intermediate space. But my reserves altered the front, and the enemy's right wing saw itself faced with the threat of being driven into the river. Schwarzenberg told me later that it was this move, rather than the effect of the Guard's artillery, which decided the Austrians to retreat. In fact they opposed to my artillery a more numerous one, and one could see many dead Frenchmen and few Austrians.

I OUGHT TO HAVE DESTROYED AUSTRIA IN 1809

After Wagram I made a great mistake in not bringing Austria more completely to her knees. She still remained too strong for our safety, and was bringing us down to destruction. On the day after the battle I ought to have made known through a proclamation that I would only treat with Austria on condition of the provisional separation of the three States: Austria, Hungary, and Bohemia. And—can one believe it?—an Austrian Archduke has often given me to understand that I might do well to hand over one of these States to him, or place him on the throne of Austria itself, giving as a reason that this Power would then come to a better understanding with me. He even offered me his son as a kind of hostage, and asked me to appoint him as my adjutant.

IN PRAISE OF MEDICINE

What a fine thing medicine is to be sure! In Vienna I had a herpetic eruption in the neck which annoyed me very much. I sent for Doctor Franck. He assured me that it was very dangerous to remove the eruption. The Elector of Trier had gone insane as the result of this operation. I was also expecting Doctor Corvisart. When he came from Paris he said: "What! Has Your Majesty fetched me for such a trifle as that? A little sulphur will make it disappear." I repeated to him the words of Doctor Franck. "Bah! The Elector of Trier was a worn-out old man. There is a great difference. Your constitution defends itself against the trouble." In point of fact I was completely cured in a few days.

WHY I DETERMINED TO DIVORCE JOSEPHINE

The policy of my Monarchy, the interests and needs of my people, which have constantly directed my actions, required that I should leave the throne on which Providence had placed me to legitimate children. Now, for several years I had lost the hope of having children by my beloved wife, the Empress Josephine. For this reason I resolved to sacrifice the tenderest emotions of my heart, and to regard only the well-being of the State, and so I determined on the dissolution of our marriage.

At the age of forty I could surely hope to live long enough to bring up children to my liking in case Providence should grant me some. God knows how difficult such a resolution was to me; but there is no sacrifice that I would not make for the welfare and salvation of France.

I MARRY MARIA LOUISA—HER CHARACTER

When, on the 27th of March, 1810, I drove to meet Maria Louisa I stopped my carriage in Compiègne, for I did not want her to know who I was. But the Queen of Naples, who was sitting beside her, called out: "There is the Emperor!" I got out of the carriage quickly and kissed Maria Louisa. The poor child had learned off by heart a long speech, which she was to repeat to me kneeling. She had read it through over and over again. I had asked Metternich and the Bishop of Nantes whether I could spend the night under the same roof as Maria Louisa. They removed all my doubts, and assured me that she was now Empress and not Archduchess.[1] I was only separated from her bedroom by the library. I asked her what they had told her when she left Vienna. She answered me very naïvely that her father and Frau von Lazansky had directed her as follows: "As soon as you are alone with the Emperor you must do absolutely everything that he tells you. You must agree to everything that he asks of you." She was a delightful child!

Monsieur Ségur wanted me to keep away for form's sake, but as I was surely already married, everything was all right, so I told him to go to the Devil.

I made a great mistake in giving the Empress Maria Louisa, as her maid of honour, the Duchess of Montebello (wife of Marshal Lannes) after the death of her husband. I did it for the sake of the Army, and was not obliged to do it. Maria Louisa liked the old Nobility better than the new. Madame Beauveau would have suited her better. Madame de Montebello disgraced herself by not remaining with Maria Louisa. I wanted to give her Narbonne as first gentleman-usher, for he was longing for the post, and would have suited this position splendidly. He would have repeated everything to me; but Maria

[1] The preliminary marriage ceremony had already taken place in Vienna.

Louisa would not agree to it. She did not like Madame de Montebello. She never told untruths, was very reserved, above all amiable, even towards those she detested.

They had instructed her in Vienna to show a friendly face even to those Ministers that she did not like. When she wanted money she asked me for it, and was delighted when I gave her 10,000 francs. That pleased me very much, for she was very reserved. One could entrust any secret to her; she was a real secret drawer. She could not but love her father. I did wrong in choosing Isabey as her drawing-master. Whenever I entered the studio where he was giving lessons he was very embarrassed: he was a fanatic. *Prud'hon* would have been better. These people are always spying.

Maria Louisa was innocence itself. She was just the opposite to Josephine and never lied. She loved me and wanted to be always with me. If she had had good advisers, and had not been surrounded by such people as that low woman Madame de Montebello (Lannes) and that man Corvisart, who I must admit was a wretched fellow, she would have accompanied me to Elba. But she had been told that her aunt had been guillotined, and circumstances were too much for her; and then her father had assisted by means of his buffoon Neipperg.

A SON IS BORN TO ME

For the birth of the King of Rome I paid Dr. Dubois 100,000 francs. It was Corvisart's fault that I chose him, for I might as well have engaged the first obstetric surgeon that came to hand. On the day the Empress was delivered she went for a long walk with me, although she already had pains. Later it was thought that it would all be over in four hours. I therefore had a bath. Shortly afterwards Dubois came running up, excited and pale as death. I called to him: "Is she dead?" Great events make no impression on me at the moment that they are reported. That comes later on. I shall be reproached for being devoid of feeling. I always feel the pain, however, an hour later.

Dubois answered that the Empress was not dead, but that the baby was offering the reverse presentation.

That was a great misfortune and only happens once in every 2000 cases. I dressed quickly, and went down to the Empress. They had to place her on another bed in order to use the instruments, but she would not let them. Madame de Montesquieu assured her, however, that she had been through the same thing twice, and persuaded her to let herself be operated on. The Empress screamed frightfully. I am not soft-hearted, and yet I was terribly moved when I saw her suffering so much. Dubois, who scarcely knew what he was doing, had been waiting for Corvisart, who gave him courage. The Duchess of Montebello behaved like a simpleton. Yvan and Corvisart held the Empress.

The King of Rome remained at least a minute before uttering a cry. When I entered the room he lay as though dead on the carpet. Madame de Montebello wanted the usual etiquette to be observed, but Corvisart told her to go hang with her etiquette. At last, after vigorous rubbing the baby came to. It had been slightly hurt by the instrument. The Empress had given herself up for lost, and was convinced that they wanted to sacrifice her life to save the baby, and yet I had given orders to the contrary.

CHAPTER VII

LOVE—WOMEN—MARRIAGE—FAMILY

WHAT IS LOVE?

WHAT is love after all? A passion, which turns aside from everything—the whole world—just to get a sight of the loved object. And I certainly have not been so constituted as to give myself up to such one-sidedness.

I neither wanted to, nor could I, fall in love. Love is made for other characters than myself. Political matters claimed me absolutely. I did not want a house full of women at my Court. Women have done harm to Henry IV and Louis XIV. My position was, moreover, much more serious than that of those princes. The French have become stricter since then and would no longer forgive their Ruler for having openly acknowledged mistresses and love affairs.

WE TREAT WOMEN TOO WELL

We treat women too well, and in this way have spoiled everything. We have done very wrong in raising them to our own level. Truly the Oriental nations have more mind and sense than we have in declaring the wife to be the actual property of the husband. And in fact nature has made woman our slave. Only through our distorted views they now dare to maintain that they are our rulers. They make a misuse of a few advantages in order to lead us astray and master us. And if, now and again, one woman really inspires us to something good, there are a hundred others who cause us to commit numberless follies. Woman is given to man that she may bear him children. But one woman cannot suffice for a man in this respect. She cannot be a wife to him, for instance, during the time of pregnancy, of lactation, and of illness.

when she no longer gives him children.
influenced neither by old age nor by
nust accordingly have several wives.
have most of the ladies to complain of?
owledged that they have souls? And
that there are philosophers who are
t? They demand equality! But that
Woman is our property; we are not
s children, we on the other hand do
ith any; consequently the wife is his
the fruit tree is the property of the
husband commits an act of unfaithful-
should confess it to her, and regret his
y trace of guilt is wiped away. The
ves, and is again reconciled to him, and
s through it. But that is not the case
ness of the wife. It is all very well for
regret, but who knows whether some-
The evil cannot be made good again.
st not, and cannot ever come to an
h him. It is therefore only lack of
in education, which causes the wife to
nds on the same level as her husband.
lifference there is nothing humiliating.
belongs to him, or her, and to each one
ons. To women belong beauty, grace,
ction; her obligations are dependence

the complement of man's animal
ill more necessary to the satisfaction of
his natural helpmeet, created exactly
he should take her for her own sake,
lone. He should deem her as one with
is heart to his other self, then they will
both feel strong against irregular lusts and experience the charms of life. The charm of union beautifies the imagination, assuages melancholy, and makes the joys of life richer and more varied, besides making the field of sensation more fruitful.

SHOULD CHILDREN OF 13 OR 14 BE MARRIED?

Would it be desirable for children of thirteen or fourteen to marry? One must answer in the negative and say perhaps: Eighteen for the male sex, and fourteen for the female.

Why must one make such a great difference between the male and female sexes? Perhaps to avoid certain unpleasant happenings. The interests of the State here merit more consideration. I would consider it less disadvantageous to fix fifteen years of age for our sex than thirteen for the female sex. For how can a child of this age, who has nine months pregnancy to endure, be properly developed? Take the Jews for example. In Jerusalem a girl is marriageable at the age of ten, at sixteen she has lost all charm, and at twenty she is getting old.

Children of fifteen are held incapable of concluding any ordinary contract, how can they then be given leave to sign the most solemn contract of their lives? It would be desirable for the male sex not to marry before the twentieth year, and the female before the eighteenth year, otherwise we shall never have a sturdy generation.

ILLEGITIMATE CHILDREN—SECONDARY WIVES—DECAY OF WOMEN—PROSTITUTES

I have done all in my power to improve the lot of illegitimate children, those unfortunate yet innocent people who are dishonoured. But one should not overdo it, as otherwise one would be attacking the institution of marriage. Then few people would marry. Formerly, when a man had, besides his first wife, secondary wives, illegitimate children were not so despised as they are to-day. I think it absurd that a man may legally have only one wife. When she is pregnant it is as if the man had no wife at all. It is true men have no longer secondary wives, but instead, men keep mistresses, through which many have lost their fortunes. I am speaking only of men in well-to-do circumstances, for the poor man could only support one wife. In France the women have too much authority, whereas they ought not to be considered as being on an equality with the men, for they are, in reality,

only machines for bearing children. During the Revolution, they rose, called meetings, and wanted even to form battalions. All this had to be suppressed. There would have been a complete revolution in society if women had emerged from that state of dependence in which it is their duty to remain. It would have resulted in nothing but ceaseless fighting.

One sex must be subject to the other. Women have been known to take part in war as soldiers. Then they are brave, incredibly enthusiastic, and capable of committing the most frightful atrocities. At my departure for the Island of Elba in the year 1814 there was a handsome young woman in Orgon who was in such a fury with me that she would certainly have drunk my blood if she could. If ever there should be a war between men and women it will be very much worse than anything that has been seen up to the present between big and little, white men and black.

Divorce is all to the disadvantage of women. It makes no difference to a man to be married several times; but a woman who has had several husbands is completely faded. In a real war between men and women the only thing that would put women in a state of inferiority is pregnancy, for the women of the market-halls are just as strong as most young men.

In all periods of history sermons have been preached against prostitutes, and for all that it is asserted that there must always be public women. Without them, men would assault decent girls in the streets. When a pretty girl is seen giving herself to men it injures her sex, and lowers it; above all, it diminishes the charm which the presence of a pretty girl produces in a company of people.

WHY I APPROVED OF DIVORCE

If the interests of good morals and of society require that marriage should be lasting, it is perhaps just as necessary to separate those married couples who cannot live together, whose long union often swallows up the common inheritance, dissolves the family, and causes the abandonment of the children. To leave this kind of union alone is to injure the sacredness of the marriage bond.

It is intelligible that after ten years of marriage divorce should only be granted on very serious grounds. As, however, the marriages concluded in early youth are seldom the work of the couple themselves, being mostly arranged by their families in accordance with well-defined considerations as to rank or quality, the first years of such a union must be considered as probationary. If the couple then perceive that they are unsuited to each other, they must be entitled to dissolve the union which they had not been allowed to consider seriously before. It should not be done, however, to favour frivolity or passion. Let the Divorce Court, therefore, be provided with precautionary measures to prevent this abuse. Let it be defined, for instance, that both parties be heard in a private family council under the presidency of an official, and if need be, let it be added that a woman may only make use of divorce once. Further, the parties should not be allowed to marry again before the lapse of five years, so that the intention of a second marriage may not be the cause of the dissolution of the first. After ten years' marriage, however, divorce must be made more difficult.

Marriage is not always, as is supposed, the result of love. A girl marries, for instance, because it is the fashion, or in order to be independent, and have a home of her own. She accepts a man much older than herself, whose views, tastes, and habits do not agree with her own. The law must accordingly find ways and means of dissolving the union in a case where she sees all her hopes frustrated, when she recognises that she is in a badly chosen relationship, and her will led astray.

ADULTERY IS AT BOTTOM ONLY A JOKE BEHIND A MASK

Laws are made to suit manners and customs. It would have a disadvantageous effect if a man were placed under the obligation of applying to the Courts for divorce on account of adultery. A reason of the kind must be hidden under the expression of mutual agreement in which, it is true, no reason is given for the divorce, but in which its necessity is clearly indicated.

The family council examines the facts and decides on

them. Such a procedure differs widely from the system of those who consider simple incompatibility a sufficient cause, which seems absurd to me. The fear arises of allowing the most insignificant reasons to be made a cause of divorce. If, for instance, the husband were in agreement with his father, the wife's father would refuse his consent. He would say: "I oppose. My daughter is quite chaste; if I gave my consent she would be considered guilty. You threaten her with legal proceedings. Go on with them. She is not afraid of anything. We know how to conduct the case."

If the wife, on the contrary, were guilty of adultery, the parents would consent to the divorce. Adultery, which is a word of enormous meaning in Civil Law, is at bottom only an act of gallantry, a joke behind a mask.

It is not by any means a rare phenomenon, but a very ordinary occurrence of the sofa.

FATHERS AND CHILDREN

It would simply rouse one's indignation to allow a rich man the right of driving his children out of his house to earn their own living after having educated them. One would then be obliged to forbid fathers to give their children a good education; for nothing is more terrible to them than to tear them from the habits, the luxury, and the inclinations which such an education brings with it, in order to maintain themselves by laborious work to which they are unaccustomed. If the father believes that he has no further obligations towards them as soon as he has finished their education, why is he not completely deprived of his succession? Now, maintenance cannot be measured simply in terms of physical needs, but account must also be taken of customs; further, it must be proportionate to the father's fortune and the child's education.

In truth the law cannot exactly define the amount, but it can declare that the father is obliged to support and educate his children when minors, and when they have come of age, to provide for them, or grant them a maintenance.

ADOPTION

Adoption has, as its chief purpose, the giving to orphans of a father who, because he has only distant heirs, wishes to take into his family a child to whom he intends leaving both his name and his fortune.

It is of great importance that adoption of children should only be allowed to a person who is of an age when he, or she, can usually no longer hope to have children.

I do not understand a form of adoption which does not grant to the adopted son the same rights as a legitimate son.

What is the sense of adopting a child if it may be given back? It has been objected that the will of the child has not been considered, that it is contrary to freedom to deprive a child of its natural father without its own consent. Do people not know, then, that fathers are made so by the law? That people scarcely do anything by the action of their own will. We have been living since our childhood under the compulsion of laws and customs. If one wished to fix the time in which a person's will first begins to act on its own impulse one might more sensibly regard the 21st year as the age at which a person has control over the exercise of his own will. One may assert with good reason that a man of twenty-one is still without experience and that his observation is obscured by passions.

The happiest result of the adoption of children would be attained by giving infants to a man who is childless himself by giving orphan boys a new father, and by uniting youth with middle and old age. The conferring of the name is the most natural, and, at the same time, the strongest bond for the knitting together of this union.

It has been asserted that the adoption of children is only done from vanity. It possesses, however, real advantages. It provides old age with protection and consolation which is surer than that which may be expected from relatives. It interests and at the same time encourages the old in the education of the young. It helps besides to obtain for the childless merchant or factory owner a support and an heir. It trains good citizens for the State, and is a necessity for every rank in life.

It is a happy idea to help a poor abandoned child by

adoption, and to snatch it from the corruption to which it is exposed by its condition.

But, it will be asked, should one encourage the adoption of bastards? Meanwhile it would be a very desirable thing if the injustice done by a man, who, through his own dissoluteness has put a child into the world, could be thus made good again without injury to morals.

JOSEPHINE

Josephine was extremely fond of luxury, disorder, and the spending of money, qualities which are peculiar to the Creoles. It was impossible ever to determine her outlay. She was always making debts, and there were always great disputes when the moment approached for paying these debts. She often sent word to the tradesmen to put down only half the amount of the bills. Even to the Island of Elba Josephine's bills were sent me from all over Italy!

Another of Josephine's characteristics was her continual denial. No matter what the occasion was, or what question I asked her, her first act was of a negative kind. Her first word was "No." And this "No" was not exactly a lie, but simply a measure of defence.

Josephine possessed an exact knowledge of all the intricacies of my character, and with it all an admirable tact. For instance, she never asked for anything for her son, Eugène. She never thanked me for anything that I had done for him. She was so anxious to prove to me that it was for me and not for her to do something for him.

There is no doubt that she often thought that I would adopt her son some day as my successor.

I am convinced that she loved me most. I do not doubt that she would have refused a love adventure to come to me. Under no consideration whatever would she give up an intended journey however fatiguing it might be. Neither weariness nor privation could keep her from it. She even used importunity and wiles in order to follow me. If, in the middle of the night, I got into the carriage for a very long journey, I would find, to my great astonishment, Josephine quite ready and waiting, although it had not been arranged that she should accompany me.

"It is quite impossible for you to come with me, for I am travelling very far, and the journey would be too much for you," I would say.

"Not at all," she would answer.

"And then I must start in a moment."

"Good. I am quite ready, too."

"But you will need a lot of preparation."

"Absolutely none. Everything has been thought of." And in most cases I had to give way.

IN SPITE OF MY DETERMINATION TO PUT AWAY JOSEPHINE, I FORGAVE HER (1799)

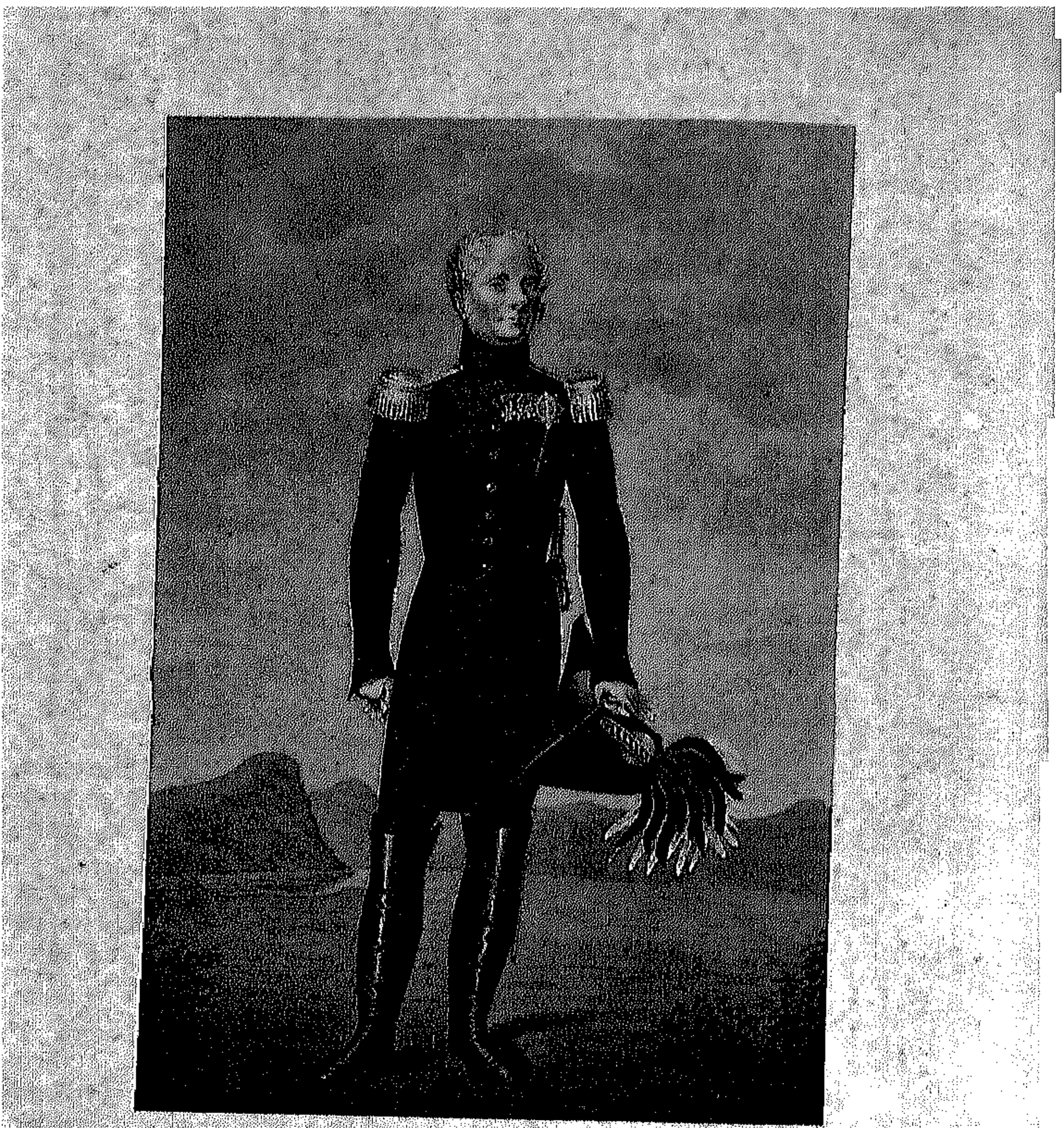
I wanted to have nothing more in common with her, and to forbid her the house. People would talk about it for one or two days and forget it on the third.

At first, after my return from Egypt, I had told her to go away. Why, too, was that ninny Joseph there . . . ? But as she went down the stairs crying, I saw Eugène and Hortense following her sobbing. Nature has not given me a heart that I can see tears flowing without suffering pain. Eugène had accompanied me to Egypt, and I had become accustomed to look on him as my adopted son. He was so brave, and such a good boy. Hortense was just about to make her entry into society, and everybody was filled with praise of her. I confess I was badly shaken, and I could not resist the sobbing of the two poor children.

I said to myself: Are they to be the victims of their mother's error? I called Eugène back, and Hortense returned with her mother. I said nothing. What else could I do? What a weak creature a man is!

A FEW OF MY LOVE AFFAIRS

Madame Dûchatel would never take anything from me, not even a diamond necklace. I thought this behaviour showed a very fine feeling on her part. And yet she might as well have taken a few diamonds, but she did not do so. She wanted to put herself on the same footing as myself. I had written her a few love-letters which I asked her, through Duroc, to return to me, for I had no wish to see them printed some day, a thing which has



Alexander I.
From a contemporary Engraving

LIBRARY

happened to different princes. They belonged to her, it is true, as much as to me; but she granted my request.

I also paid court to Mademoiselle Mathis who acted as lady companion to my sister Pauline. I gave her presents, for she was not rich. Her father, who lived in Turin, thought she was contracting debts, and made her come home. She started off, but as soon as I had told her father what had taken place he came back with her to Paris. He thought he would accomplish great things. I was in Lyons at the time. I saw her again. She told me that her father had scolded her for not telling him sooner; as, however, I was just on the point, as I believe, of divorcing Josephine, and was taken up with my approaching marriage with Maria Louisa, I broke off this love relationship.

In Vienna in the year 1805, Murat said to me: "I will introduce you to a lovely woman who is madly in love with you, and will have no one but you." Although this seemed a trifle suspicious to me, I told him to bring her to me. She could not speak a word of French, nor I a word of German. But she pleased me so much that I spent the night with her. She was one of the most agreeable women that I have known, especially as she did not use perfume. When day came she woke me, and I have never seen her since. I could not find out at the time who she was. In the year 1809, however, the chief of the Vienna police told me that she was a "Judith" (a Jewess).

MY BROTHERS AND SISTERS

Joseph has not exactly helped me by his efforts, but he is a very good man. His wife, Queen Julia, was the best woman that ever lived. Joseph and I have always liked each other very much, and always got on well together; he had a sincere liking for me. I have no doubt that he did everything that was possible for a man to do, yet all his good qualities are only adapted to private life. He is extremely mild and good, possesses intelligence, is cultured and amiable. In the high positions that I entrusted to him he did all he could. His intentions were of the best. The chief mistake does not lie with him but rather with me. I have torn him from his natural setting, and the

task entrusted to him was altogether out of proportion to his strength.

Louis had been corrupted by the reading of Jean Jacques Rousseau. This Louis I had educated out of my pay, but at what great privations! It should be known how I did it. I could never visit a coffee-house, or go into company. I ate only dry bread, and wore my clothes till they had holes in them so that they should last as long as possible. Louis could only be good to his wife for a few months. Their mutual mistakes were too high demands on his part and too much frivolity on the part of Hortense. Nevertheless, they loved each other when they were married; they wanted each other. This marriage, moreover, was the result of Josephine's intrigues, and she has had to pay the costs. For my part I wanted to be connected with other families, and for a short time I had my eye on a niece of Monsieur Talleyrand, who later became Madame Juste de Noailles.

For the rest, the most absurd rumours were spread about Hortense and myself, and it was asserted that her eldest son was mine. But love affairs of that kind were not in my mind, nor do they correspond to my moral conceptions.

Yet, after all, Hortense, the good, noble, and devoted wife, is not without faults towards her husband. I must admit that, in spite of all the affection which I feel for her, and the real attachment which she has to me. Queer and unbearable as Louis was he loved her all the same, and in such a case, where such great interests were at stake, she too must be allowed to love. If she had been able to force herself to it, she would have been spared the vexations of the last few years. She would have led a happier life and followed her husband to Holland. Louis would not have fled from Amsterdam, and I should not have found myself obliged to annex Holland, an act which has contributed to my downfall in Europe. Many things would have worked out differently.

Jerome was a "waster" whose unbridled conduct cried aloud to Heaven. The excuse for his dissolute life may be found in the times and the surroundings in which he found himself. On my return from Elba, however, he seemed to have altered very much and gave cause for the

best hopes. There is besides another good witness in his favour: I mean the love with which he has inspired his wife, Catharine of Württenberg. The attitude of his wife, whose father, the horrible, despotic, hard King of Württenberg, wanted to have her divorced from her husband after my fall, is truly admirable. This queen has entered her name with her own hand in the Golden Book of History.

Caroline Murat, Queen of Naples, has been educated by events. She possessed knowledge, a strong character, and an unbridled ambition. She had to suffer all the more, of course, from my fall through having been born, as it were, a princess. She never knew what it was to be a private citizen as I did. She, Pauline, and Jérome were all children when I was already the first man in France; so they knew only the time of my power.

Pauline was very extravagant, for she let herself go too much. She ought to have been very rich, after all that I gave her. She used to give everything away again, and her mother, who used to scold her for it, often told her that she would die in a poorhouse.

The Princess Stephanie of Baden, showed herself more clever than Hortense. As soon as she heard of Josephine's divorce, she recognised the danger of her position, and clung more closely to her husband. Since then the couple have been leading a most happy married life.

CHAPTER VIII

ON RELIGION, THE CHURCH, AND THE POPE

ON THE GODHEAD

EVERYTHING points to the presence of a God, that much is certain; but all our religions are obviously the creations of men; why are there so many? Why has ours not always existed? . . . What has become of the people who have lived before us? Why do these religions mutually discredit each other? Why are they continually at war with each other? Why has it always been thus everywhere? It comes from this, that men were always men, and the priests have always and everywhere introduced lies and fraud. In spite of that, as soon as I attained to power, I restored religion. I made use of it as a fundamental basis, a root; it was in my eyes the protector of good morals, of true principles; and then men's minds are so constituted that they are in absolute need of the marvellous, the unlimited, which religion offers us. It is better for a man to seek this in religion than in a Cagliostro, a Lenormant, and all the other soothsayers, adventurers, and rogues. . . .

Whence do I come, where am I, whither am I going? All that exceeds my powers of comprehension. And yet that is everything. I am the work that is in hand, and does not know itself. In spite of that, the religious feeling is so consoling that for him who possesses it, it is a real joy of Heaven. . . .

But how can one be convinced by the ridiculous words, the iniquitous actions of those who preach to us? I am surrounded by preachers who repeat unceasingly that their dominion is not of this world, and yet they possess themselves of all the worldly dominion that they are able to lay their hands on. The Pope is the Supreme Head of this religion of Heaven, but he occupies himself only with the earth.

CATHOLICISM OR PROTESTANTISM

When I seized the helm of State my ideas as to all the main elements which hold society together were fixed. I had thoroughly tested religion, was convinced of its importance, and resolved to restore it. But it is difficult to form an idea of the resistance which had to be overcome in order to reintroduce Catholicism. People would have preferred to see me hoist the Protestant banner. Things even went so far, that in the Council of State, where I had the greatest difficulty in getting the concordat passed, several members did not appear, in order to escape the discussion.

Certainly, after the disorder which preceded my reign, and on the ruins of which I stood, I had the choice between Catholicism and Protestantism; and I must admit that circumstances were leaning very much in favour of the latter. But apart from the fact that I held to the religion of my forefathers, still higher motives induced me to decide in favour of the Catholic religion. What would I have attained if I had introduced Protestantism? I would have created in France two great parties fairly equal, while I wished to have no parties at all. I should only have brought up the most frightful religious quarrels, whilst it lay in the intention of the enlightened century, and in my will, to make them all disappear. The two parties would have destroyed France with their continual mutual provocations, and made her Europe's slave, while it was my ambition to raise her to be Europe's master.

With Catholicism I should be much surer to attain my goal and my great results. Within the country the bulk of the people would absorb the small minority, and I vowed to treat them with such equality that soon one would no longer notice any difference. Besides, Catholicism would win over the Pope to me; with my influence and our power in Italy, I did not doubt that sooner or later I should be able to guide the Pope by some means or other. And then what an influence I should win!

WHAT I BELIEVE

Mongé, Berthollet, and Laplace are pure atheists. I believe that man has been made from loam, warmed by the sun, and bound together by an electric fluid. What are the animals, an ox for example, if not organic matter? So far, so good! When we see that we have an almost similar composition, are we not justified in believing that man is only matter, somewhat better put together, who almost approaches perfection. Perhaps one day beings will arise whose composition is still more perfect.

Where is the soul of a child, of an insane person? The soul follows the body; it grows with the child, and gets smaller with the old man. If it is immortal it would have already existed before our birth; so it is deprived of memory. At this moment, for instance, my thoughts are in the Tuileries, I can see Paris.

In this way I used to account for presentiments. I thought that the hand was reproaching the eye for lying, as the latter insisted it could see a mile away. The hand retorted: "I can see only two feet, how then can you see a mile?" So presentiments are the eyes of the soul.

In spite of all this the thought of a God is simplest. Who has created everything? We are unable to lift this veil, that goes beyond the perfection of our souls and our comprehension. That is the Higher Power. The simplest idea is to worship the sun which fructifies everything. To sum up: I believe that man has arisen from the atmosphere warmed by the sun, and after a certain time this force has ceased to work. Do soldiers believe in a God? They see so many dead around them.

I have often had explanations with the Bishop of Nantes. I asked him where animals go when they die. He told me that they have a special kind of soul, and went into a certain first heaven. He agreed with all that I thought about the estates of the clergy. But he believed in Jesus, and always spoke like a true believer.

I find that the most religious countries are those in which the most good is being done. All religions since Jupiter preach morals. I should believe in a religion if it had existed since the beginning of the world. But when

I read Socrates, Plato, Moses, and Mohammed, I have no more belief in it. It has all been invented by men.

ON THE VALUE OF MONASTERIES

I must say unfortunately that I was not altogether satisfied with the abolition of the monasteries in Naples by my brother Joseph. In everything that pertains to religion the language used must always be in the spirit of religion and not in the spirit of philosophy. That is the great art of a ruler, which a scholar or an author does not possess.

Why speak of the services of the monks in the cause of the arts and sciences? Not that, but the distribution of the sacraments is what makes them praiseworthy. It was just like a philosophic treatise, which, in my opinion, was out of place; it amounted to abuse of the dismissed monks. The introductory statement on the abolition of the monks, in order to be effective, should have been made in the monkish style. Men endure unpleasant things more readily from some one who holds the same views as themselves than from some one who is of the opposite opinion. They should have been told that the great number of the monks made their existence difficult, and that the dignity of the State required that they should lead decent lives.

ON THE JEWS

I wanted the Jews to leave usury and live like other people. In the countries over which I ruled many Jews lived. I granted them the same rights as the others and placed them on an equal footing with the Catholics, Protestants, and believers in other religions, and hoped to make good citizens of them, who would behave in the same way as the other members of the parish. I believe I should ultimately have succeeded. My conclusions were these: As their Rabbis had explained to them that they were never to employ usury against their own race, but that they could do so against Christians and others, I demanded in return from them, as I had restored them their rights, that they should look upon me as the supreme head of their people, somewhat like Solomon or Herod, and my subjects as brethren of their Tribe. Further,

that they are not allowed, in consequence, to practise usury either on me or on them, but they are to treat us as if we were of the Tribe of Judah; also that they must pay the same taxes as the others, and must accommodate themselves to the laws of conscription. In this way I should obtain many soldiers. Besides, I should have done much good to France, for the Jews are very numerous, and would have come in a flood to our country where they would enjoy so many advantages. But, above all, I wanted to introduce general freedom of conscience. It was not in my policy to have any predominant religion in the countries I governed, but to grant perfect freedom of conscience and thought, to make all men equal, whether Protestants, Catholics, Mohammedans, Deists, or any others, so that their religion should be no obstacle, or have any influence on State appointments. I have made everything independent of religion, including all jurisdiction. Marriage celebration no longer depended on the clergy, nor were the latter left in control of the churchyards, so that they could not refuse the burial of a person, to whatever religion he might belong. It was my intention to make everything belonging to the State and the Constitution purely civil, without respect for any religion. I wanted to take from the clergy all influence and power in State affairs, and compel them to be satisfied with their own spiritual matters and not to interfere in anything else.

MY RELATIONS WITH THE POPE AND THE CHURCH

Since my youth I have paid quite special attention to the religious question. I have pondered a great deal on the history of the Sorbonne. This knowledge has been very useful to me as the conqueror and legislator of Italy and the restorer of religion in France. In Egypt too I had to study the Koran, for it was absolutely necessary for me, in laying the foundations of my power among a people subject to Islam, to study from its origin, the rules of faith of the Four Sects, and their relations to Constantinople and Mecca. It is to these studies that I owe the response to my advances and the help of the clergy in Italy and the Ulema in Egypt.

The assertion is false that I ever regretted the conclusion

of the concordat in 1801. I have never said that the concordat was the greatest mistake of my reign.

I had differences of opinion with the Papal See, as they continually tried to interfere in my rights as a ruler. It may be that I was rightly impatient a few times, as I was so badly misunderstood in everything that I wanted to do for religion. It was a case of the lion who felt himself being bitten by gnats. But I have never altered either my decisions or my principles. I believe still to-day, as I believed in 1801, that the concordat was useful and necessary to religion, the Republic, and the Government. The churches were closed and the priests persecuted. They divided themselves into three sects, the Constitutionalists, the Apostolic Vicars, and the Emigrant Priests who were in the pay of England. The concordat put an end to this disorder. It caused the Catholic Apostolic and Roman Church to rise again from its ruins. But however good might be the intentions of the pious and reverend Pius who, as soon as he heard of my plans, said: "Assure the First Consul that I shall be very pleased indeed to enter into negotiations whose object is so praiseworthy, so fitting to my holy office, and which so closely corresponds to the wishes of my heart," the negotiations with the Holy See turned out to be very difficult.

The Papal See appointed as plenipotentiaries Cardinal Spina and a famous theologian. On the French side Joseph Bonaparte, State-Councillor Crétet, and Father Bernier, a former Vendecan leader, were chosen. One would have thought that the immense interest of the Holy See in the re-erection of the altars of Christ would place all subsidiary questions in the background, but in Rome the opposite is usually met with. The canonical regulation, the admission of the consecrated priests to the reorganised French Church, the authority for the sale of church lands, were especially the cause of sharp debates. On the other hand, the divorce question caused no difficulty at all, and the Roman negotiators declared their willingness to allow the marriage of priests, if the First Consul would acknowledge the Pope's exclusive right to the solution of these questions. I declined to admit the Pope's right to legal intervention, as I rightly regarded that as a matter for the French Law Courts.

The Pope also wanted me to assign to him the right of postponing the canonical regulation indefinitely, which would mean that the Head of the State should give up the right of appointing bishops.

I wanted to put an end to all this. I ordered my ambassador in Rome to declare that if the Holy See had not accepted my proposals and signed the concordat within three days the negotiations would be broken off. Inspired chiefly by the wish to bring the French people back to religious feelings I was meditating whether I should follow the example of Henry VIII or not.

Pius VII stirred himself, the Holy College trembled, and Cardinal Consalvi travelled in haste to Paris. All difficulties were settled, and the concordat was signed in Paris on the 15th of July, 1801. The Papal See ratified it in the same month as well as the Organic Articles which were concerned with the carrying out of the concordat.

The marriage and divorce of the clergy are two important questions which escaped the shipwreck of the highest judgment of the Catholic Church. They are by no means, as ignorant fanatics maintain, desecrations of the Holy Sacrament. In all times the Councils have permitted the separation of married people. The Council of Trent even established rules for it. To raise a discussion on divorce or its validity is to quarrel over trifles.

The celebacy of the clergy is only an aiming at perfection. The Councils have said so, and the truth of this cannot be contradicted, for the same Councils have granted to the Pope the power to free a priest from his vows, and to allow him to marry.

Monsieur Talleyrand, who was Foreign Minister at the time of the concordat, had been Bishop of Autun before the Revolution, which did not prevent him later on from marrying a Dutch woman named Grant with whom he thought he was much in love. I wanted to make him a cardinal. He obstinately refused, and secretly asked the Pope to free him from his vows. Without my knowledge the Pope granted his request, and Madame Grant became Princess Talleyrand, without a voice being raised against this marriage by the most zealous defender of Church institutions.

The concordat has raised the altars again, put an end

to disorder, commanded the faithful to pray for the Republic, and settled all doubts as to the owners of the national estates. It has broken the last thread by which the old dynasty was connected with the country, as the supporters of the Bourbons reported the bishops to the Pope as rebels, those same bishops who preferred worldly interests to spiritual things and the cause of Heaven.

I have been told that I should not have interfered in religious affairs, but should only have tolerated religion and divine service, and given the churches back to the believers. To practise religious worship . . . but which? To hand over the churches . . . but to whom? To the Constitutionalists, the Emigrant Clergy, or the Apostolic Vicars, who were in the pay of England?

During the negotiations over the concordat the question was raised whether a period of time should be fixed for the right granted to the Pope of appointing bishops. But the Pope had already made great concessions. He had agreed to the suppression of sixty parishes which had existed since the beginning of Christianity. Of his own plenitude of power he deposed a large number of bishops, and agreed, without any kind of indemnification, to the sale of church lands of the value of 400 millions. I was of the opinion that I should ask for nothing more in the interests of the Republic. I had the right to say at the time: "If the Pope were not there, we should have to create one for the occasion, just as the Roman Consuls in difficult crises used to appoint a Dictator." It is true that through the concordat a foreign Power was recognised in the State which was calculated to disturb the peace, but it did not introduce it, as it had always been there. As soon as I was master of Italy, I considered myself also as master of Rome, and this Italian influence was useful to me in counteracting foreign intrigues.

The documents printed in London on my relations with Rome are apocryphal. These concessions were never made. Through their publication it was hoped to excite the imagination of the Spaniards and of all the religious hypocrites in the world. The priests who were not recognised by the concordat have been particularly zealous in broadcasting them. Some of the writings are false, others more or less disfigured. I have neither

directly nor indirectly promised legations, and the Pope never made this condition a reward for his journey to Paris. It is true that he would have felt flattered if he had received, by way of imperial gratitude, the Romagna, where his home Cesena is situated. It is also true that he has spoken about that during his stay in Paris, but only by the way and without much hope of success. Meanwhile it is foolish to suppose that I could have asked the Holy See to create a Patriarch of the Gauls. A patriarch would only have had influence in France. The Pope, the patriarch of all Christendom, extended his influence all over the world; so I should have lost by the exchange. It is just as foolish to suppose that I had asked for the acceptance of the Book of Civil Law.

My direct correspondence with the Pope during the years 1805 to 1809 has remained secret; but it had to do with secular affairs only in which I had no need of the approval or opinion of his bishops. It was only when, in the year 1809, the Pope addressed the Bull from Savona to the cathedral chapters in Florence and Paris, that the discussion passed into the realm of spiritual matters. Then I felt the need of a Council and the intervention of the clergy. I appointed a council of theologians, and the choice that I made was very successful. Duvoisin, the Bishop of Nantes, who was regarded for half a century as the oracle of Christendom, was the soul of the Council. From this period all the discussions were known to the public.

When, after the Treaty of Amiens, Fox reproached me for not having obtained permission from the Pope to allow all priests to marry, I answered him: "It was, and still is, necessary for me to conclude peace; theological volcanoes are calmed with water not with oil; it was not easy to deal with Rome, and it would have caused me less trouble to get my French countrymen to accept the Augsburg Confession than to persuade them to have the Mass read by a married priest."

Since the Coronation there were all kinds of disputes about cardinals' hats, etc., but the two rulers did not take part in these discussions directly. They were left rather to the Chanceries, who handled all these affairs with moderation and wisdom.

The taking prisoner of the Pope was not done by me, nor was it ordered by me. It is the personal work of General Miollis, one of the old republicans who commanded the Republican troops in the Papal States. I repeat: never have the disputes between my Cabinet and the Holy See had as their cause a religious question; they were all of a political nature, and dated from the year 1805, a period in which the squadrons of the Coalition were threatening the coasts of Italy with an Anglo-Russian invasion.

The fortifying of Ancona belonged to the general plan for the defence of Italy. I charged my ambassador in Rome to demand it from the Pope's Government, and proposed an offensive and defensive alliance between the King of Italy and the Roman Court. The Pope refused it, and answered that as Father of the Christian believers, he would not enter into any league against his children, and neither could nor would make war on anyone. I answered: "The history of the Popes is full of alliances with emperors, kings of Spain, or kings of France. Julius has commanded an army himself; in the year 1797, I have, as General Bonaparte, beaten the army of Pius VI, which was fighting in the ranks of the Austrian Army against the French Republic. And, if, in our days, the banners of St. Peter could float side by side with the Austrian Eagle, they can also very well wave on the walls of Ancona as allies of the French Eagle. However, out of respect for the conscience of the Holy Father, I agree that the treaty of alliance should remain limited to the case of an attack by unbelievers or heretics."

In the mortal conflict between France and England events were taking a rapid course. At all costs Ancona must be occupied, for the safety of the Kingdom of Italy depended on it. General Miollis received orders to put a garrison into it, and was charged with the defence of the Marches and the Legations. The Nuntius left Paris as soon as he heard of this arrangement, and the representative of the smallest Power in the world, without the slightest hesitation, declared war on the French Colossus. I acted as though I were not in disagreement with Rome, and wrote to my ambassador to make no difference in the diplomatic relations with the Holy See. The Battle of

Esslingen gave a momentary hope to the Coalition. The excitement of the people showed itself at different places in the Papal States. The cry: "Death to the French!" resounded in Rome, and General Miollis found to his horror that he was exposed to the fanaticism of a populace which had been incited against him in the holy name of Religion. He had scarcely 6000 men on a line of sixty leagues, and in Rome itself there were less than 1500 men to hold this great city in check. His position was very critical. He remembered the frightful murders in Verona in 1797, and in Rome in the year 1798, where General Duphot fell, stabbed by some of the dregs of the populace whom the priests had stirred up. He could see safety only in an unusual measure, and he took on himself the terrible responsibility of violating the supreme Majesty of the Pope. Yet he hesitated. Thereupon he received the advice, even the authority, to take the step, signed by the hand of the Queen of Naples. From this moment all his indecision ceased. In the middle of the night he caused the Pope to be suspended from his functions, and then took him away to Florence. A flash of lightning could not be more sudden in its action. On the public squares and on the hill-sides the threatening excitement of the day before gave way to an uneasy paralysis.

The Grand Duchess of Tuscany was not a little astonished that a general should act thus without orders from the Emperor, and she was naturally horrified at her responsibility, in case the Pope remained any longer in Tuscany. She sent me messenger after messenger, and demanded of General Miollis that he should lead the retinue along the coast through the Genoese States. In this way the Pope was brought to Savona.

My dissatisfaction had risen to the highest point. I understood at once the vexations that would result to me from this action, and my first thought was to bring the Pope back to the Vatican. Meanwhile, all the visions of General Bonaparte, all the plans of the Emperor for Italy, were beginning to become realities by the carrying off of the Pope. Of three obstacles which permanently blocked the way to Italian unity two had already disappeared through my will; the third, on which my thoughts had never ventured to dwell, the residence of the Vicar of

Christ in Rome, was falling through one of those inexplicable combinations of Destiny which transferred the Seat of St. Peter from the banks of the Tiber to those of the Seine. Paris would be the metropolis of the great Empire and the Seat of the High Priest of eighty million Catholics. The spiritual power of the Pope would, of course, increase through the support of the temporal supreme power of the Emperor, and the splendid times of the Church would return. The transference of the residence of the Popes would be a fact which would contribute to the happiness and good fortune of the Empire.

I accepted it, and wrote to the Bishop of Nantes, the Abbé Duvoisin, whose lofty God-fearing services I appreciated very highly, and with whom I was in correspondence: "Do not be troubled. The policy of my States is closely knit with the maintenance of the Papal Power. I want him to be more powerful in Paris than in Rome. He will never possess as much power as my policy intends to give him."

The Bishop of Nantes preached the Catholic religion through the wisdom of his common-sense reasoning, and the excellence of his moral teaching. He had my complete respect, and my full confidence. I used to ask his advice in all church affairs.

The suspension of the Pope was not an act of my will. It was one of those occurrences which so often take place in politics as in the life of the individual.

The whole of the Emperor's house in Turin was placed at the disposal of the Pope. In Savona he lived in the Archbishop's palace where he could live in a way corresponding to his rank. The Steward of the Civil List, Count Salmatoris, provided him with everything necessary. He remained there several months, during which I offered to allow him to return to Rome, if he agreed no longer to disturb public tranquillity, to recognise the new Rule introduced into Rome, and to occupy himself only with church affairs. But when he noticed that the world went on without him he sent Bulls to the Archiepiscopal Chapters of Florence and Rome, in order to disturb the management of the unoccupied dioceses, while at the same time Cardinal Pietro was sending Papal Vicars into these dioceses. At that time the discussions, which for

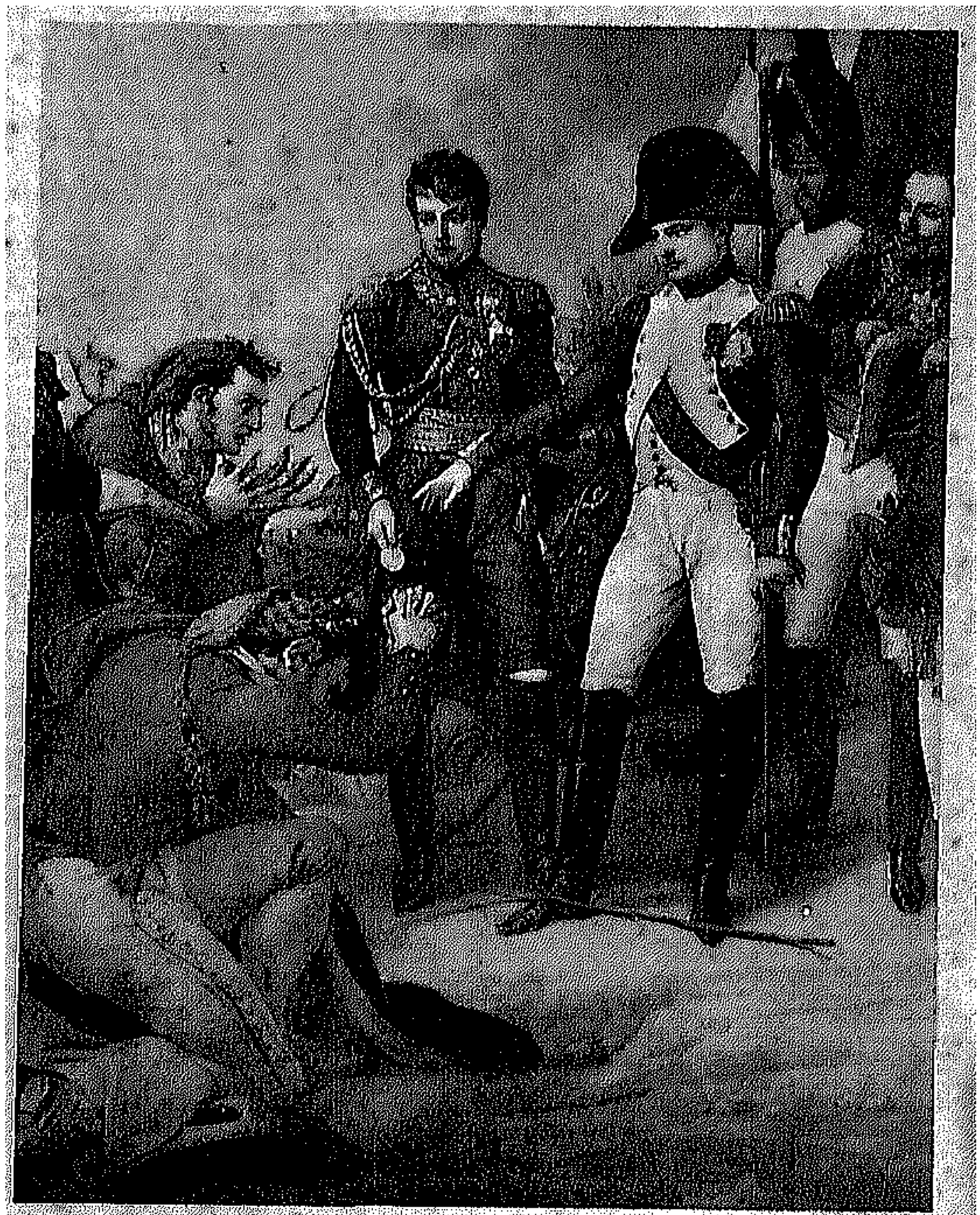
five years until then had been moving on temporal ground, passed over to the ecclesiastical. That was the occasion of the first and second meetings of the bishops in the Paris Council, of the Bull of 1811, and finally of the concordat of Fontainebleau in the year 1813.

Nothing was decided as yet touching the temporal power of Rome. This uncertainty encouraged the Pope to resistance. Angry at this state of things, which had lasted without intermission for five years, I decided to order the separation of the temporal and spiritual powers. I could no longer suffer the Pope to be a holder of temporal power. Jesus Christ had said : " My kingdom is not of this world." As heir to the throne of David he wished to be High Priest and not King.

I understood better than anyone the interests of the Church. The power that the Catholic Church has gained in France in the last forty years is owing to me. The concordat of 1801 created much ill-feeling. The most famous generals have accused me of betraying the Republic. One of them, General Lannes, who was in command of the Grenadiers of my Guard, even dared to reproach me in my private study. His excitement, however, cooled down in a moment, before the fatherly calmness with which I listened to him, and on the very same evening he started on a diplomatic mission to Lisbon. Madame de Staël had placed herself at the head of the dissatisfied people of the Paris *salons*, and said to the Republicans : " Just look ! To-morrow the tyrant will have 40,000 priests as supporters."

In all my disputes with the Holy See I have shown more patience than is in keeping with my position and character, and if in my letters to the Pope, I have sometimes used biting sarcasm, I was always provoked to it by the bitter style of the Roman Chancery. The Court of Rome would have avoided all the trouble if they had openly attached themselves to the French system, had closed their harbours to the English, had of their own accord called a few French battalions to the defence of Ancona, and finally, upheld peace and order in Italy.

Later on, the Pope did me justice. When he heard of my landing in Cannes he said to Prince Lucien, with a look that expressed his confidence : " He has gone away



Napoleon in Madrid
From a Painting by Carle Vernet in the Versailles Museum

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and come back, and you are going to Paris. It is well so. Conclude peace between him and me; I am in Rome, and he will never have any unpleasantnesses to expect from me."

The man born into the world asks himself: Whence do I come? Where am I? Whither am I going? Mysterious questions which urge him to religion. We all go to meet religion, for our natural impulse drives us to it. We believe in God, for everything around us proves His presence. The greatest minds have believed: not only Bossuet, but Newton and Leibnitz. As a man feels the need of believing, he believes. Assuredly, if one ponders, one will doubt in most cases; yet one says to oneself then: "Perhaps I shall believe again, blindly, for it is God's will."

The religious man never doubts the presence of God, for, if intelligence is not sufficient to understand it, it is the instinct of the soul that grasps it. Everything that is connected with the soul sympathises with the religious feeling.

When I reached the highest power I recognised the whole importance of religion. It will be difficult to understand the resistance that I had to overcome in raising again the altars of Catholicism. The Council of State were not at all well disposed towards the concordat. The most of its members, and notably those standing highest in the public estimation, resolved to become Protestants, in order to be independent of Rome, in case the Church should again seize the sceptre that the Revolution had broken. Everything favoured the Reformed Church. But, apart from the fact that I personally clung to the religion of my forefathers, I had the highest political reasons for deciding in its favour. What should I have gained if I had introduced Protestantism? I should have aroused religious fanaticism again, and created new parties, while it was the chief object of my ambition that there should be no more parties in France, and that all Frenchmen should flock under the banner of national interests. Parties, by whatever names they may be called, weaken the social corporation, and give an open field to the intrigues of the foreigner. None of these dangers is to be feared from Catholicism. Besides,

Catholicism had the great advantage of winning for me the Holy See. And what an influence I should then have with 80 million Catholics !

Pius VII liked me personally. Never has a discordant note marred the harmony of our close personal relationship in consequence of our differences of opinion as rulers. And this esteem and mutual goodwill must be ascribed to the signing of the concordat of Fontainebleau through which the Pope gave up temporal power.

The Pope left Paris after the Coronation without having received the thanks which he thought he had merited. He wished for the carrying out of the famous donation of the Countess Matilda, and showed me the letters of Louis XIV who in the last years of his reign had stripped bare the honour of the Crown of France. After having read the letters I threw them into the fire instead of giving them back to the Pope. He was very angry at this independent action.

The execution of the donation would have meant no less than sacrificing the interests of the State in order to pay a debt of personal gratitude. For nothing in the world would I have granted such a request. The Sacred College did not forgive me for it and became hostile to me. Since that time Rome became the centre of all the plots forged against me.

Pius VII remained for six months in Fontainebleau. His Court was composed of Cardinals Bayanne, Ruffo, Roveredo, Doria, Dugnanio, the Bishop of Edessa, and various almoners. French prelates, and some from the Kingdom of Italy, were also to be found at his Court, at my wish, with instructions to lead the way to reconciliation. They were Barnal, the Archbishop of Tours, Maury, the Archbishop of Paris, the Bishops of Nantes, Trier, Evreux, Piacenza, Fetre, and Faenza.

Apart from the great question of the temporal dominion of the Popes, there were also questions of subsidiary importance. For instance, it was impossible to obtain the Bulls for the installation of the bishops appointed to the vacant dioceses. Besides that, the Pope continued to refuse to consecrate the bishoprics created by me in Hamburg, Amsterdam, and Düsseldorf for the spread of the glory of Catholicism.

In the interests of religion I demanded that the Holy See should prepare within a fixed time the above-mentioned Bulls, just as the Ruler, on the basis of the concordat of 1801, must, in a given time, appoint bishops for the vacant sees. The Pope seemed to be willing at last to yield to these just wishes. The bitterness on the part of the cardinals seemed, as the Bishop of Nantes wrote me, to have sensibly diminished. I determined on a personal step, in order to reach complete reconciliation, being led thereto, as well by the interests of my policy as by my religious feelings. I rightly counted on the friendship and esteem which the Pope had never ceased to show me in spite of our disputes as Rulers.

I induced the Prince of Neuchâtel to get up a hunt on his estate of Grosbois near Melun, and when the hunt was in full swing, I rode to Fontainebleau where I arrived without being expected by anybody. Here I went to the Pope. He was quite touched by this unexpected honour, and gave me a hearty reception. He responded to my advances in the liveliest and friendliest manner. The meeting lasted a few hours. From this moment the resistance was broken. The conversation took place in the Italian language, and was characterised by the words of affection which we mutually spoke on meeting: "*San padre*": "*Figlio mio.*" The Pope accepted Avignon provisionally as his place of residence, and without completely giving up his claim to the temporal possession of Rome, he agreed to come to an understanding on the compensations, and accepted a fixed period of time for making out the Bulls.

The groundwork having been laid, I at once dictated the new concordat. The Pope was present, and consented by a word or a nod to each of the stipulations. The cardinals were entrusted with the proper editing of the work, and took four days over it. On the 25th of January, 1813, the concordat was signed in the presence of the whole French Court, joined by that of the Holy Father, so as to lend as much ceremony as possible to the ratification. The Empress also was present. All the words and actions of the Pope signified the joy and satisfaction of his heart. He seemed to be happy at last on seeing good friendship restored between himself and the Emperor of the French.

The cardinals and the servants received magnificent presents. I heaped favours on them all. I also remitted the sentences on the fourteen imprisoned or banished cardinals. The reconciliation seemed to be complete, at least it was so on my part.

After the signing of the concordat the Pope was to receive all his former grandeur, so that he should have no need to regret the surrender of his temporal power. I wanted to make him a standard of perfection. Paris was to be the metropolis of Christendom, the centre and guide of the religious as well as of the political world.

I wanted to attach great importance to the clergy. I wanted to make them useful in the development of social progress, for the more enlightened and educated they are the less they are inclined to abuse their office. I should have added to their theological courses others on agriculture, the applied arts, medicine, and jurisprudence. A priest would have become the natural Justice of the Peace, and the real moral Head which would guide the lives of his flock. I had the intention of supplementing their fees by a large increase in their salaries. A priest should have an income of at least 6000 francs.

In principle the monasteries and convents are useless, and the idleness is deadening to the mind. However, there is much to be said in their favour, and to tolerate them, to make their inmates useful, is the best middle course to adopt in regard to them, for a State like France can and must have Trappists. No law can prescribe rules for them which they will obey without horrible tyranny; but often their regulations are a delight to those who adopt them of their own accord. The monks of Mont Cenis have been reinstalled since the Consulate, because they are useful and heroic in the help and care that they give to travellers. Perhaps the monks are best suited to be teachers.

But a very dangerous religious community should never be tolerated in a State; I refer to the Society of Jesus. Its doctrine has for its object the overthrow of all monarchical principles. The general of the Jesuits wants to be the supreme lord, the autocrat of the autocrats. Wherever Jesuits have been admitted they demand power at any price. The Society is by nature autocratic,

and therefore it is the enemy, the irreconcilable enemy, of everything that implies power. Every action, every crime, however cruel it may be, is meritorious work when it is committed in the interests of the Society of Jesus or on the command of the Jesuit general. The Jesuits are all intellectual and educated men. They make the best missionaries. Without their love for domineering and their ambition they will become the best teachers for the extension of education and the spread of progress. For some years yet they may do good service in Russia, for that country stands in need of the first elements of culture.

Another religious interest had likewise aroused my attention, as it might have much influence on the national wealth. Millions of Jews live scattered about the earth, and their riches are unlimited. I could hope to win the Jews by giving them the same rights as Catholics and Protestants, and thus make good citizens of them. The inference was easy. Their Rabbis taught them that they must not practise usury against their own tribe, that it is only allowed against Christians. But from the moment they became equal to my other subjects in rights they must consider me as Solomon or Herod, and my other subjects as their equally worthy brethren. They would receive their rights, would find it natural to undertake obligations, pay taxes, and be subject to the law of conscription. I have partly realised my plans. Very good Jewish soldiers entered the French Army, and great wealth was brought to France through them. If it had not been for the events of the year 1814, more would have gone to France, for all the Jews would gradually have come to settle in a country where equality of laws was assured to them, and where all honours stood open to them. I wanted to tolerate all forms of worship, that everyone should believe and think as he pleased, and that all my subjects, Protestants, Catholics, Mohammedans, even Deists, should be equal, so that religion could have no influence on a man's public position.

CHAPTER IX

MY CONTEMPORARIES

ALEXANDER of Russia is a true Greek of the time of the fall of the Eastern Roman Empire; he was not to be trusted. He is, however, a cultured man, and has some enlightened ideas which have been instilled into him by a Swiss philosopher named Laharpe, whose pupil he was. But he is so superficial, so false, that one cannot tell whether the feelings which he shows are sincere, or whether he likes, from vanity, to appear different from what is prescribed by his position. I remember we once had a conversation on the various forms of government. Alexander spoke on behalf of the choosing of monarchs. I was of the opposite opinion, for who would be fit to be chosen? A Cæsar, a Charlemagne, of whom you cannot find one every five hundred years? So choice is after all mere chance, and succession to the throne is better than a throw of the dice. During the fortnight that we spent in Tilsit we dined almost daily together. We used to rise from the table very quickly, however, in order to get rid of the King of Prussia who was a bore. About nine o'clock Alexander used to come and drink a cup of tea with me, and we often talked till two or three in the morning on politics, philosophy, or literature.

*

Augereau was a sergeant when the Revolution broke out. He did not know how to behave in company, had no kind of culture, no broad-minded ideas, and no education. But he insisted on order and discipline in his soldiers, and was loved by them. His attacks were made according to rule and carried out in good order, he disposed his columns of attack well, placed out his reserves cleverly, and fought unflinchingly.

*

Barras, a nobleman from Provence, had distinguished himself in the "Discussions." He only uttered a few sentences, but these worked like claps of thunder. He had all the habits of a fencing-master, was a braggart and a swaggerer; yet he was useful in an insurrection. But I had the greatest difficulty in the world, on the 13th Vendémaire, to get the order from him to have the insurgents fired on, but I attached the greatest importance to the receiving of this order.

Barras was a very immoral man. He was dissolute and shameless, and stole quite openly. But he was the only man in the Directory who possessed decent manners, who could receive people and converse with them. He had got into the habit of being silent during the Discussions, and not expressing any opinion, so that he could criticise everything that his colleagues did. He had a certain revolutionary sharpness, and let his opinion be known only after the event. He was extremely false, and shook hands with people whom he would have preferred to stab. It seems this falseness was very useful in the Parties. He was very ignorant, and the only name he knew in History was that of Brutus which he often heard repeated in the Convention. He always showed himself friendly with me, although he sent me to Egypt to get rid of me.

*

Berthier has everything to his advantage: talent, energy, courage, and character (1796).

The lack of genius and his insignificance are the cause of his dishonourable conduct in the year 1815. All the same the Marshal was not without talent, yet his talents and his merit were of a special and technical nature.

In my campaigns Berthier was always to be found in my carriage. During the journey I used to study the plans of the situation and the reports sent in, sketch out my plans for battle from them, and arrange the necessary moves. Berthier would watch me at work, and at the first stopping-place or rest, whether it was day or night, he made out the orders and arrangements with a method and an exactness that were truly admirable. For this work he was always ready and untiring. That was

Berthier's special merit. It was very great and valuable, and no one else could have replaced Berthier.

*

Bessières was cool, brave, and calm under fire. He had very good eyesight. As a cavalry commander he was very clever and especially suited to command a reserve. He and Murat were the best cavalry officers in the army, yet they possessed qualities quite opposite to each other. Murat was an adventurous and hot-headed general of the advanced troops, while Bessières commanded the reserves, and was very energetic, but, at the same time, wise and cautious.

*

Blücher is a very brave soldier and a good broadswordsman. He is like a bull that looks all round him with rolling eyes, and when he sees danger, charges. He used to make mistakes by the thousand, and if it had not been for other circumstances, I should have captured him many a time with the major portion of his army. He is stubborn and untiring, knows no fear, and is very patriotic. He has no talent as a general I remember while in Prussia, when he dined with me after being made prisoner, that he was considered at that time as a very unimportant person.

In spite of that I cannot deny my recognition of General Blücher. The old rascal always attacked me with the same fury. After the most terrible beating he would be on his feet again the next moment and ready for the fray.

*

Cambacérès was universally liked. His political career was not dishonoured by excesses of any kind. He rightly enjoyed the reputation of being one of the best jurists of the Republic. Under Chancellor Maupieu he had distinguished himself by the purity and elegance of his style. Besides, he was one of the best authors in France.

*

Carnot was a good worker in everything he did, open, without intrigue, but easy to deceive. He was useful, without, however, deserving the eulogies that were bestowed on him. He had no experience whatever of

warfare. His ideas on the art of war were false, even on the attack and defence of fortified places, as well as on the principles of fortification, which he had, nevertheless, studied from his youth. But he showed much moral courage. He felt the need of pleasing, and let himself be led away by foreign party leaders.

*

Clarke possessed no military genius. He was rather a bureaucrat, an exact and conscientious worker, and a sworn enemy of rogues and rascals.

He was most unsuited to the leadership of any kind of army. He was very observant. For the rest, he was industrious and incapable of being bribed.

*

Desaix possessed in the highest degree that balance between mind and character, or courage, which is necessary to a great general. He was a small, dark-eyed man, always badly dressed, sometimes even ragged, and scorned the amenities and comforts of life. Nature created him to be a great general. Kleber and Desaix were an irreparable loss to France.

*

Duroc, in spite of a rather commonplace exterior, possessed the best and most useful qualities. He liked me for myself, and was not afraid to tell me the truth openly. As Grand Marshal he furnished and arranged the palace admirably, and kept everything in perfect order. His death was an irreparable loss to me.

*

Intrigue was as necessary to Fouché as his daily bread. He intrigued at every time, in all places, in every way, and with everybody.

*

Fréron was quite different from Barras: he was an extraordinarily daring man. On the 13th Vendémaire he brought about the disarming of the Sections. In the Prairiale he ventured to propose to me that he should go to the Section of the "Fifteen-Twenty," in order to fetch my brave men. I tried to dissuade him from it, and

assured him that the people of the Faubourg Saint-Antoine would murder him. He did it, however, and brought me 200 men. That is what you may call bravery!

*

The Emperor Francis of Austria is less gifted than Alexander, but he is honester. I would much rather have trusted him than the Czar, and if he had again given me his word to do a thing, I knew that from the moment that he had given his promise he had the intention of keeping it. The military knowledge of the King of Prussia, on the other hand, is no greater than that of a corporal. Of the three he is unquestionably the least intellectual.

*

King Charles IV of Spain is a good man. I do not know whether it is due to his position or to circumstance that he has acquired the reputation of a sincere and good patriarch. As for Queen Maria of Spain, her heart and her life's history are written on her face. That is enough for those who know her.

Prince Ferdinand of the Asturias is very unintelligent, very malicious, and an enemy of France.

The "Prince of the Peace," Godoy, has the appearance of a bull. He bears a certain resemblance to Daru.

*

Kleber was gifted with the most prominent talents, yet he was only a man of the moment. He sought fame as the sole way to enjoyment. He was, moreover, not very nationally-minded, and would not have required much persuasion to serve a foreign country.

*

Lannes's courage at first outweighed his thinking faculty, but the latter tended more and more to preserve the balance. When Lannes fell he was standing on the highest step of his development.

He was a man very well experienced in war, was extremely brave, and perfectly cool under fire. He had a sharp, penetrating glance, ready to seize every advantage offered him. He was violent and hasty in his expressions, and as a general he was superior to both Moreau and Soult.

When a man is about to give up his life he clings to it with all his might. Lannes, the bravest of all men, who was robbed of both his legs, did not want to die, and was so angry that he wanted to have the two surgeons hanged for blundering with a marshal, because they could not save him. In the hour of his death he clung to me, and would have nobody but me. It was a kind of instinct! Certainly he loved his wife and children more than me, yet he did not speak of them, for he expected nothing from them. I was his protector. I was something indefinable to him, something higher. I was the Providence on whom he called.

*

Larrey is the decentest man and the best friend of the soldiers whom I have ever known. Cautious and indefatigable was Larrey in the practice of his profession, even in the worst season of the year. At all times of the day and night Larrey was to be found with his wounded. He scarcely allowed his assistants a moment's rest, and kept them so hard at work that they barely had time to breathe. He worried the generals, and often roused them during the night when he needed provisions or help for the sick and wounded. Everyone was afraid of him, for people knew that he would go straight to me and complain. He paid court to no one and was the sworn enemy of the army contractors.

*

We condemn Louis XVI, but apart from his weakness he was the first prince who was attacked. He was the subject of experiment of the first new principles. His bringing up and his inborn ideas led him to consider in good faith that everything that he publicly or privately tried to defend belonged to him. Even in his lack of faith there lay a kind of belief if one may say so. Now, of course, when everybody is instructed in conditions of that kind, such conduct would be inexcusable, even worthy of condemnation. And when it is added that Louis XVI had everyone against him, one can get a rough idea of the numberless difficulties which his fatal destiny took a delight in heaping on him. The much-spoken-of misfortune of the Stuarts was not greater than his.

*

Macdonald is a brave and trustworthy soldier. It is only during the last years of the Empire that I was able to appreciate fully the nobility of his character. His relations with Moreau had prejudiced me against him. I did him an injustice, however, and much regret not having known him better.

*

Massena was a distinguished man ; only in the thick of the fight had Nature granted him that all-important equipoise ; he grew with danger.

He was of strong build, riding day and night without fatigue. He was a determined, brave, and unflinching man, full of ambition and self-satisfaction. The predominant element in his character was stubbornness, and he never lost courage. He neglected discipline, troubled himself little about the administration, and was consequently not particularly popular with the French troops. He used to sketch a battle plan rather badly. His conversation was not at all interesting. But with the first cannon-shot, in the hail of bullets, and in all dangers, his thoughts became strong and clear. When he was beaten, he would begin all over again as if he had been the victor.

*

Moreau, compared with the generals of the first rank, was rather unimportant. In him Nature did not perfect her creation. He possessed more instinct than genius.

*

Murat possessed quite an original character. I have done him an injustice in removing him from me, for without me he was nothing. By my side he was always my right hand. When I ordered him to overthrow a force of some 4000 to 5000 men in a given direction it was for him the work of a moment. But if I left him to himself he was a weakling without any judgment of his own. It is inconceivable to me how a brave man could often be so cowardly. He was only brave in the presence of the enemy, in that case perhaps the bravest man in the world. His impetuous courage carried him into the midst of danger. And then he was decked out in gold and

feathers that rose above his head like a church tower. He escaped continually as by a miracle, for he was easily recognised by his dress. He was a regular target for the enemy, and the Cossacks used to admire him on account of his astonishing bravery.

*

In the field Ney was a real paladin, but after all is said, a Don Quixote. In his workroom he showed himself a braggart without judgment and decision. Murat and Ney were the two bravest men I have known; Murat's character, however, was nobler, for he was generous and frank.

*

Pichegru had been an usher in Brienne, and had taught me mathematics when I was only ten years old.

As a general Pichegru was a man of extraordinary talent, very much greater than Moreau, although he has not accomplished anything very prominent. The results of his campaigns in Holland were for the greater part the consequences of the Battle of Fleurus.

*

Savary is not a bad man. On the contrary he has an excellent heart, and is a brave soldier. He loves me with all the affection of a father.

*

Soult is a distinguished Minister of War, and a very valuable Chief of the General Staff. He is better, however, at arranging an army in position than in commanding one.

*

Madame de Staël was fiery in her passions, furious and raging in her expressions. She was Corinna herself!

But yet one must recognise that she is a very talented and characteristic woman. She possesses much intellect and will live in posterity.

Her mind is so fond of intrigue and so restless that it is said of her that she is ready to throw her friends into the sea, so that she may rescue them when they are on the point of drowning.

Talleyrand was the meanest of usurers. He is a vile flatterer, a corrupt man who has betrayed all parties and all men. Clever and cautious, always disposed to treachery, but always in league with his fortune, Talleyrand treats his enemies as if some day they may become his friends, and his friends as if they are bound later on to become his enemies. He is a talented man, but corrupt in every respect. Nothing could be got from him except by corrupt means. The Kings of Württemberg and Bavaria often complained to me about his robbery and extortions, so that I took from him the post of Minister. I also learned that he betrayed to certain plotters a very important secret that had been entrusted to him alone. He despised the Bourbons whole-heartedly. When I returned from Elba Talleyrand wrote to me from Vienna, in order to offer me his services, and proposed to betray the Bourbons on condition that I pardoned him and restored him to favour. As a motive he quoted a cutting from my proclamation to the effect that there were circumstances which could not be resisted. But I thought that I must make a few exceptions, and refused his request, for if I had punished nobody there would have been general discontent.

Talleyrand made money out of everything, and had a special talent for Stock Exchange usury. I am convinced that he sold certain documents to the English, no very important ones, it is true, but yet letters of some small interest, which he sent to Pitt. He was informed that he would receive 20,000 francs for every document. The Prince of Benevento is not a man of pre-eminent talent, for he hates work, but he possesses the art of saying nothing, giving no advice, and letting others speak instead. In order to give your neighbour good advice you must have a liking for him; but Talleyrand thought only of his personal interest. A thing that might be of the greatest importance to the State signifies nothing to him, and is put aside, if it does not bring him in anything. One may indeed assert that this man is immorality personified. Never have I seen a more immoral being! He has the gift of showing nothing in his face and keeping silent. The Prince of Benevento has one more gift. He can without trouble sit up till two or three in the morning,

which is very important for a statesman. At that hour he may meet people and speak with them without its becoming known. Talleyrand drew up the report on the condition of the Republic in the year VIII (1799). The report is very well framed, and is very well suited to form the groundwork of an historical treatise. On the whole I think that Talleyrand is the best man there is for the post of Foreign Minister. He gives many parties and understands how to make people talk. He is proud like all the Périgord family, but he might have had a more intellectual wife than the one he married (Madame Grant).

Murat was a trifle too clumsy and vain for Foreign Affairs. Caulaincourt did not write enough. No doubt Talleyrand was the best Foreign Minister.

*

Madame Tallien often visited Madame Beauharnais, with whom she was on very friendly terms. Barras, Fréron, and Dulaulois were among her admirers. That was all very well before my marriage; but during my campaigns in Italy it was unbearable. When, however, circumstances had made me the First Officer of the Republic, I had to cleanse the drawing-rooms of the First Lady of the Republic of all these relics of the society of the Directory. That caused me much unpleasantness. It was the same with Isabey, who fancied that, as he was often in the Malmaison garden, he could forget the enormous gap that lay between us. He would venture to clap me on the shoulder when playing with the young adjutants.

Madame Tallien strove with all her might to gain admission to the Court. However, she was sensible enough to understand me when I said to her: "How can you expect me to forget your fame and the many children that you have from everybody." Her wish was always the subject of our conversation whenever she succeeded in approaching me, which happened at all the masked balls that I visited. Every year I gave masked balls through Cambacérès, or through my Ministers. That gave me a favourable opportunity of learning personally the attitude of the Paris *salons*.

Poor Madame Tallien was, for the rest, the best woman in the world. Her heart was as good as her face was fair. The services which she rendered are innumerable. The nobles especially were heaped with her favours, and many of them owe their lives to the wife of the former member of the Convention, Tallien. So long as danger threatened they continued their flattering attentions to this lady, but when my elevation to power became a pledge of lawful security to all Frenchmen, Madame Tallien's drawing-rooms suddenly became empty.

CHAPTER X

FROM THE SUMMIT TO THE FALL, 1812–1815

WHY I DECIDED ON WAR WITH RUSSIA

I AM convinced that I have never broken the treaty of loyalty sworn in Tilsit and Erfurt. I will do the Czar Alexander the justice of believing that he was ruled by circumstances that were more powerful than his personal will. I also accept, as from a brother, the assurances that he gave me through Count Balmain, as well as the hospitality which he offers me in his territories whereby he regrets that I have not asked it of him instead of trusting myself to the English.

After having said this I will answer the three questions which were put to me through the above-mentioned diplomatic agent in the name of the Czar Alexander:

1. The occupation of the Grand Duchy of Oldenburg was not the result of any order of mine. It took place rather by the action of the Prince of Eggmühl who was by nature a policeman in his strictness. He knew that the Duchy was the depot of English merchandise for Germany. In spite of his 80,000 soldiers and Customs officers he could do nothing to stop it, and was therefore convinced that it would please me if he occupied the coast of Oldenburg with his light troops. He knew very well that I should refuse to approve of this want of respect towards a Grand Duchess of the Imperial Russian Family. But he hoped that I would confirm a *fait accompli* as soon as I saw the proof of its usefulness in the enormous value of the English wares confiscated in Oldenburg.

Marshal Davout was persuaded that he would one day receive the Polish Crown as a reward, as I had given him a rental of 200,000 francs in Poland. His secret ambition urged him to every possible action that had as result complications in my relations with the Cabinet of St. Petersburg. I disapproved completely of the violation

of the Oldenburg territory, and was determined, in spite of the great advantages which French industry would doubtless draw from it, to command the withdrawal of my troops, when my attention was drawn to the threatening tone of the note which was handed to me on this occasion from the Russian Cabinet. They demanded the immediate evacuation of Oldenburg and the cession of Danzig as a Russian harbour, or as a free city for Russian trade, as indemnification for the occupation of the Oldenburg coast. That meant obviously the prevention of any proper understanding. From the moment in which the honour of France was at stake I could no longer disapprove of the action of Marshal Davout whatever it might cost me.

If the intervention of Russia had been that of a friendly country I would have given full satisfaction. For, after all, what did it matter if a few English goods came in through Oldenburg? It was easy for me to confiscate them on leaving the little State, and did I not permit the introduction of English wares into France under licence myself?

2. I have proved to the Czar Alexander my detestation of going to war with him, and the sincerity of the brotherly promises that we swore to each other in Erfurt, by sending him Count Narbonne, my adjutant, to offer him anew the hand of friendship, and to propose to him a meeting which might have restored the good understanding between us. It is not my mistake that he would receive neither Lauriston nor Narbonne. Still less was it my fault that Adjutant Balaschow's mission did not bring peace as its result. It is false to affirm that I said to him: "It is too late, for the gauntlet has been thrown down." On the contrary, I proposed to declare Vilna neutral, in order to treat of peace there personally with Czar Alexander. I sent word to him that the moment that he assured me of his willingness to adhere again to the Continental System there would not be any further questions of importance to negotiate, and that my army would withdraw behind the Niemen, in case the Russian Army retired behind the Dwina. Could I do more?

After I had crossed the Niemen at the head of 400,000 men I said, it is true, to myself: "It is too late, the

gauntlet has been thrown down and picked up." But from the moment that I had received and listened to the Czar's ambassador, peace would have been possible. It would have been restored without the shedding of a drop of blood, if the Czar Alexander had openly wished it, or rather if he had set his will against the wishes of his boyars (nobles) who wanted war at any price, as they were ruined by the Continental Barrier, and wanted at any cost to sell their tallow, hemp, and copper in England.

Let it be said once more: it was against my will that I undertook war with Russia. I knew better than anyone that Spain was a gnawing cancer that must be healed before one could enter upon such a terrible war in which the first battle would be fought at a distance of 500 leagues from my frontier.

I could not count on help from Poland in the first months of the year 1812. Czar Alexander knows that as well as I do, and cannot take me for such an idiot as to reckon seriously on the assistance of a Polish army. Undoubtedly I counted on the sincerity of the Emperor Francis. I have always looked upon family bonds as sacred, and even to-day I don't believe that one may break them without dishonouring them, or that one may attack what is most sacred to mankind. But I only reckoned on Prussia as long as I remained the victor, and certainly I was not so foolish as to believe, like Charles XII, that I could conquer Russia without gigantic efforts. I knew the worth of the Russian Army, for the war of 1807 had proved it to me, and besides I had nothing to expect from the influence of French ideas on these half-civilised people. I could not forget that when I spoke to the Polish serfs about liberty they answered me: "Certainly we should like to have it very much, but who will feed, clothe, and house us?"

I like the Polish soldier, but I love France above all, and I would never have waged war with Russia simply in order to serve the interests of the Polish nobility. Undoubtedly Poland is the natural frontier between the west of Europe and Russia. The restoration of the Kingdom of Poland together with Galicia and the Baltic coast was, according to my idea, the work of my diplomacy. Czar Alexander may remember that we negotiated on the

subject at Erfurt, and that he offered to exchange his Polish Provinces for Constantinople, which city presented enormous difficulties in 1811, but scarcely does so to-day.

I should have been a fool if I had begun the war of 1812 to obtain something which I could easily have got by friendly negotiations. I repeat that I did not want the war, and I believe that I have proved it.

3. I really wished to marry the Russian Grand Duchess. If Count Balmain speaks the truth, the Czar Alexander and myself were disgracefully deceived in the whole affair. It is true that I consulted my Privy Council, but only to guard my interests, for the refusal of the Dowager Empress was already being discussed in the diplomatic *salons*. It was only after I had given up all hope of the Russian marriage that I decided on the Archduchess Maria Louisa.

ON THE RUSSIAN CAMPAIGN—THE BATTLE OF THE MOSKWA, 7TH SEPTEMBER, 1812

People will never learn the real truth about the Russian Campaign, for the Russians do not write, or they write without any respect for the truth, and the French are so given to violent emotion that they dishonour and diminish their own fame. Perhaps some day a German or an Englishman will be found who fought in the Russian armies, and who will describe the campaign. People will then be convinced that it was the best, the most skilful, the most cleverly led, and the most methodical of all the campaigns that I have commanded.

The Battle of the Moskwa (Borodino) is the most famous, the most difficult, the most glorious act of war on the part of the Gauls which ancient or modern history has seen. The Russians are very brave soldiers. Their whole army was united. They had 170,000 men, including the Moscow troops. Kutusow had taken up a very good position and occupied it with skill. He had every advantage on his side.

During the battle I was able to turn the right wing of the Russian positions, yet I must admit that I did not think them so strong as they really were; and, besides, I needed a battle. I wanted to seize the opportunity of preventing Kutusow from enticing me farther into the

interior without a great battle to decide the peace. It has been objected that if I had reached Moscow without my army having suffered very much, I might easily have concluded peace.

In the interests of my fame I ought to have died on that day of battle. If a bullet had killed me at the Moskwa I should have been crowned with an incomparable wreath of fame. The force of imagination would have been such that it would not have been in a position to set limits to my career!

Never was a battle more longed for than that of the Moskwa. It was demanded by the Russian Court, who saw with horror the devastation and destruction of their provinces by the nobles and the army, weakened and discouraged by the continual retreat. Barclay de Tolly wanted to accept battle on the Dwina, but he could not be overtaken in time by Bagration. After their union he marched on Smolensk. In consequence of a counter-march by me he could not but see that the town was being taken before his eyes, and he withdrew further back to Dorogobusch where he again wished to fight a battle. His determination failed him, however, and he retreated to Wiasma where he announced that he would at last accept battle. But this time also he could not make up his mind to it, and the impatient Court replaced him by Kutusow. This general did the wisest thing he could do by giving battle on the excellent position by the Moskwa. He had chosen well. He might have won the battle, for the chances were at least equal. If he had won, he would have been declared as the saviour of the Empire. He lost it, and Moscow ceased to exist.

Without doubt, Moscow was not worth a battle! The Russians lost the Battle of the Moskwa, and Moscow fell; but if they had won it, Moscow would have been saved. 100,000 men, women, and children would not have perished miserably in the forests; Russia would not have seen this magnificent capital, the work of centuries, destroyed within a week; she would not have lost the many thousands of millions that lie buried beneath its ruins. The original cause of all the defeats of the campaign was the burning of Moscow. Had it not been for this event, new to history, the Czar would have been forced into

peace. The results of the Battle of the Moskwa were immense!

If Moscow had not been given to the flames I would have shown the world the strange spectacle of an army peacefully wintering in the midst of a hostile population pressing round them on all sides—an icebound ship! In France nothing would have been heard of me for a long time, but I am sure that the people in France would have behaved calmly and sensibly, Lord High Chancellor Cambacérès would have continued, as always, to transact affairs in my name, and everything would have taken its course exactly as if I had been present in Paris myself. The winter in Russia would, it is true, have been a heavy burden to everybody, but in spring they would all have wakened up, and it is known well enough that the French are brisker and more skilful than any other nation.

As soon as the fine weather had come I should have marched straight on the enemy. I should have beaten them and been master of their country. But Alexander would never have let things go so far. He would have put up with all the conditions that I would have made to him, and then France would at last have had free play. And in fact, very little would have been needed! I had come for the purpose of fighting armed men, but not the raging elements! I have destroyed armies, but flames, ice, numbness, death—these I could not conquer. Fate was stronger than I! And yet what a misfortune for France, and for Europe!

The peace to be concluded at Moscow would have ended my war undertakings. It would have been the end of the chances of fortune for the great cause, and the beginning of peace and security. A new horizon and new labours would have arisen, and would have been carried out by the prosperity and well-being of every one; there remained only one question, the organisation.

MOSCOW OR ST. PETERSBURG

The burning of Moscow has without doubt retarded the progress of Russia. For the country it was the loss of a milliard. If Czar Alexander had been with his army, he would not have allowed his former capital to be destroyed, but would have preferred to conclude peace.

He has even declared that he would have done so if I had marched on St. Petersburg. There they were not at all angry at the fate of the other city. I should have done better perhaps by occupying St. Petersburg, as it is the centre of the Government and of trade. However, Moscow is the real capital of the Russian Empire, as it is situated nearer the centre of the country than St. Petersburg, which is 200 leagues distant from Moscow. Our march on Moscow has, all the same, done much harm to Russia. Wiasma and Smolensk were fine towns and possessed many factories which are now burnt down.

Kutusow would have done better by taking up a position on my right flank, by not burning Moscow, and not risking a battle; but after the battle the operations were no longer dangerous.

ON THE RETREAT

During the Russian Campaign the stores of the first line were at Smolensk, those of the second in Minsk and Vilna, a week's march distant from Smolensk, those of the third in Kovno, Grodno, and Bialystock, those of the fourth line in Elbing, Marienwerder, Thorn, Plock, Modlin, and Warsaw, those of the fifth line in Danzig, Bromberg, and Posen, those of the sixth line in Stettin, Küstrin, and Glogau. Of 400,000 men that crossed the Niemen, 250,000 remained in reserve between that river and the Dnieper, 150,000 advanced on Smolensk, and then on Moscow. Of these 150,000 men, 30,000 remained between Smolensk and Mojaisk, stationed at intervals.

The retreat had, of course, to be made via Poland. Not one of the generals pointed out to me the necessity of halting at the Beresina. All believed that the taking of Moscow would end the war. As far as Smolensk my operations were carried out in a friendly country, as if in France; the people, the authorities, all were on my side. I could raise soldiers here, and requisition horses and provisions.

On my march to Moscow I never had enemies in my rear. During the twenty days that I passed in that capital not a courier nor an artillery transport was taken, nor was a single blockhouse (and there were some at all the stages) attacked. More than 700 artillery and other

military waggons arrived without accident. If Moscow had not been burnt the Czar would have been forced to make peace. If it had not been for the burning of Moscow, and if the winter had not set in a fortnight earlier than usual, the army would have returned to Smolensk without loss, where it would have had nothing to fear from the Russian armies defeated at the Moskwa and at Malo-Jaroslawetz, for these troops were in the utmost need of rest.

We knew very well that it is very cold in December and January, but by comparing the weather for the previous twenty years, we had gained the certainty that the thermometer never sank below six degrees of frost in November. It took the army only three days to prepare for an orderly retreat; but during these three days it lost over 30,000 horses. The early frost injured both armies equally. This occurrence caused some to reproach me for having remained four days too long in Moscow. But I was compelled to do so from political reasons, and thought besides that I could reach Poland in good time. As is well known the autumns in the north are very long.

When the army left Moscow it took provisions with it for twenty days; it was more than sufficient to last as far as Smolensk, where it would have found enough stores of food to reach Minsk or Vilna, if I had thought it advisable to leave Smolensk. The early frost had killed all the baggage-horses, and most of those of the artillery and cavalry. All these branches of the army were completely disorganised, so that it was no longer an army at all, and it was not possible to take up a position before reaching Vilna. The corps of the Prince of Schwarzenberg, and of General Reynier, which were stationed on the Vistula, instead of supporting themselves on Minsk, as they ought to have done, retreated to Warsaw and abandoned the army. If they had withdrawn to Minsk, they could have united with Dombrowski's division which was not able to defend Borissow alone. Owing to this, Admiral Tschitschagow succeeded in seizing the town. Besides, it was not at all his intention to occupy a position on the Beresina, he wanted rather to turn towards the Dwina in order to cover St. Petersburg. In consequence of this unexpected occurrence the Duke of Reggio (Oudinot),

met the admiral, defeated him, and hurled him back on to the left bank of the Beresina. Tschitschagow was again beaten after the crossing of the Beresina. Doumerc's Cuirassiers took 5000 of his men prisoners in a single attack.

When we were within two days' march of Vilna, as all difficulties had been overcome, I considered it necessary to go to Paris, for it was only from there that I could keep Prussia and Austria in check. If I had delayed the journey my way back would perhaps have been blocked. I left the army to the King of Naples (Murat), and the Prince of Neuchâtel (Berthier). The Guard was still up to strength, and the army still consisted of 80,000 fighting men; the corps of Schwarzenberg, Reynier, Macdonald, and the Prussians, were not included in this number. Flour, biscuit, wine, meat, dried vegetables, and fodder were to be found in plenty in Vilna, where there were likewise abundant stores of clothing and ammunition. If I had remained with the army it would never have retreated further than Vilna. One reserve-corps was in Warsaw, another in Königsberg; yet they let themselves be intimidated by a few Cossacks, and evacuated Vilna in the night. It is only from this day that the great losses of the army are to be reckoned. This combination of circumstances, necessitating my presence both with the army and in Paris, was a great misfortune. Nothing was, or could be, less foreseen than this conduct of my subordinate leaders in Vilna.

A SURVEY OF THE EVENTS OF THE YEAR 1813

The victories of Lützen and Wurzen on the 2nd and 22nd of May, 1813, had restored the honour of the French Army. The King of Saxony was led back triumphantly to his capital, the enemy was driven out of Hamburg. One corps of the Grand Army was before the gates of Berlin, and my head-quarters were in Breslau. There was no means of exit for the discouraged Russian and Prussian armies except by a retreat across the Vistula, when Austria took a hand in the game and advised France to sign a truce. I returned to Dresden, the Emperor of Austria left Vienna and repaired to Bohemia, while the Rulers of Russia and Prussia removed their head-quarters to Schweidnitz. The negotiations began. Count Metter-

nich proposed a congress in Prague. It was accepted. But it was all only a pretence. The Viennese Court had already come to an understanding with Russia and Prussia. They wanted to declare themselves in May when the unexpected successes of the French Army compelled Austria to show a little more prudence in her behaviour. In spite of every effort, the Austrian Army was still too weak in numbers, badly organised, and not in a position to enter the war. Count Metternich demanded the Illyrian Provinces, the half of the Kingdom of Italy, that is to say Venice, as far as the Mincio ; further Poland, the renunciation of the Rhinebund, and the 32nd Military Division (Hamburg, etc.). These extraordinary conditions were only made to be refused. The Duke of Vicenza (Caulaincourt) went to the Congress of Prague. The choice of the Russian delegate, Baron Anstett, showed that it was not peace that Russia was striving for, but that she only wished to gain time, so that Austria might complete her military preparations. In fact the evil omen with regard to the Russian delegate was confirmed. They refused to enter into any negotiations. Austria, which was ostensibly the mediator, declared her adhesion to the Coalition, as her army was ready, without having asked for a single meeting, or having signed a single protocol. This system of falseness, ill-will, and constant contradiction between words and deeds was used at that period by the Court of Vienna. The war began again. The brilliant victory which I won at Dresden on the 27th of August over the army led by the three Rulers was balanced by the defeat of Macdonald in Silesia, and by the loss of Vandamme in Bohemia. At the same time the French Army retained the superiority, supported as it was by the fortified towns of Torgau, Wittenberg, and Magdeburg. Denmark had concluded an offensive and defensive treaty with me, and its contingent of troops strengthened the French Army in Hamburg.

In October I left Dresden for Magdeburg where I took up a position on the left bank of the Elbe in order to deceive the enemy. My plan was to cross back over the Elbe at Wittenberg and march on Berlin. Various army-corps had already reached Wittenberg, and the

enemy's bridges at Desau had been destroyed; when a letter from the King of Württemberg informed me that the King of Bavaria had suddenly changed sides, and that, without any declaration of war or previous announcement, the Austrian and Bavarian troops on the Inn had united into an army of 80,000 men under the command of General Wrede, and were marching towards the Rhine, and that Mayence would shortly be besieged by 100,000 men.

At this unexpected news I thought it necessary to alter the plan of campaign which I had been thinking out for two months, and for the sake of which I had been making use of the fortresses and stores. With the protection afforded by the fortresses and magazines of Torgau, Wittenberg, Magdeburg, and Hamburg, I intended to move the seat of war to the district between the Elbe and Oder (the French Army also held on this bank the fortified towns of Glogau, Küstrin, and Stettin), and according to circumstances seize the Vistula fortresses of Thorn and Modlin.

I had reason to hope from this extensive plan that the result would be the break-down of the Coalition, and that the German princes would be held to their loyalty and alliance with France. I hoped that Bavaria would wait another fortnight before making a decision, and I still believed at the time that it had not altered its views.

The armies met in violent collision on the battlefield of Leipsic on the 16th of October. The French Army remained victorious. The Austrians were beaten and driven out of all their positions. One of the enemy corps-commanders, Count Merfeldt, was taken prisoner. On the 18th the French were again victorious, in spite of the defeat sustained by the Duke of Ragusa (Marmont). Thereupon the whole Saxon Army, with sixty guns, which was occupying one of the most important positions in the army, went over to the enemy and turned their guns on the French line. An act of treachery of this unheard-of kind was bound to bring about the ruin of the French Army, and give the honours of the day to the Allies. I hurried up with the half of my Guard, beat back the Saxons and Swedes and drove them right out of their positions.

The day of the 18th was nearly over. The enemy made a backward movement along the whole line and bivouacked behind the battlefield, which the French held. In the night the French Army made a move in order to place itself behind the Elster and get into direct communication with Erfurt, where it expected supplies of ammunition, of which it was badly in need. On the days from the 16th to the 18th it had fired more than 150,000 cannon-shots.

The treachery of various corps of the Rhinebund, which had been infected by the example set by the Saxons the day before, the accident at the bridge of Leipsic, which was blown up too soon, all these fatal events caused the army, though still victorious, to sustain immense losses.

The French Army crossed the Saale at Weissenfels, where it was to reorganise and wait for supplies of ammunition from Erfurt, which was sufficiently provided, when news was received of the Austro-Bavarian Army. The latter had been making forced marches and had arrived at the Main. We had, therefore, to march against it. On the 30th October the enemy collided with the French Army and fought a regular battle with it before Hanau, on the road to Frankfurt. Although the Austro-Bavarian Army was strong and held good positions, it was completely routed and driven out of Hanau, which Count Bertrand then occupied. General Wrede was wounded in the action. The French Army continued its retreat over the Rhine, crossing this river on the 2nd of November.

Negotiations were now begun. Baron Saint-Aignan had conversations with Count Metternich in Frankfurt, also with Neselrode and Lord Aberdeen, and afterwards came to Paris with proposals for peace, which were based on the following: The Emperor gives up the Protectorate over the Rhinebund, Poland, and the Elbe departments, yet France is to remain with the frontiers of the Alps and the Rhine, Holland included. As to the frontier in Italy which separated France from the Austrian States, an understanding had still to be arrived at.

I examined these proposals, but the Congress of Frankfurt was only a trick like that of Prague. They seized this excuse because they hoped that France would refuse the

proposals. They wanted new material for a manifesto in order to work up public opinion, for at the moment that these conciliatory proposals were being made, the allied army was violating Swiss neutrality and marching into Switzerland. Finally the Allies showed their hand, and indicated Châtillon-sur-Seine in Burgundy as the place for negotiations.

The battles of Champaubert, Montmirail, and Montereau destroyed the armies of Blücher and Wittgenstein. In the meantime no negotiations were going on at Châtillon, but the Allied Powers issued an ultimatum the conditions of which were as follows: 1. The cession of all Italy, Belgium, Holland, and the Rhine Confederation. 2. France to be obliged to keep within the frontiers which it had in 1792. I rejected this ultimatum. I agreed to the surrender of Holland and Italy, but refused to accept the Alps and the Rhine as frontiers, and I likewise refused to concede Belgium, especially Antwerp. In spite of the victories of Arcis and Saint-Dizier treachery of every kind came to the aid of the Allies.

Up to this time they had shown no inclination of any kind to interfere in the domestic affairs of France. This is confirmed by the ultimatum of Châtillon which was signed by England, Austria, Russia, and Prussia, when suddenly a few returned *émigrés*, on the appearance of the Austrian, Russian, and Prussian armies, in which they had served, thought that the moment had come for the fulfilment of their wishes. Some put on the white cockade, others the Cross of Saint-Louis. Their action was disapproved by the Allied Rulers. Even Wellington did not approve of those who tried to set up the tokens of the Bourbons in Bordeaux, though he secretly favoured them.

In all the acts by which the Prussians turned from the French alliance, and allied their country with Russia through the Treaty of Kalisch, in the compact with Austria especially, in all the diplomatic treaties, both public and private, up to the Treaty of Châtillon in February 1814, the Allies never thought of the Bourbons.

MY NEGOTIATIONS WITH METTERNICH

It has been falsely stated that I did not want to sign peace in Dresden. I have always wished for peace after a victory, but never after a defeat. I have always thought that, because I believe that it is much easier for a nation to find men again than the honour lost, if it concludes a shameful peace after suffering defeats.

I offered general peace when my victories took me to the Czar's palace. But when defeats, as immense as they were unexpected, caused the destruction of my army by snow and ice, I did not speak a word of peace. I turned rather to the patriotism of the French, and only after winning the battles of Lützen and Bautzen, and leading back the King of Saxony in triumph to his capital, when one of my army-corps threatened Berlin, and the Russian and Prussian armies had been beaten in three battles and had been thrown back to the left bank of the Oder, did I answer the peace overtures which had been made to me from Vienna. At that time Herr Metternich said to the French ambassador: "Tell me openly what you want to do, and place us in the position of a good ally towards you and an independent Power towards the others. Believe me that we feel just like allies and that we can do you real service."

These negotiations led me to agree to an armistice, which turned out to be very fatal for me. Had I continued the pursuit of the enemy I would have dictated peace on the banks of the Niemen, for the Russian and Prussian armies were so disorganised that they gave up all the positions that would have been so favourable to their union, and it is very probable that not even the Vistula would have been a sufficient obstacle for the holding up of my victorious army.

Austria strove to hide her ambitious scheme of revenge against France, but unexpected circumstances enlightened me as to her treason. One of the couriers of Count Stakkelberg, the Russian ambassador in Vienna, was taken prisoner by the Hussars of my vanguard. His papers proved that Austria was bargaining over the price of her defection. In a moment of forgetfulness Prince Schwarzenberg once said in Paris: "The marriage

contrived by an artful policy does not bind us to anything in the future." But I would not believe that the Emperor Francis was insincere. How could I have thought anything else when he wrote to me: "The mediator is Your Majesty's friend, and it is a question of placing your dynasty on an unshakable foundation, as its existence is closely connected with my own." And I complained to him that he was being so shamefully betrayed by his confidential man (Metternich).

When, at the end of June, Herr Metternich brought me another letter from the Emperor Francis, I said: "There you are at last, Metternich. You are very welcome. But why do you come so late, if you frankly want peace? Why have you not openly and at once admitted the change in your policy? So you don't wish any longer to guarantee the integrity of the French Empire? Well, so be it! But you ought to have ventured to speak freely to me about it on my return from Russia. Perhaps I would have changed my plans then. Perhaps I would not have undertaken the spring campaign of 1813. We could have come to an understanding. I have always recognised the force of circumstances."

"Perhaps you reckoned on a somewhat less-rapid course of events, or on less success to my arms. But why speak of mediation, and persuade me to agree to a truce at a time when you are already speaking of an alliance with my enemies? Had it not been for your intervention I should have thrown them back over the Vistula, and peace would have been signed. To-day I know no other result of your mediation and the armistice than the decisions of Reichenbach by which England engages to pay Russia and Prussia fifty millions to declare war on me. They tell me also about a similar treaty with a third Power. You must know more about it than I, as Count Stadion was present at the conferences. Admit to me, Metternich, that Austria has only taken on the rôle of mediator, because she wanted to accomplish her ambitious plans of retaliation. The interference of Austria is not impartial, it is hostile. The victory of Lützen has made your Court feel the need of increasing your army without declaring for either side. You wanted to gain time. You have treacherously offered me your mediation, and

you have pressed a truce on me. To-day when you have succeeded in getting together 200,000 men, who are ready to take the field in the shelter of the Bohemian Mountains, you come to dictate your terms to me!"

"If your master is a mediator, why does he not hold the scales of the balance even? If he is not, why does he not range himself openly on the side of my enemies? That would be the part of a great ruler! But I have recognised your aim: you want to feel your way. You only come to find out whether you will get greater advantages by demanding ransom from me without fighting, or whether you should fight me in order to get back all or only some of the provinces which you have lost.

"Say openly what you want, Metternich? I know very well how I stand, I know what I can hope for from a victory, but I am tired of war. I wish for peace, and I do not conceal the fact that I need your neutrality to obtain it without fighting. I have offered you Illyria if you remain neutral; do you want more: speak!"

Herr Metternich admitted that, as matters then stood, Austria could not remain neutral, and that she must of necessity be either for me or against me. "Well, I agree," I remarked. "Tell me what Austria asks for, in return for openly joining me." And at these words I led him to a table on which maps were spread out. His self-satisfaction made him blind. He thought he had conquered me, and considered me unable to dictate peace without the co-operation of Austria. He indicated on the map what he regarded as the price of peace.—"What," I said, "you want not only Illyria, but the half of Italy and the Confederation of the Rhine! So that is your moderation, and your respect for the rights of independent States!

"When you ask for yourselves Italy, the Protectorate of the Rhine Confederation, and Switzerland; for Russia, Poland; for Sweden, Norway; for Prussia, Saxony; for England, Holland, and Belgium; that means in a word pulling the French Empire to pieces. And you think that, in order to reach such a goal, all that is needed is a threat from Austria.

"According to your wish, you would like to see the fall of the fortified towns of Danzig, Hamburg, Magde-

Eugène Beauharnais, Viceroy of Italy
From a Portrait by Giacomo Antonini

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burg, Wesel, Mayence, Antwerp, Alessandria, Mantua, in fact all the strongholds in Europe, to which I obtained the keys only through my victories? You wish me, then, subject to your policy, to clear out of Germany, the half of which I still occupy, and to lead back my victorious legions across the Rhine with arms reversed, so as to surrender myself like a fool to my enemies! And all that while my victorious army is standing before the gates of Berlin and Breslau, and I at the head of 200,000 men, while Austria flatters herself, without even drawing the sword from the scabbard, that she can induce me to accept such conditions! And it is from my father-in-law that such an insult comes, for it is he that sent you! What a position to put me in towards the French people! He deceives himself mightily if he thinks that my throne, thus mutilated, will be a place of refuge for his daughter and his grandson in the midst of the French. If I were willing to sign such a peace as that my Empire would break down more quickly than it rose. One can stop running when one is going up hill but not when going down.

"Taken on the whole the conditions which Austria demands for her alliance, might be acceptable to anybody but myself. Louis XIV accepted conditions equally oppressive.

"Your Cabinet may therefore water-down their conditions in proportion to their own interests. They must understand that I am necessary to the monarchical principle, that it is I who have restored the brilliancy of monarchy, that I have rescued it from the deadly attack of republicanism, and that my complete overthrow would mean handing over Europe to the Russian yoke. Then I would have no doubts about peace."

Metternich understood that he had gone too far. He assured me of his warm desire for peace, and admitted the necessity of leaving the French Empire strong enough to act as a balance against the power of Russia.

All difficulties seemed to have been overcome. Herr Metternich gave way on all points when he saw that the cession of Illyria was not my last word. I thought I had brought him over to my point of view, when I let myself be so carried away as to say to him: "I have given you

twenty millions: do you want another twenty millions. I will give them to you. But how much has England offered you?"

If he had been struck by a flash of lightning the effect would not have been greater. Herr Metternich's deadly pallor showed me the immensity of my mistake. I had made an implacable enemy.

These mistakes are a part of my easily excited temperament. There are certain chords in me which begin to vibrate with the speed of lightning, when, unfortunately, they collide with my conceptions of honour or patriotism. The same thing occurred when I fell out with that English ambassador who dared to remind me of the Battle of Agincourt.

In Dresden it was different. This was unpardonable. My righteous anger was no excuse. It was an ugly feeling that made me say to Herr Metternich: "How much are the English giving you, then?" That means taking a pleasure in humiliating a person. One should never humiliate anyone whom one wishes to win over.

Of course I did not want to conclude the kind of peace which my enemies tried to dictate to me. Were they more peacefully disposed than myself? Did they not also, for their part, refuse the peace which I offered to them? What my enemies called "World peace" was my destruction, but what I called peace was only the disarming of my enemies; was I not, accordingly, more moderate than they? The accusation of being fond of war is absurd in reference to me; but sooner or later public opinion will do me justice.

It will be recognised that I had more interest than anyone else in making peace. I knew that perfectly well, and if I did not do it, nevertheless, it is because I could not. . . . One must not judge by the refusal which I gave to the first demands of my enemies. Is it not well known that every Power which enters into negotiations with another, at first asks for everything which it thinks that it can obtain? That is in the nature of things. But the negotiations finally reach an end, either the victor gains the upper hand, or the defeated party resists, or both parties are equal. I admit that I thought the posi-

tion in which the amnesty found us, would be favourable for treating on equal terms. We were equally balanced in our victories and our defeats. I was able to concede a great deal without needing to be afraid of weakening myself too much for the general peace. That, however, was not the case with a peace which is only continental. In this case it is only an armistice, during which England will not fail to conclude new alliances. As up to now nothing was settled, I had to foresee further attacks and try to retain as much power as possible. I wanted to concede the least possible that was necessary, but nothing unnecessary. That was my whole policy.

A NARROW ESCAPE FROM DEATH

During the fight at Brienne I remembered that about twenty or twenty-five Uhlans, but no Cossacks, were turning one of the wings of my army, in order to try and fall on a portion of my artillery. The day was nearly over, and the horizon was beginning to get obscured. Suddenly, in some incomprehensible manner, they found themselves face to face with me and my General Staff. When they saw us they were quite confused and did not know what to do. They did not know, however, who I was, and I did not recognise them for a while. I thought they formed part of our troops. But Coulaincourt recognised them and drew my attention to the fact that we were in the middle of the enemy. At the same moment the Uhlans, who in their fright did not know what to do, began to flee seeking flight in all directions. Thereupon my General Staff fired on them. One of the enemy Lancers galloped so near to me without knowing me, that he struck my knee violently with his hand. He was holding his lance ready to charge, but it was with the other hand that he touched me. At first I thought it was one of my General Staff who had knocked against me so roughly, but on turning round I saw that it was an enemy. I laid my hand on the pistol-pocket of my saddle, to take out a pistol with which to shoot him; but he had already disappeared. I don't know whether he was killed, or whether he escaped. On that day I drew my sword, a thing of rare occurrence, for I won battles with my head and not by the strength of my arm.

FRANCE WAS NOT YET LOST

I was firmly convinced that Schwarzenberg would not venture to engage in a battle with me and hoped by incessant pursuit to wear out the half of his army. I had also taken from him on his retreat a stately array of cannon and a lot of baggage. When it was reported to me that the enemy had crossed the Aube at Vitry I saw myself obliged to halt. I refused to believe in this crossing, till General Gerard assured me that he had seen 20,000 infantry. Rejoicing over this information I returned to Saint-Dizier and there attacked Wintzingerode's cavalry in the belief that I had to do with Schwarzenberg's army.

After having driven this mass of horsemen in front of me for a whole day like a flock of sheep, and having made 1500 to 2000 prisoners, and taken a few guns, I called a halt, for, to my astonishment, I could see nothing whatever of the main army. I at once had enquiries made, from which it appeared that the enemy had marched back in the direction of Troyes. I rode there at once and the fact was established that the armies of Blücher and Schwarzenberg had marched on Paris three days before. One account of this loss of time I ordered my troops to advance by forced marches, and galloped myself with my escort day and night on the road to Paris.

Never were my faithful troops and myself more joyful and confident than at that moment, for we were firmly convinced that the whole working population of Paris would take up arms for me. And what could the Allies have done against such a force? The National Guard needed only to barricade the streets, so that the enemy could not possibly force his way in, before I arrived in person to the relief of my capital. Towards eight o'clock in the morning, a few leagues from Paris, I came across a crowd of soldiers marching alone, who were as surprised to see me as I was to see them. "What is the meaning of this?" I said to them. They stared at me and were speechless for a moment. At last they pulled themselves together and called out: "Why, that's the Emperor!" and explained that they had been fleeing to Paris.

At the time I still believed in my star. My army was

burning with zeal to fall on the enemy and drive him from the capital. The condition of the Allied Army was about the same as that of my own, and I knew also that Schwarzenberg would never risk a pitched battle with Paris in his rear, but would take up a protected position on the other side of the capital.

I intended to inveigle the enemy into fights at various points, lasting two or three hours, and then to throw myself on one point at the head of thirty battalions of the Guard. Then nothing could stand against me. And even if I had not been able, with the small number of my troops, to gain a victory, I would certainly have succeeded in inflicting serious losses on the enemy, and have forced him to evacuate Paris and district. The decisions to be made later depended entirely on various circumstances. But who could have suspected that the Senate, faced by only 20,000 enemies, would dishonour itself by an act of cowardice unexampled in history, and that a man (Marmont) who owed everything to me, had been my adjutant, and for twenty years had been attached to my person, would betray me? It was, nevertheless, purely and simply a small fraction of the population which was ruling Paris, supported by foreign bayonets; all the rest of the population were for me. But even if the army were minded as one man to fight on for me and my throne, the consequences would have been a war lasting for years, which, with my small number of troops, would certainly have cost the lives of many of my faithful followers. I was, therefore, resolved to sacrifice my own rights and claims.

Neither for the sake of my crown, nor for the sake of my ambitious plans, which no longer lay within the range of possibility, would I have continued the war of 1814, but for the fame of France alone, which I wanted to make the first Power in the world. But now it was all over; I have abdicated and am like a dead man.

For the rest, the unfavourable opinion which I had of Schwarzenberg's army was only too well justified. The soldiers had no confidence either in themselves or in their allies. Every one thought that he was doing too much, and his allies too little. My enemies were already half beaten before they met me. If Marmont was afraid of

his life, I have nothing but a smile of contempt for him. Was there ever anything so childish as this surrender? The marshal recognised no interest but that of his own person, and for that reason only he became a deserter and handed me and his comrades over to the enemy. It was just his corps which covered my front. The night before Marmont had said to me word for word: "Sire, I guarantee my army-corps!" When the latter saw themselves being led backwards into the midst of the Allies, both officers and men became very excited. In this way 8000 infantry, 3000 cavalry, and 60 guns were handed over to the enemy. This is plain fact. There are no words to describe Marmont's conduct before Paris. Who has ever experienced anything so unheard-of? 200 guns on the Champ de Mars, and only 60 cannon on Montmartre!

JOSEPH REFUSES TO FIGHT IN PARIS

If every one had done his duty, if all the Ministers, if Joseph himself, instead of fleeing with the Empress behind the Loire, had mounted his horse and shown courage and determination to the inhabitants of Paris, they would have won the day, have given me time to hasten up, and France would have been saved. The enemy, with 200,000 men would never have risked a battle on the left bank of the Seine, for in case of defeat he would have had an immense city of 800,000 inhabitants in his rear; that would have been against all the rules of war, and he would never have tried anything of the kind. Joseph's haste is to blame for all the loss. He behaved like an old woman who shouts: "Save himself who can!" Still, in spite of the capitulation of Paris, I had good prospects in Fontainebleau, if it had not been for Marmont's treason.

I AM DRIVEN TO ABDICATION—DEATH WILL NOT TAKE ME YET

It was on the 4th of April, 1814. I had just taken the parade in the courtyard of the "Cheval Blanc" and was returning to my private study with the Prince of Neuchâtel (Berthier) to give him a few more orders before mounting my horse in order to move my head-quarters to Pont-Thierry, when he asked me, somewhat embarrassed, for an audience for my marshals. I gave orders for them to

enter, but with them the Duke of Bassano (Maret), the Duke of Vicenza (Coulaincourt), and the Grand Marshal (Bertrand).

"Out of devotion to your person and your dynasty," stuttered one of the marshals, "we have resolved to tear away the veil which still hides the terrible truth from you. Everything is lost if Your Majesty hesitates to place the crown on your son's head. Only at this price is peace possible. The army is discouraged, exhausted, and disorganised. Desertion is already noticeable. We cannot dream of returning to Paris, and any efforts in an attempt to do so means the useless shedding of blood."

This sudden refusal of the highest leaders in the army formed a strange contrast to the zeal of the troops which surrounded me, but it agreed with the reports which the Duke of Vicenza had made to me on the situation in Paris. On his return from the mission which he had just undertaken to the Czar Alexander, the last words of the latter had been: "I do not wish to deceive you, but I cannot tell you everything. Understand me, and do not lose an hour in reporting to the Emperor our conversation and the state of affairs, and come back as quickly as possible with the document of abdication in favour of his son. As for his personal fate I give you my word of honour that he will be treated decently. But don't lose an hour, or everything will be lost for him, and I will then no longer have the power of doing anything for him or his dynasty."

To me it was an infallible sign of the progress of the defection. There would inevitably have been civil war if I continued the struggle. I therefore did not hesitate to offer the sacrifice which was demanded from my love of my country. I sat down at a small table on which were a few sheets of note-paper and an ink-bottle. Here I wrote out the document of abdication in favour of my son. I charged the Duke of Vicenza to go to Paris, and appointed as his coadjutors the Prince of the Moskwa (Ney), and the Duke of Ragusa (Marmont) whom for twenty years I had been accustomed to look upon as one of my confidential friends. When still only a lieutenant of artillery I had shared my scanty pay with him like a brother. However, as well as I remember, some observa-

tions by the Duke of Bassano induced me to prefer Marshal Macdonald, who was also present.

The yielding up of my crown was not the keenest blow which Fate held in store for me that day. Gourgaud, whom I had sent to Marmont, returned without being able to accomplish his task. Marmont had left my party. His army-corps no longer covered Fontainebleau, and, on the news of his defection, the Allies had sent back my abdication, and declared that they would set up the throne of the Bourbons again.

At this news a feeling of discouragement came over me. Events were developing slowly. Everybody was trying with difficulty to hide his impatience to obtain a position in the new State just created by His Majesty Louis XVIII.

All my proposals for saving the country from a counter-revolution were met by the bogle of civil war; for they knew, that by showing me that this would be the result of the continuation of the war, they were dealing a deadly blow at my resolutions. When, driven to the limits of endurance, I said to them: "As we must give up the idea of defending France, we should at least save Italy, that it may retain its nationality, and be a place of refuge for the unfortunate Frenchmen who will be exposed to the vengeance of the *émigrés*," an icy silence proved to me only too well that I had nothing more to expect from the men whom I had raised by my favours to the highest dignities in the Empire and in the army. My heart, moved through and through by love for France, was so exhausted by this struggle, that I insisted no longer on my proposals. True to my oath I gave back the crown which I had only accepted for the glory and prosperity of my country.

Since the time of the retreat from Russia I always carried poison with me, which I wore round my neck in a little silk bag. Yvan had prepared it for me on my orders, as I was afraid of being taken prisoner by the Cossacks. . . . My life no longer belonged to my country. The events of the last few days had again made me my own master. Why should I suffer so much? I said to myself. And who knows but that my death may obtain the crown again for my son? Then France would be saved? I did not hesitate. I jumped out of bed, mixed

the poison with a little water, and drank it with a certain feeling of bliss. But time had reduced the strength of the poison. Fearful pains brought on sickness. They heard my groans and hastened to my help. God did not wish me to die yet. St. Helena was in store for me.

MY WONDERFUL MARCH TO PARIS

When I arrived in Golfe Juan from Elba on the 18th of March at four o'clock, I posted men on the roads to stop all who passed and sent a detachment of twenty-five men to Antibes. Soon a whole crowd of people assembled who were astonished at our arrival and the smallness of our numbers. When a certain mayor saw how weak our forces were, he said to me: "We were just beginning to get peaceful and happy, and now you come to spoil everything again!" I can scarcely express how much these words moved me, and what grief they caused me.

Soon afterwards a courier from the Prince of Monaco, all covered with lace, was brought to me. He had formerly been employed in the Empress's stables. He recognised me at once. When I asked him for news he assured me that the troops and the people were on my side, that from Paris to Montélimart he had heard shouts of "Long live the Emperor!" On the other hand Provence was not so well disposed. The particulars which he gave us consoled our minds for the vexation which our failure in the excursion to Antibes had caused us. Soon the Prince of Monaco was conducted to us. He had been rather badly prepared for the meeting by General Cambronne. I eased his mind and told him that he was at liberty to return to his principality after my departure. He told me that he doubted the success of my undertaking on account of the small number of the troops which I had with me. He reflected the attitude of the *salons*, his courier that of the people.

As I was aware that I must move with the utmost rapidity, I began to march as soon as the moon rose. No one, not even Bertrand, knew the way which I wished to take. At the moment of starting I heard some angry utterances, because I did not march on Antibes in order to get back my twenty-five men. A few grenades thrown into the town would be sufficient, they thought. I

reckoned that it would take two hours to get to Antibes, and two to return. Besides, we should be at least three or four hours before the town, so that a half-day would have been lost. If I succeeded in releasing my men it might have been worth while; but if I failed, which was quite possible, my failure would have instilled confidence into my enemies, and they would have had time to organise. My plan was to reach Grenoble, which was the centre of the province. It contained a numerous garrison, an arsenal, guns, resources of all sorts. The object of my enterprise consisted therefore in getting possession of Grenoble at the earliest moment possible and securing the troops, so no time was to be lost whatever befell. I therefore formed an advance guard of 100 men under Cambronne, and when I had arrived at the parting of the roads to Avignon and Grasse, I gave the order, "To the right," and only then did I make known my plan of marching to Grenoble. I did not want on any account to rest in Grasse, a town of 10,000 inhabitants, but halted on a neighbouring hill and let my troops breakfast.

A few former Terrorists proposed to me to proclaim the Revolution in Grasse. I directed them, however, not to move, and also not to interfere with people who were wearing white cockades, and declared that 50 millions of them would not hold me up. In Digne the people showed more pleasure on seeing us. Michels and his wife came and greeted us. I had left my two cannon and my carriage in Grasse, and directed the mayor to send them to the arsenal in Antibes. I had also left there 1500 muskets, which I had brought from Elba, but which I did not require. Everywhere people looked at us with the greatest astonishment as we marched by. When I was bivouacking in Gap a great crowd of people surrounded me. I spoke to everybody as if at a reception in the Tuileries. The country people were very glad and abused the Nobility, saying: "The Nobility only want to yoke us to the plough." Old soldiers headed the crowd of villagers and assured their companions that I was really Bonaparte. Many of the peasants took five-franc pieces out of their pockets with my likeness, saying: "It is he!" Everybody assured us that the troops and the people were on our side, and that the Bourbons were universally

detested. In the meantime we met no troops of any kind. We found Sisteron evacuated, and Loverdo took all his troops with him. Garan, who belonged to this district, had hidden himself. The imagination of what might happen was extremely active in us, but all, to the very last man, were determined to die for our cause, which was the cause of the French people. We marched with the utmost speed, the vanguard eight leagues in front, next the army, and finally the rear-guard two leagues behind. The gendarmes whom we met on the way sold us their horses in order to mount our 100 Lancers. When I reached La Mure I found Cambronne who told me that he had had to retreat before a battalion of the 5th Regiment. I reprimanded him and told him that he ought to have returned to the town and asserted himself with audacity. The country people kept assuring us that the soldiers were on our side, and yet a battalion of the 5th Regiment was showing opposition, and would not even parley with us. I sent the cavalry round to the rear of the battalion, while I, with the vanguard, carrying their muskets under their arms, marched straight up to them. In this way I won over these troops, but our self-confidence was not increased, for before I had led these men over to us the commandant tried to make them fire on us; but the soldiers had not loaded their muskets. I made a speech to the battalion and asked their commanding officer whether he would remain loyal to me. He replied that until then he thought he was doing his duty, but henceforth he would follow me everywhere. Both he and his men took the oath to me. One of Marchand's adjutants had tried to make the men fire; the Lancers had pursued him. During the flight he spread the report that I had a large army and numerous cavalry with me. I afterwards reassured some of the old soldiers, and said to them: "What, you would have fired on your Emperor!" Whereupon, thrusting their ramrods into the barrels of their muskets, they called out: "Just look, and see if our guns are loaded!" A little further on we met Artillery-Major Rey, who reassured us completely. He showed great zeal and declared that we only needed whips to drive out those who would oppose us, and that the garrison of Grenoble was favourably disposed to us. Before us and

behind us marched thousands of country people who were quite delighted and kept singing: "The Bourbons don't bring us happiness!" A little further on Lieutenant-Colonel La Bédoyère joined us, and finally the 7th Line Regiment came over to us, so that I no longer had any doubts about the success of the enterprise.

When we arrived before Grenoble at ten o'clock at night, we found the gates shut and the walls covered with soldiers. They were shouting: "Long live the Emperor!" and yet they refused to open the gates, assuring us that it was General Marchand's order. I had the drums beaten, and announced that General Marchand was relieved of his command as from that moment; whereupon the men replied: "If he is relieved of his command that's a different thing," and they opened the gates. I asked the Colonel why he had not opened sooner, to which he replied that he had given Marchand his word of honour that he would allow him time to get away with the troops that were willing to follow him.

From Cannes to Grenoble I was an adventurer, but from Grenoble onwards I was a Ruler. I received one of General Brayer's adjutants named Saint-Jon, who informed me of all that was going on in Lyons, and told me that the Bourbon Princes were in that town on which I was marching. The country people kept coming to me from all directions. They offered to show my troops the way across the Rhône wherever I wished. I was just about to manœuvre in order to cut off the retreat of these princes when I learned that the town had been abandoned and that all the troops had declared for me. If I had captured the princes I should have been greatly embarrassed, for, only a few moments previously people had been obeying their orders. It would have been preferable if a government of the people had put them to death.

When Louis XVIII heard of my landing Soult had betaken himself to the Tuileries and declared to him that it was only a question for the gendarmery, to which the King returned: "Everything depends on the first regiments; anyhow, it is a very silly business!" The Duke of Dalmatia (Soult) told me about it later on, and frankly admitted that he had had no confidence in my enterprise. This marshal did not betray the King, but

there was so much against him, that, if I had not been fully acquainted with the course of events, I would have declared him a traitor.

On the way from Lyons to Paris I was told that an army was being placed to bar my road and would fight me. This caused the brave Brayer to remark: "Let them yelp, the men will not fight, for they are all on your side." The enthusiasm of the peasantry was so great that I could have arrived before the capital at the head of 500,000 men if I had wished.

When I returned to France, it was not as a conqueror but as a dispenser of bounty. I was not merely, as it is said, the Emperor of the soldiers, I was the Emperor of the peasants, of the proletariat, the Emperor of France.

That accounts for the sympathy between us, it was not the same with the privileged classes. The nobles served me and crowded into my ante-rooms. There were no appointments which they did not accept or ask for. I have counted among my servants the Montmorencys, the Noailles, the Rohans, the Beauveaux, the Mortemarts; but between them and me there was never anything in common. With the common people it was quite different: their turn of mind agreed more with mine. I have come from the people, so they listened to my voice. The recruits and the peasants were a sight to behold. I did not flatter them, on the contrary I treated them very strictly, but for all that they would surround me and shout: "Long live the Emperor!" That was because there existed between them and me a common natural feeling. They looked on me as their supporter and protector against the nobles. I only needed to make a sign, a twitch of the eyelashes, and the Nobility would have been slain in every province. But I did not wish to be a King of a peasant insurrection, but, if possible, to rule by a Constitution. I wanted the lordship of the world, and, in order to make sure of it, an unlimited power was necessary to me. I wanted the Kingdom of the World, but who in my place, would not have wished for it? The world summoned me to rule it. Rulers and subjects vied with one another in placing themselves under my sceptre. I have seldom met with opposition in

France, but I have met with it on a few occasions from some insignificant Frenchmen, as well as from princes who are to-day proud of the fact that they are no longer obliged to treat a man of the people as if he were their equal.

I FIND MY PRIVATE STUDY STILL INTACT

On his flight to Ghent Louis XVIII had left his most private papers in his study, as for instance, a small pocket-book with love-letters from different mistresses, and correspondence with Davaray, with Louis XVI, with the Duchess d'Angoulême, further the portrait of his wife in a gold case, likewise Malesherbe's letter reporting the death of Louis XVI, finally, a large mahogany table covered with books, the authors of which had dedicated them to him since his arrival in Paris, together with all the petitions, memoranda, and denunciations which he had been receiving for nine months.

When I arrived in the Tuileries on the 20th, at nine o'clock in the evening, that is to say, twenty or twenty-one hours afterwards, I entered my private study, where nothing had been altered, and where nobody had ventured to enter. My astonishment was great when I noticed that the most private and secret documents lay open there. As I was very busy it took me a fortnight to look through everything. This led to some of the strangest domestic scenes. One day a lady asked for an audience. She entered into all kinds of assurances, and I granted her request. In the evening, an hour later, I returned to my study and continued the inspection of the papers found there. Among them was a request from the same lady, couched in the strangest language. For a moment I was very annoyed, and felt inclined to revoke the act of pardon which I had promised. But when I remembered that I had given my word to forget everything that was written since the taking of Paris, I signed the pardon after all.

THE DRAMA OF WATERLOO, JUNE 18TH, 1815

I arrived in Paris on the 20th of March, 1815. On the 24th the Count d'Artois took leave of his Guard in Béthune, and on the 1st of April the tricolour was floating

over Lille and the whole of the north of France. Louis XVIII fled to Ghent. On the 18th of April the Duke d'Angoulême seized the bridge over the Drome and marched into Valence. On the 12th he was already a prisoner, and was set free by my order. On the 10th Marseille surrendered and hoisted the tricolour. On the 20th of the same month a salvo of 100 guns announced that the Imperial flag was floating over the whole Empire.

On the 15th of June, that is to say, six weeks after the pacification, I commenced hostilities and crossed the Sambre, which I ought to have done a month earlier, namely, on the 15th of May; but France was not yet reckoning on a lasting peace at that time, and public opinion would have been dead against a premature attack. Besides, the troops of the line were not sufficiently strong at the time to occupy the fortified towns, especially those lying on the northern frontier, without being afraid of losing them. It would not have been possible to march into Belgium with more than 40,000 men, while Lord Wellington and Blücher together controlled over 180,000 men; they would therefore have been four to one. When we took the field in the middle of June we had 120,000 men while Lord Wellington and Blücher controlled about 220,000. Things had altered and they would have had only two to one, in case their forces were united.

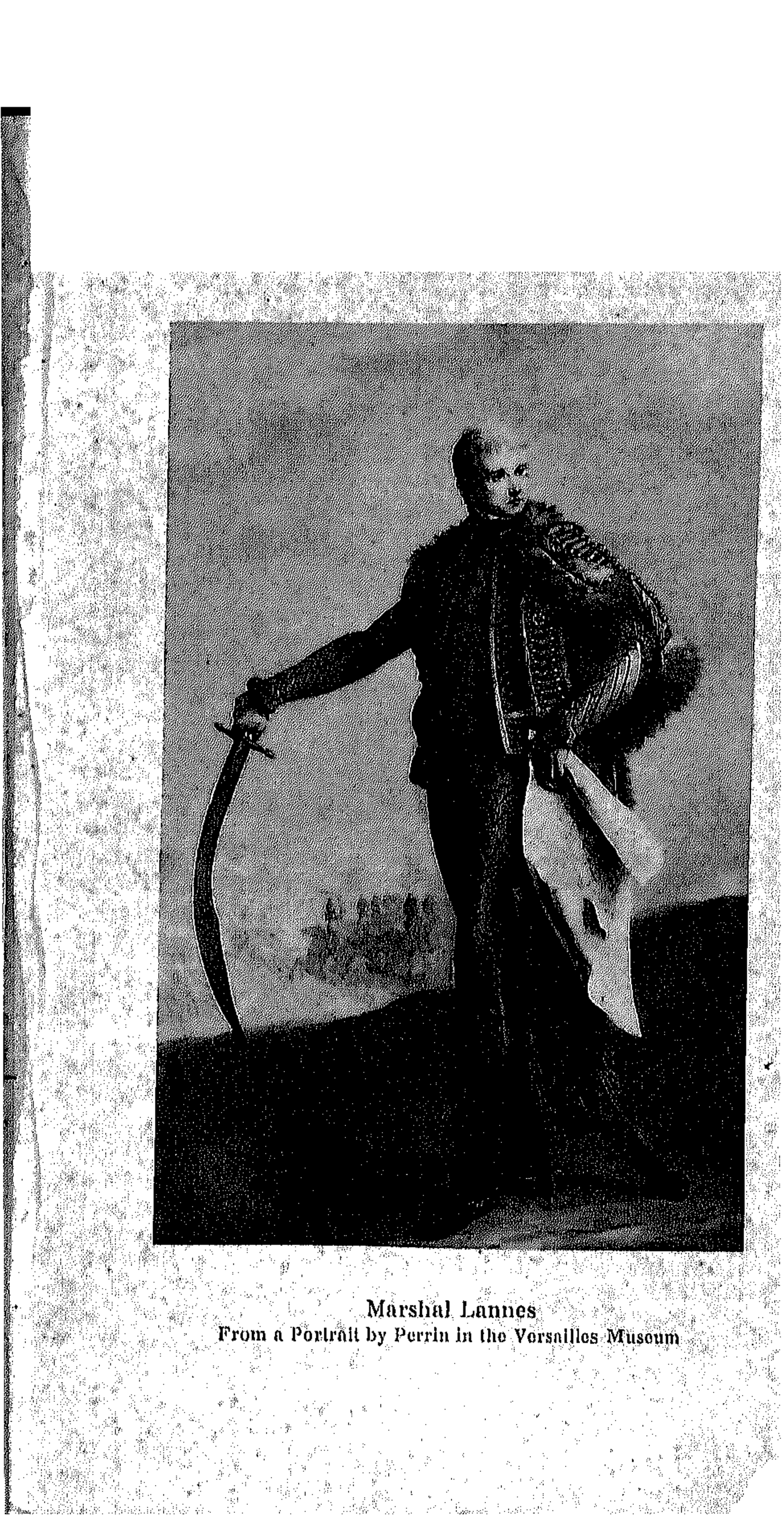
If I had postponed the attack I would have possessed a stronger and better organised army, but I had heard and believed that the Austro-Russian Army, 400,000 men strong would commence their attack on the 1st of July. I intended defeating the English and Prussian armies separately; that was a matter of course. The operations of the 13th, 14th, 15th, 16th, and 17th of June were carried out with skill. First Wellington and Blücher were surprised and attacked separately. Blücher was beaten and Wellington compelled to retreat. The incomprehensible slowness of Grouchy caused the loss of the Battle of Waterloo, which 60,000 to 70,000 French had been winning till five o'clock in the afternoon over about 36,000 English, 54,000 Belgians and Hanovarians, and 30,000 Prussians of Bülow's army-corps. In addition there came 32,000 more men from Blücher's two army-corps, the 1st and the 4th, which Grouchy was to have

held in check. The enemy's forces amounted, consequently, to 152,000 men against, at the most, 67,000. Apart from the mistakes made by Grouchy, many other causes had a great influence on the result of the battle. At other times the French, even though they were very much in a minority, would have won the victory, and it was only the stubborn and inflexible bravery of the English troops that prevented them from doing so.

I don't yet understand the loss of the Battle of Waterloo. It is true General Reille, who had been fighting the English in Spain for a long time, told me that their infantry was excellent, that he knew of no troops except my Guard who were superior to them. Reille told me further that it was especially owing to their discipline that the English manœuvred with the utmost exactness under the most terrible fire. They would move thirty paces forward or to the rear, then halt and fire, move again thirty paces forward or backward, and fire again. And all the time they would keep the most exact order. In time, of course, it will be known how the battle went.

Who can have ordered Guyot to risk my Cavalry Guard? It is clear that he attacked before the moment that I assume in my report. Doubtless he moved without my orders. I do not believe, as Gourgaud asserts, that I gave my orders through Bertrand, or perhaps my orders were misunderstood. I did not wish to hazard the Cavalry of the Guard, for that would mean putting everything at stake.

I should have given Suchet an army-corps under my command, I should have sent Davout a month earlier to organise my army, and appointed Clauzel Minister of War. Or I ought to have given Soult the command of the Guard. He did not wish me to employ Ney. I should have spent the night of the 15th in Fleurus, and given Grouchy's command to Suchet, and given the former the command of all the cavalry, as I had not got Murat. The soldiers did not know each other well enough to possess the proper *esprit de corps*. The cavalry were better than the infantry. It is a pity that I did not fall at Waterloo, for that would have been a fine ending. My situation is frightful! I am like a dead man, yet full of life!



Marshal Lannes
From a Portrait by Perrin in the Versailles Museum

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King Joachim Murat
From a Portrait by Gérard in the Versailles Museum

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Napoleon's Death
From a Lithograph by Schuppan from Stauben

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Oh God! Perhaps the rain of the 17th of June had more to do with the loss of Waterloo than we think! If I had not been so exhausted I would have spent the whole night on horseback. The apparently most trivial circumstances have often the greatest effect.

BEFORE THE ABDICATION

After the loss of the Battle of Waterloo it was a question, not of saving me, but of saving France. They wished me to abdicate. But had people thought of the inevitable consequences of this abdication? It was only round me, round my name, that the army grouped itself; to tear me from it meant its dissolution. If I had been repulsed in Cannes when I landed I could have understood it, but now—that I cannot understand. A government is not overthrown with impunity when the enemy is at the gates. Did people think that perhaps phrases would put the foreigners on to a wrong scent? If they had deposed me a fortnight earlier it would have been a courageous act. But now I formed a part of what the enemy was attacking, and consequently also a part of what France had to defend. When it gave me up, it gave itself up, it admitted a weakness, declared itself thereby conquered, and encouraged the boldness of the victors. It was not freedom that deposed me, but Waterloo, an act of fear, which France's enemies used to their advantage.

WHAT I OUGHT TO HAVE DONE AFTER WATERLOO—MY MISTAKES

Everybody expresses his views of the events of this time. I was unfortunate, and now every one thinks he can attack me. That is in fact very easy. When I got back to Paris I was thoroughly exhausted. For three days I had neither eaten nor slept. When I was waiting for the men whom I had sent for, I took a bath. If I had been in the Chamber of Deputies, they would at least have listened to me with respect. But as I was forbidden by the Constitution to attend the meetings, my enemies would have attacked me with rancour as soon as I had retired. Either I should have had to rule like Cromwell, or been obliged to have Fouché shot. I ought to have

unmasked him as a traitor, who only unfolded the tricolour in order to betray it. I should have been obliged to prove that the salvation of the country lay only in me. I should have had to demand from the Chamber the heads of thirty deputies. Perhaps, from love of my country, I would have taken refuge in this last expedient, if I had considered success possible, but I did not believe it, and my whole ego reared up at the thought of smearing myself with blood.

If Fouché, instead of betraying me, had come out openly on my side, he would have been very useful to me, for he was the soul of the party opposed to me. Now he will regret it, for he has already made shipwreck.

I ought to have had him shot; it was a great mistake that I did not do so. Without doubt I ought to have gone to Parliament, but I was too exhausted. Who would suppose that everything would be decided so quickly? Who would assume that Lafayette would declare Parliament to be in permanent sitting? It was seven o'clock when I arrived in Paris, and by noon the Chambers were in full rebellion!

One must also not forget that I am only a man after all. History will reproach me for walking off the world's stage too soon. I admit that, in my resentment, I was a little careless in my resolution. When, from Malmaison I offered the Provisional Government to place myself again at the head of the army, in order to take advantage of the Allies' lack of wisdom and destroy them under the walls of Paris, before the day was over 25,000 Prussians would have laid down their arms. But they declined to have me; I told the ringleaders to go to the devil, and took my departure. I acted wrongly; the true Frenchmen have the right to reproach me for this. I should have mounted my horse, when Brayer's division appeared before Malmaison, have caused myself to be led into the middle of the troops, taken up a position at once and beaten the enemy, then seized the Dictatorship, and appealed to the inhabitants of the Paris suburbs. This crisis of twenty-four hours would have saved France from a second Restoration. Through a great victory I would have diminished the impression of Waterloo, and would besides have been able to treat on behalf of my son,

if the Allies had persisted in declaring that it was only towards me that their anger was directed.

I made another mistake. I started too soon from the Isle of Elba. I ought to have waited till the Congress had broken up, and the princes had returned home. I was deceived, for I was told that the Congress had broken up; but it had not. I ought not to have occupied myself with the Constitution, ought to have used quite a different language to France, spoken of the dangers with which the country was threatened, and seized the Dictatorship till the time of the general peace. I was able to do so without danger, if I had only appealed to the mass of the common people. Their patriotic enthusiasm would have reduced the Paris *salons* to a state of icy terror and brought all intrigues to nought. After I was victorious I could have employed my time in establishing a really constitutional government.

I also acted wrongly in quarrelling with Talleyrand. He possesses everything which I lack. He would have held in his hands all the threads of diplomatic intrigue. If I had frankly allowed him to share in my greatness, he would have served me well, and I would have died on the throne. He is the ideal diplomat. He possessed my whole confidence and never abused it. I must do him this justice.

I AGAIN GIVE UP THE IDEA OF SEIZING THE CONTROL OF THE STATE

The English cruiser squadron on the west coast of France was not very strong. Two corvettes were before Bordeaux and were there blockading a French frigate, and pursuing the Americans who were sailing out of the harbour in great numbers every day. Close to the Island of Aix we had two well-armed frigates, the corvette *Vulcan* at the back of the harbour, and a strong brig. All were being blockaded by a battleship of 74 guns—one of the smallest in the British Navy—and one or two corvettes. Doubtless, by sacrificing one or two ships, the French could have escaped from the harbour. But the oldest of the captains was weak and declined to run out of the harbour, while the second, fully determined, would have made the attempt. Probably the first had received

instructions from Fouché, who already betrayed me openly and wished to hand me over to the English.

If the task had been entrusted to Admiral Verhuell, as they had promised me on my departure from Paris, he would probably have sailed out. The crews of both the frigates were filled with loyalty and enthusiasm for me.

The garrison of the Island of Aix consisted of 1500 Marines who formed a fine regiment. The officers were angry because the frigates would not sail out and proposed to fit out two fishing boats, each of fifteen tons, in the harbour. The young midshipmen were willing to serve as sailors. But at the moment for the carrying out of the plan they declared that it would be difficult to reach America without touching any point of the coast of Spain or Portugal.

In these circumstances I formed a kind of council of the persons surrounding me. It was pointed out to me that one could no longer count on either the frigates or the armed fishing craft, that the latter offered no kind of guarantee of the possibility of success, and that they would be captured by the British on the open sea, or fall into the hands of the other Allies.

Thus there remained now only two possibilities: either to go back inland in order to try once more the fortune of arms, or to seek asylum in England. When I examined the first possibility, I found myself at the head of 1500 Marines who were full of zeal and goodwill. The man in command of the island was a former officer of the Egyptian Army and quite devoted to me. He would have landed these 1500 men in Rochefort. There we would have been strengthened by the garrison of that town whose attitude was excellent. We could have called up the garrison of Rochelle, which consisted of four battalions, who had offered their services. In this way I was in the position of uniting with General Clauzel, who was in command of the army in Bordeaux, or with General Lamarque, who had done such excellent work with the army in La Vendée. Both were expecting me. We could easily have carried civil war into the interior of France.

But, as Paris had been taken and the Parliament dissolved, as there were 500,000 to 600,000 enemies in the

heart of France, the civil war could have had no other result than the destruction of all those splendid men, so devoted to me, which France possessed. This would have been a grievous and irreparable loss, it would have spoiled the hopes of France's future destiny, and would have had no other result than putting me in a position to bargain and obtain favourable conditions for my own interests.

But I had given up all my claims as a ruler, and only asked for a quiet place of refuge. I only wanted to live as a private citizen. For that purpose America was the most suitable country, the goal of my wishes. Finally England appealed to me with her reasonable laws, and it seemed to me, after my first meeting with Captain Maitland, that the latter would take me to England with my whole suite, where I should be decently treated. From that moment I should be under the protection of the laws of England. I therefore resolved to give myself up to the English squadron as soon as Maitland had definitely agreed to receive us. We returned to him, as he had explained by word of mouth that he was empowered by his Government to receive me, in case I went on board the *Bellerophon*, and carry me and my escort to England. I therefore surrendered, not because I was compelled to do so by circumstances, as I could still have remained in France, but because I wished to live as a private citizen and not to trouble myself any more with State affairs, and especially not to confuse those of France. Certainly I would not have taken this resolution if I had had the least suspicion of the unworthy treatment which was to be meted out to me. Everybody may be assured of that. My letter to the Prince Regent of England is sufficient proof of my confidence and conviction. Captain Maitland, to whom the contents were officially imparted before I went on board his ship, made no remark on it, and thus recognised and endorsed the meaning of this letter.

CHAPTER XI

THOUGHTS AND PLANS

A FEDERATION OF NATIONS, MY GREAT WISH

ONE of my favourite ideas was the fusion, the federation of the nations, which had been separated by revolutions and politics. There are in Europe more than 30 million French, 15 million Spaniards, as many Italians, and 30 million Germans. I wanted to unite them all into one strong, national body. The accomplisher of this work would be awarded by Posterity with its most beautiful wreath, and I felt myself strong enough and called on to undertake this work. When this was done people could devote themselves to the realisation of the ideal, at present only a dream, of a higher civilisation. Then there would be no more vicissitudes to fear, for there would be only one set of laws, one kind of opinion, one view, one interest, the interest of mankind. Then perhaps one could realise for Europe the thought of an amphictyony, a North American Congress. And what views would then be opened out, what a spectacle the world would present!

The fusion of the 30 million Frenchmen under one law had already taken place, that of the Spaniards being on the point of completion; for one must not judge a thing, as is generally done, by its result. Because circumstances prevented the completion of the subjugation of the Spaniards, people now think they are impossible to subject. And yet it is a fact that, at the very moment when victory escaped me, the Cortes in Cadiz were in secret negotiations with me. Besides, Spain was not lost to me through her resistance, nor by means of England's help, but in consequence of my own mistakes, and the misfortunes which I met with, but especially because I was so careless as to remove myself and my whole power a thousand leagues from Spain. Had it not been for this

mistake Spain would have been pacified in three or four years. Peace would have returned to the Peninsula, a new and happy period of intellectual and social freedom for the country would have begun, and, instead of hating me, the new-born nation would have blessed me, that nation for which the most frightful struggles are now in store.

In Italy the fusion was almost completed. Here one only needed to watch quietly, the thing was thriving there alone. Every day was bringing the fruits of unity, legislation, and the new flight in thought and feeling to maturity. The union of Piedmont, Parma, Tuscany, and the Papal States with France was only transitory, and had no other purpose than to facilitate the completion of the national education of the Italians, and to keep the whole under one's eye.

And so the South of Europe was already approaching very close to the great goal, and then, when the thing was complete, what would the South have to fear from the North? Must not every human effort break against such walls?

The unification of Germany required more time. Here also I would have had to begin with the simplification of its huge composition, not just because the people are not yet ripe for national ideas, but lest they should give themselves up too violently to the thing that was long germinating in their hearts. It is incomprehensible to me that no German Prince up to the present has had the idea of unifying the whole. If Destiny had made me a German Prince, I would have rescued this nation from the storms of our days under one sceptre. With thirty million Germans surrounding my throne, as I know them, if I had been chosen and appointed by them as their ruler, I would never have been forsaken. As their Emperor I would never have been brought to St. Helena.

This plan of bringing about a union of the nations—*and it is the noblest, most courageous and highest-minded* plan—was wrecked through my misfortune and fall, like so many others in the execution of which I was hindered, but it is not lost for all that. The start has been given, the force of circumstances will carry it out, and nothing can prevent it. In the first great general war that breaks

out, the ruler who understands how to unite his interests with those of the common people, will see himself in a moment head of all Europe, and will then be able to do what he likes in this respect.

THE IDEAL OF A CONSTITUTION

The constitution of a State must be created in such a way that it does not disturb the actions of a Government, and so force it to break it. No Constitution has remained the same as it was at the beginning. Its progress is always subject to men and circumstances. If a Government that is too strong has its disadvantages, a weak one has still more. Governments are compelled every day to break the law. It cannot be otherwise, for then government would be impossible.

There is not a single Minister who has not been liable at some time to impeachment. Rule cannot be despotic because there is neither a feudal system, a mediatory body, nor a precedent on which it can act. As soon as a Government becomes tyrannical it must suffer in public opinion and will never regain confidence. Therefore a Council is necessary for unforeseen cases, and the Senate is most suitable for this purpose.

IS THERE REAL DESPOTISM?

In my opinion there is no such thing as despotism pure and simple. Ideas are relative. If a sultan has heads cut off at his pleasure, his own head is in most danger of all, for that very reason, of suffering the same fate. That is the way of the world, and all the might of a ruler is shattered at last on the rock of established custom. In Egypt I was conqueror, ruler, unlimited master; I ruled the whole nation through my orders of the day, and yet my power did not penetrate to the interior of the houses and families. It did not lie in my power to forbid free speech in the coffee-houses. In this respect they were less restrained than the people of Paris, for it had always been the custom. Although they bore the yoke of slavery everywhere and in every other circumstance, here they wished to be free, and they were so. The coffee-houses were the strongholds of free speech, the market-places of free mental intercourse. Here men declaimed and talked

The Battle of Waterloo
From a Lithograph by Schuppan

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without any reservation, and even if I had wished to, I could not have closed their mouths. If I happened to come to such a place myself, they bowed respectfully to me, but that was nothing more nor less than a personal tribute. And yet the lives, the well-being, and the affliction of thousands of people lay in my hands unrestricted.

A REPUBLIC LEADS TO THE DESPOTISM OF AN INDIVIDUAL OR OF A CASTE

A republic is the form of government which elevates the character most, and possesses in the highest degree the germ of great actions. But its very greatness consumes it sooner or later; for, in order to be powerful, it needs of necessity a unity of action which leads sooner or later to the despotism of an individual, or to aristocracy. The latter is certainly the worst of all forms of despotism. Rome, Venice, England, and even France are incontestable proofs of this truth.

ON POPULARITY

What is popularity? What is gentleness? Who was more popular, and who was gentler than the unfortunate Louis XVI? And what a fate was destined for him! He was put to death! One must serve a nation worthily, but not take pains to flatter the people. To win them you must do them good. For nothing is more dangerous than to echo people's opinions and say just what they want to hear. When, afterwards, they do not get all they want, they get restless and believe you have broken your word. And if you oppose them then, they hate you in proportion as they think themselves deceived.

The first duty of a prince is doubtless to do what the people wish, but the common people scarcely ever want what they say they do. Their will and needs should be less expressed by them than felt by the ruler.

Doubtless every kind of rule can maintain itself, a kind one, as well as a severe one. Each has its advantages and its disadvantages; everything in the world preserves a kind of balance. When I was asked what was the purpose of my severe expressions and regulations, I had to answer: "In order to spare myself the necessity of having to carry

out what I threatened to do." What bad things have I done, anyway? What blood have I spilled? Who in my position can boast of having done better? What epoch of history, that had the same difficulties to contend with, has such harmless results to point to as mine? With what am I really reproached? They confiscated the archives of my administration, they took possession of my papers; and what did they bring to light? Have not all princes who found themselves in the same situation as myself, in the midst of parties, embarrassments, and conspiracies, surrounded themselves with criminals and executions?

A REVOLUTION IS THE GREATEST MISFORTUNE FOR A NATION

Whatever people may say, a revolution is one of the greatest misfortunes with which Divine anger can punish a nation. It is the scourge of the generation that caused it, and for long years, nay, perhaps for a whole century, it brings unhappiness to all, and happiness to only a few. True social happiness lies in the greatest possible order, in the harmony of everybody's pleasure.

HOW I UNDERSTAND POLICY

My policy consists in ruling men according to the will of the great majority. In this way I believe one recognises the sovereignty of the people. In order to end the war in La Vendée, I made myself a Catholic, as a Mussulman I managed to establish myself in Egypt, and as an Ultramontanist I won all hearts in Italy. If I were ruling a Jewish people, I would restore the Temple of Solomon. In this manner I spoke of liberty in the free part of San Domingo; I confirmed the state of slavery in the Isle of France, even in the other half of San Domingo. I reserved the right to improve and limit the conditions of slavery where I allowed it to remain, but in the places where I upheld liberty I meant to restore order and discipline.

AN OPEN ROAD TO TALENT

I have always kept pace with the opinion of the people and with events. I have never laid stress on the opinion of individuals, but I paid great attention to the general

opinion of the public. How would crime have helped me then? I am a great fatalist, and have always had too great a scorn for men to take refuge in crime in order to frustrate their attacks. I have always had the opinion of five or six million men on my side, what need had I then for crime?

If I had remained on the throne, I would have died with the reputation of being the greatest man that ever lived. However, as I have failed in my purpose, I shall only be considered as an extraordinary man, for my rise was without example, as it took place without crime! I have fought fifty pitched battles, nearly all of which I won. I have devised a code of laws and put it into practice, which will hand down my name to posterity. From nothing I soared until I became the mightiest ruler in the world. Europe lay at my feet. My ambition was great, that I admit, but it was cold and calculating, and called forth by events and the opinions of great men. I always held the view that sovereignty lay in the people. In reality the Imperial Government was a kind of republic. Called by the voice of the people to the head of the Government, my motto was: "An open road to talent!" And I gave no preference to birth over ability. And this system of equality was the reason why the English oligarchy hated me so much.

MY TITLE IS "EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH"

The Institut de France had proposed giving me the title of "Augustus" or "Germanicus." Augustus has only won the Battle of Actium. Germanicus could only interest the Romans by his defeats, for, throughout his life he only distinguished himself by deeds of second-rate importance. Nothing is known of the lives of the Roman Emperors which could make one envy them.

The only man, who was once Emperor, and who distinguished himself by his character, and his numerous famous acts, was Cæsar. If there were a title that I could wish for, it would be that of "Cæsar." But so many petty princes have dishonoured—if it can be dishonoured—this title in such a way that it has nothing in common with the name of the great Cæsar.

My title is "Emperor of the French."

MY INTENTIONS WITH REGARD TO ITALY

All the arrangements which I made in Italy were only provisional. My plan was to create a single state out of this great peninsula. For this reason I reserved to myself the Iron Crown in order to hold in my hand the lead of all the peoples of Italy. Since then I preferred incorporating Rome, Tuscany, Genoa, and Piedmont in the French Empire to uniting them with the Kingdom of Italy, as these nations preferred coming under the Imperial sceptre. That also allowed of a large number of the inhabitants of these districts migrating to France and of the sending of a number of French there, besides arranging for the entry of their recruits and sailors into the French regiments or the naval squadrons in Toulon.

For Naples alone a special arrangement had to be devised, and the appearance of a permanent government had to be given to the temporary one which had been created, as this great city had been accustomed to a large amount of independence, and because King Ferdinand was in Sicily, close by, while the English squadron was cruising off the coast. But the moment Italy was proclaimed a kingdom, and my second son was crowned in Rome, the Italians of Sicily, Sardinia, Naples, Genoa, Piedmont, Florence, and Milan would all have flocked round the throne of the ancient and noble Italy.

I RESPECTED THE GERMANS

I could have laid the German millions under contributions of war, if I had wished, and it would only have been right and fair. But I took good care not to treat them so ruthlessly, for I respected them. That the Germans should hate me in spite of that is perfectly natural. I was compelled to fight on their territory for ten years, and they were unable either to realise my true intentions, or to see, through my thoughts, the great and important benefits which I purposed giving them.

I HAVE TREATED THE POLES WRONGLY

I regret that circumstances were stronger than my will. I wanted to restore the Kingdom of Poland as a strong and powerful rampart against the incessant ambition of the Czars.

Two possibilities came under my consideration, as I pondered in the autumn of 1806 in Charlottenburg on the possible consequences of the Battle of Jena and the complete reorganisation of the Prussian Monarchy, which had formerly been so powerful on account of the victories of the great Frederick. Should I complete the destruction of Prussia, or should I accept the apologies of its king, a man of honour, in order to attach him to me by the bonds of gratitude, which was honestly meant on his side? But I required Hanover, the Saxon Provinces of Prussia, Westphalia, and Franconia. I also needed Magdeburg.

If I had placed the Polish Crown on the head of the King of Prussia, Frederick William, as King of Prussia and Poland would have become a more powerful monarch than before the Battle of Jena. Austria would not have been in a position to exchange Galicia for the Illyrian Provinces.

Following up this train of thought I agreed to the negotiations with Marquis Lucchesini and General Zastrow. I also caused Kosciuszko to be sounded on the value of the help which I might obtain from the Poles, in case I called them to arms in order to restore their nationality. To this purpose, too, it happened that I entrusted Generals Dombrowski and Zaionczek with important missions.

I say it with regret, because no one was better able to judge than myself of the personal and chivalrous worth of the Poles: Poland did not answer to my call. However, if the King of Prussia had had fewer private virtues, and had resolved rather to sacrifice the Russian Army, Poland would have been restored. The Polish insurrection would have been of slight importance directly the remnants of the Prussian Army had gathered under my banners to fight the Russian Army, which could only put into the fight against me 160 battalions and 160 squadrons, numbering altogether not more than 80,000 men.

Talleyrand criticised my Polish plans. Perhaps he contributed in making their execution impossible, in order to prevent my fall through a gigantic undertaking. In fact I was not without anxiety concerning Germany, and Austria's plans of retaliation. Perhaps it would mean sacrificing France's interests if I meddled with

other matters than the compelling of the Russian Army to recross the Niemen, and the signing by Czar Alexander of a peace which would prove for the second time inside two years the incontestable superiority of the French Army.

When I decided on the war of 1812, I thought again of the restoration of the Kingdom of Poland, and, for this purpose, I caused, through the Duke of Bassano (Maret), to be added to the treaties with Prussia of the 24th February, 1812, and with Austria of the 14th March, 1812, secret supplementary clauses. Through these private treaties the two States had agreed to the possibility of the restoration of Poland and undertook to cede their Polish Provinces in certain circumstances in return for indemnification elsewhere, which should be agreed upon later, in case a victory should not compel Russia to give up her Polish Provinces.

THE ENGLISH GOVERNMENT QUITE DIFFERENT FROM OURS

In the case of a nation like the English where everything is influenced by public opinion, even the actions of the Ministers of State, and the resolutions of Parliament, it will be easily understood that the Press enjoys unlimited freedom. Our Constitutions, on the other hand, do not require the interference of the people in State affairs; the Senate, the Council of State, the Legislative Assembly, thought, spoke, and acted for the nation, each according to its particular powers. If the people were not satisfied with this, the existing organisation had to be completely altered; but it has been proved that such a force of public opinion produces nothing but confusion and excitement, so that a strict surveillance of the Press would have to be set up.

In the English constitutional system public opinion may influence the Government; consequently the Press cannot be prevented from denouncing Ministers and criticising their actions. The devastating effects of such a usage are however balanced by the orderly customs of the people. The King of England is withal the supreme head of the religion, and a powerfully constituted aristocracy is in a position to hold the crowd in check. The common people are too rough and crude to let themselves be

excited by writings. For all that it is not quite certain that the English Government will not be overthrown some day through the liberty of its Press. In France, where the common people have the gift of quick apprehension, are endowed with lively imaginations, and are susceptible of strong impressions, the unlimited freedom of the Press would be absolutely fatal.

Besides, what is the result in England of that liberty to print everything against highly placed personages? Does it do any good? Does it alter anything? Does it perchance improve morals? On the contrary, as they are sure of being attacked, whatever their conduct may be, they simply let the people talk, and only become worse. Even Fox admitted that the liberty of the Press in England caused immense confusion. A well-regulated surveillance of the Press can never have unpleasant consequences.

THE AMERICANS AS AVENGERS OF THE SEA

The English know very well that the Americans would give their lives to the last man if necessary in the defence of their native land. It is also known that the Americans do not like carrying on war in foreign countries. They have not yet reached the point of causing the English serious anxiety. Some day perhaps they will be the avengers of the sea, but this period of time, which I might perhaps have shortened, is still far distant. The Americans will not become a great people all at once, but only gradually.

The English have lost America because it freed itself. India will be lost to the English by a foreign invasion. The loss of America was quite natural. When children grow up they want to go their own way. The Indians, on the other hand, will not grow up, they always remain children. Therefore the catastrophe can only come from without.

MY CODE OF LAWS—FRENCH LOVE OF LITIGATION

If one wishes to strengthen a nation one must hasten to regulate the most important subjects of legislation by a code of laws. The Civil Code, without being perfect, has done much good work. Every one knows, since it was

put into force, the principles by which he has to conduct himself, and arranges his property and affairs accordingly.

The Criminal Code has the most influence on public tranquillity and safety. It contributes much to placing the French in that condition of peace and security which they need so badly after such a long period of excitement.

In the discussions over the drawing up of the Civil Code the objections chiefly made were that it did not give the judge sufficient scope. Extreme exactness in the laws has been found unpleasant and oppressive by all nations since ancient times, and they have therefore introduced into their laws only main features of an obvious and productive character. People have perceived that the application of the law varies infinitely. One would try in vain to introduce a definite application of the laws to all offences, and one would soon be forced to see that laws made in this spirit and with this kind of exactness would be incomplete. Besides they would often be found lacking in their application. Therefore this mistake has rightly been regarded as a reproach to the outlined scheme for a Civil Code, for it is true that it does not allow the Courts sufficient scope and is too dogmatic. When a law does not fulfil its purpose, and does not make its intentions clear, a judge will often give a decision against his own will through acting on the strict letter of the law.

To sacrifice the interests of private persons in cases that are not private means as much as to say that the law can be invalid. Such a principle must be a sufficient reason for its complete abolition.

My Code of Laws placed a fairly good barrier to the disorder caused by love of litigation, but there still remained a good deal to be done by the lawgiver, namely, to think out means of preventing people not only from indulging in legal disputes—for such means will always remain useless, because the motives of these disputes lie too deep in human nature—but to prevent one-third of the population from living on the quarrels of the other two-thirds, and even living well. My idea was gradually to bring about such a state of affairs that barristers would be quite superfluous. How much fewer the number of lawsuits would be in the world then! But this result

could only be attained by making laws which were easily understood, of the greatest possible simplicity, and few in number, and by enabling every citizen to obtain sufficient insight into them to judge an impending case correctly himself. To this idea of mine many objections have been made, and many obstacles have been placed in the way, so that, owing to my continual lack of time, I had to leave the affair as it stood for the time being, yet I am firmly convinced that it can be carried out.

The Civil Code, the Order of Procedure, and the Commercial Code, besides the Criminal Code, have all met with success by me. The Civil Code is the law-book of the century.

Freedom is the need of a class that is not very numerous and is privileged by circumstances; equality, on the other hand, is what pleases the crowd.

I AM AGAINST STATE LOANS

One has only to consider what loans can lead to, in order to realise their danger. Therefore I would never have anything to do with them, and have always striven against them.

At one time people asserted that I did not issue loans because I possessed no credit, and could find nobody who would lend me anything. That is quite false. That surely implies a very scanty knowledge of human nature and an ignorance of Stock Exchange methods, if people imagine that I could find no one ready to lend. It was not part of my system.

And what were the results of this system? What means of relief have I left to France? Does she not remain, in spite of her gigantic exertions, in spite of the most frightful losses, the happiest country in the world? Are her finances not the best in Europe? And to whom does she owe all this? The thought of destroying France's future was so far removed from my thoughts that I formed the resolution of bequeathing a treasure; I had indeed already one from which I drew, to support banking-houses, families, and my officials.

WEALTH IS NOT MERIT

A man cannot deduce merit from wealth. A rich man is so often an idler without merit. Even a rich merchant is wealthy only because he sells dear or steals. I do not wish to defend the Agrarian Law, but I wish to have rich men, for they are the only means by which the poor can live. I do not desire, however, that anyone should derive any special merit, or any political distinction from his wealth. In these times any distinction of the kind would be more unpopular than at any other period, for to-day wealth is the result of theft or robbery. For who is rich, after all? The purchasers of national estates, the army contractor, the thief! How could anyone call riches acquired in this way a merit?

AMBITION AND GENIUS

Ambition is the main driving power of men. A man expends his abilities as long as he hopes to rise; but when he has reached the highest round, he only asks for rest. I have created senatorial appointments and princely titles, in order to promote ambition, and, in this way, to make the senators and marshals dependent on me.

Genius is sometimes only an instinct which is incapable of being perfected. In most cases the art of judging correctly is perfected only through observation and experience. A good thought is not always associated with good judgment, but good judgment always presupposes a good thought.

One can never set limits to one's capacity. The man who can satisfy his daily needs with thirty francs is richer than the man who, with an income of 300,000 francs, suffers from the want of something. Often the whole difference between the wealth of two men consists in the one being able to eat green peas a fortnight earlier than the other.

I APPRECIATED THE NOBILITY

I have always taken pains to restore to the families of the Nobility their former position of high respect and splendour, and in my army there were many young men of the Old Régime who conducted themselves very well. In my Court, too, there were many; but in this respect

I had to be very cautious, for every time that I touched this chord, people's minds reared up like a horse when one pulls the reins too tight. France needed an aristocracy, but in order to lay its foundations time was necessary, and a due regard to the associations of history. I created princes and dukes, gave them fortunes and possessions, but on account of their humble origin I could not make noblemen of them. In order to make the matter easier I tried as much as possible to connect them by marriage with the old families, and, if the twenty years which I asked for to complete France's greatness, had been granted me, I would have done much. Unfortunately, Fate has decided otherwise.

INDUSTRY AND COMMERCE IN FRANCE

If I had not been overthrown I would have made a complete change in the appearance of commerce as well as of industry. I would have naturalised in France sugar, indigo, cotton, and many other things. And if we had not been deprived of a large part of our colonies I would have laid out large plantations in them.

The efforts of the French were extraordinary, prosperity and progress were growing immeasurably, and yet the English Ministers spread the report all over Europe that we were wretched fellows and would soon fall back into barbarism. So the Allies were extremely astonished when they saw the working of our Constitution from within, and the great ones were just as angry.

Enlightenment was simply making giant strides in France. New ideas were everywhere heard and published, for we took pains to introduce science among the people. I have been told, for instance, that the English were accomplishing great things in chemistry. How nice! To tell me, at this great distance, on which side of the Channel the best chemists are to be found. I assert, nevertheless, that the French possess ten times, and perhaps a hundred times, as much chemical knowledge as the English, because the different branches of industry nowadays bring it along with them. And that is a special sign of my training. If I had been given time there would soon have been no more mechanics in France, they would all have become artists.

SHOULD ONE WORK ON SUNDAY?

It is contradictory of the justice of Heaven to prevent men, who have needs to satisfy on Sundays as well as on the other days of the week, from working on Sunday in order to earn their bread. A Government would only have the right to enforce such a law when it distributed bread gratis to all who had none. Besides, it is not a failing of the French people to work too hard.

God has forced men to work, for he has not allowed them to enjoy any of the fruits of the earth without toil. It is His will that they should work every day, for He has given them needs which recur every day.

Fasting and the Sunday rest are very unimportant rules. But what is essential for Church ordinances to attain is this: not to disturb the social order, to do no wrong to one's neighbour, and not to abuse one's freedom.

It is quite beyond doubt that the harder men work the fewer vices there are.

ON THE CENSORSHIP

An enforced censorship is the right of preventing the publication of ideas which disturb the peace, the interests, and the good order of a State, but it must be made to suit the age in which we live, and the circumstances in which we find ourselves. From this point of view one can distinguish three epochs:

First we have the centuries of Barbarism where everybody finds himself under the power of the Popes, and the lordship of the clergy and monks. In those days every kind of study had to be acquired in connection with the ecclesiastical sciences. The encroachments of the Popes and the clergy eventually so incensed the princes that they rebelled. They tried to restrain the zeal of the clergy, they encouraged science, and spread the study of the classics. Circumstances favoured this plan. Learned men with a knowledge of the wisdom of the ancient Greeks and Romans had fled from the East, and were welcomed by the Medicis and Francis I. Then appeared literary works in which prejudices were not spared. Joseph II was the last prince who favoured the new and bold ideas.

Since then everything has changed. People no longer

feared the Popes and the clergy. Instead, people had to beware of that false philosophy which submits everything to analysis, falls into sophism, and replaces the old errors by new ones. Perhaps it is on account of this fear that the censorship compromises the true philosophy. On the other hand, if the censorship did not forbid the works which, while not directly attacking the State, offend against its prevailing maxims, it would seem as if it approved of them. Can one, for instance, allow a book to be published which teaches that the world is in existence for twenty thousand years, without offending all the religions prevailing in France?

The Christian religion is the national religion. Though the Catholics and Protestants are of different opinions on various points, they yet hold the same views on the main doctrines. The State authority must therefore insist on respect for the Christian religion. But would it have acted thus if it had allowed the appearance of a book which assigns to the world a longer existence than is prescribed in Holy Writ?

On the other hand, when the authorities do not approve of any writings, one will not draw the same conclusions. What would one do, for instance, in the case of a work like *The Origin of Religions* by Dupuis? Would the censor allow the book to be printed? In the case of an affirmative the censorship would express itself as being opposed to religion. Should it have had the power of preventing the printing? That would have been dangerous. But the difficulty would have been much greater still if the censor were obliged to give a pronouncement on nice questions of morals.

I agree with a censorship which is the decision of a voluntary court against whose judgments a man may lodge a complaint in the Council of State in accordance with the usual procedure. The censor will not interfere in the case of documents directed against private individuals, for that is the affair of the Law Courts. But great freedom must be allowed to writings on religious questions, so that the publication of useful truths may not be strangled under the cloak of offence to religion. However, the censorship will be inflexible in the case of documents directed against the State.

ON EDUCATIONAL SYSTEMS

I should have liked to see an educational institution in France in which professors, head masters, and teachers would be brought into close touch with each other. Young men who devote themselves to study should have the prospect of rising step by step to the highest offices in the State. While the feet of this great teaching profession should, so to speak, be in the colleges, the head should be in the Senate. At the same time, however, the principle of celibacy would have to be observed, that is to say, in the sense that a teacher must not marry until he reaches the age of twenty-five or thirty, in other words, until he is in receipt of a salary of 3000 or 4000 francs, and has saved sufficient money.

In the matter of education I felt that the Jesuits had left a large gap. Yet I would not run the risk of setting them up again, or any other community which was under foreign control; but I felt bound to organise the education of the coming generation, and that in such a way that their political and moral opinions could be supervised.

Therefore I thought that we ought to introduce celibacy into the teaching profession up to a certain point of time, but not absolute celibacy, for it is beyond dispute that marriage contributes greatly to social perfection. So long as there is no teaching body with strong convictions there will be no well-defined political State. So long as one does not learn from childhood whether one is to be a republican or a monarchist, whether one is to be a believer or an infidel the State will never form a nation. It will rest on unsafe and insecure foundations and be exposed to continual disorders and changes.

The elementary schools, the middle schools, and the colleges are the three steps of the educational ladder which were first organised, besides the technical and professional schools, namely: the Polytechnic, the Faculties of Law and Medicine. The Faculties of Literature and Oratory, on the other hand, have not yet been dealt with.

The course of instruction in our schools is as follows:—

First of all the child must learn to speak and write

properly. Every college sees to that, and there is surely no well-educated man who has not been through the Lower Sixth. After speaking and writing comes arithmetic, and higher mathematics. The higher educational institutions also take care to provide special classes for the teaching of advanced arithmetic and mechanics in all their branches. Next come the elements of chronology, geography, and history.

Thus, by means of the three grades of this course of instruction, the well-to-do citizen may have passed his Rhetoric Class (Lower Sixth), his Mathematics Class, and will have acquired a knowledge of geography, chronology, and history. A youth who leaves college at sixteen has thus a knowledge, not only of his own language and the classics, as well as the different branches of rhetoric and its degrees, the means to be used for rousing or calming the emotions, in short, everything that is taught in a literary course, but he also knows the chief epochs of history, the main branches of geography, can besides calculate and survey, possesses a general knowledge of the most prominent natural phenomena, the elements of the laws of equilibrium, and the movements of solid and liquid bodies.

If he wishes to become a lawyer, to adopt a military or clerical career, if he intends to be a learned professor, a geographer, an engineer, or a land surveyor, he has received in all these cases the general and special education which he requires for the continuation of the study needed in his profession.

If he wishes to devote himself to military handicraft, to enter the Engineer corps or the Artillery, he goes into the Polytechnic. What he learns here is of course only the corollary of what he has been learning in his elementary mathematical studies, but the acquired knowledge must be developed and applied; he learns how to grasp the various branches of metaphysics. It is no longer merely a question of culture, as in the colleges, but of mastering a science.

The Observatory is another scientific technical institution.

The Natural History Museum may also be considered as belonging to a certain extent to this class, because there

exists in fact a similarity between the manner of comparing the different kinds of knowledge acquired and that by which botany and other natural sciences are learned. If it is possible to acquire in the colleges an elementary knowledge of botany, natural history, chemistry, and astronomy, that implies after all only general culture, for those first ideas are not sufficient to make a botanist, a chemist, or an astronomer.

Are there sufficient technical schools to-day for the exact sciences? Has this branch, besides that of general culture, been treated in a thorough and satisfactory manner? These are questions which the Minister for Home Affairs is in a position to put to the test, in case it has not yet been done. After the technical college come the Faculties of Law and Medicine. They have been organised with special care, and nothing further need be added. These two faculties are unique of their kind, for nobody will study them who does not intend to practise the profession to which they are unavoidably necessary.

In general, neither the primary education, which, in order to be sufficiently exhaustive, must include all the elements of the greater part of human knowledge, nor that college training which places young men in a position to enter any profession when they have reached the necessary age, has the same rights and authority as the professional schools. On the contrary, and quite specially, science alone, in all its profundity, can make out of an educated young man a useful member of society.

From what has been said above it follows that by a Professional College one does not mean an educational institution but a college for men who intend devoting themselves to one or other of the learned professions or some special branch of knowledge. It follows further that all institutions which are only elementary, not scientific, cannot have the same rights and authority as a technical or professional college.

The Minister would like to see faculties of literature; if, however, the above-mentioned course of studies has been made, it is difficult to understand what is meant by a Faculty of Literature. People wish to learn eloquence and the art of poetry. But what more can be taught on the subject of oratory and poetry than that which a youth

learns in his Rhetoric Class (Sixth Form)? Only a few months are needed to grasp the essence of poetry, and to learn how to analyse a speech; the whole of eloquence consists in being able to write well in prose or verse. There is nothing in this art which is not already learned in the upper schools. We are taught to write correctly, to appreciate the great models, to develop the rules for the composing of a tragedy or a comedy, an epic or a lyric, but we are not taught how to become authors of plays, poems, and songs. The creative talent in literature, exactly as in music and painting, is a purely individual gift; it depends on personal abilities whose development may be favoured by special circumstances or by the manners and customs of an epoch. In these creations of the mind the highest accomplishments are the result of intellect and genius acting straight away and of their own impulse.

We have not overtaken the Greeks either in tragedy, comedy, or epic writings, for they still remain our prototypes, while, on the other hand, the exact sciences have advanced a step towards enlightenment every century. All this is so well understood that it never occurs to a professor of rhetoric to explain the main outlines of the different ways in which the mind may be exercised. Lectures are given and learned treatises are written, examples are quoted and models criticised; whether all this takes place in an athenæum or in a *salon*, where ladies and great scholars assemble, it is all the same, they are nothing but great literary coffee-houses. Are the works of the ancient or modern masters criticised here by any chance? They take good care not to do that. Consequently, I cannot understand the significance of a Literary Faculty, except in the sense of a Society, a *Salon*, or even an Academy, where anybody may give lectures. That, at least, would be intelligible, not in connection with education in the true sense of the word, or the study necessary to any given profession, but rather as conducing to the amenities of society. In order to give talent and genius the possibility of not being hampered in their development, what is needed are good schools and a good Sixth Form. But the upper schools have taken sufficient care to ensure this.

The poetic art is born of society. Society, which can progress only with the help of public tranquillity and the individual prosperity of a country, is alone able to lead poets back to good taste, it alone can restore the sweet grace and charm which adorn literature and the arts. For the rest poetry is an art that pays so well that the Government does not need to intervene. For instance, when a poet composes a tragedy or a comedy, a farce or an opera, a romance or an elegy, he is always rewarded by the praise of society, by the applause of the public which he entertains and interests. A seat in the Academy is the true means of stimulating emulation, because it gives the poet at the same time a title in the State. Was Corneille ever in high favour at Court? Did the distinctions which were conferred on Racine ever influence his work? Or were the honours showered on him not a hindrance to the flight of his genius? In general, every kind of creative work which only requires taste and inclination, and is accessible to all, has no need of State support. But should it ever happen to be necessary to bestow complimentary distinctions on a contemporary poet, our Government will not refuse to do it. Why, for instance, should a few poets not be appointed as co-ordinate members of the "Théâtre français" with an honorary title, and awarded with this title pensions and the right of passing judgment on plays about to be produced? Such an arrangement already exists, it is true, in the Opera House. But it ought to be treated in a special and complimentary manner. In this way various authors might be very highly honoured. It is a mistake, however, to think that poets can educate us. In what does the art of administration, the art of statesmanship in a ruler consist? Surely in knowing how to grant lustre and draw attention to good works. A ruler must be able to write other things besides laws, he must understand above all how to act. For instance, several beautiful odes have appeared. Why are their authors not recommended to the special attention of the public? Why are poets not given that confidence in themselves which encourages them, brightens their efforts, and spurs them on to higher accomplishments? The reason why Italy possessed so many good poets was simply because it included a crowd of small Courts and

rival societies. Besides, one famous man often produces a second one. Racine and Boileau probably only became famous because Corneille preceded them. Very likely Laharpe and Marmontel, and many other important men in our literature owe their efforts, nay, their talents even to Voltaire's success. Richelieu's critique of *Le Cid*, a critique which holds good to this day, has doubtless had a good influence. The conduct of the Minister in this affair may appear to the public as the effect of the basest passions. That may be true, but it is just as probable that it is not so. Why should we not assume that he wished by that public discussion to rouse people's minds to the ennobling of their language and taste?

Our newspaper critics might strive after the same goal, if they were not often influenced by hatred, oftener still by a satirical mind, and always by the desire of entertaining idle people; they are never actuated by the principle of enlightening the public.

TACITUS WAS NOT A GREAT HISTORIAN

Tacitus was of course a clever painter of his time, a bold and seducing colourist, but it was all for effect. History will not tolerate illusions; it must enlighten and instruct, not merely sketch impressionable pictures. Tacitus has not sufficiently developed the causes and inward motives of events. He has not sufficiently probed the mysteries of actions and convictions, their connections with each other, to give a basis for the just and unprejudiced judgment of posterity. Such a judgment must take men as they were in the midst of the times in which they lived and under the circumstances which governed their actions. One must clearly perceive how every mode of action developed under the given circumstances, and how it was settled by conditions. The Roman emperors were not nearly such bad men as Tacitus depicts them. In this respect I very much prefer Montesquieu. He is fairer and keeps closer to the truth.

Good tragedy must be considered as the worthiest school of great writers. Considered from a certain point of view it stands higher than history. Even with the best history only a comparatively small effect is produced. When a man is alone he is only weakly impressed, but

when many people are together the impressions received are stronger and more lasting. I assert that the historian Tacitus has always left me cold. Can there be a greater and unfairer disparager of mankind? He finds criminal motives even in the simplest actions. He makes the greatest rogues of all the emperors, only with the object of enhancing the genius with which they were permeated. One is right in saying that his *Annals* are not a history of the Empire, but only a list of Rome's historical writers. They are nothing but a catalogue of accusations, impeachments, and men who open their veins in their baths. He, who is continually talking about informers, is himself the greatest denouncer! And what a style! What impenetrable darkness! I am not a great Latin scholar, but the obscurity of Tacitus is cleared up in some Italian and French translations, which I have read. And I conclude from them that it is peculiar to him, and that it is born of what is called his genius and also of his style. It is inseparable from his mode of expression, because it lies in his manner of comprehension. I had heard him praised because he drives terror into tyrants. He inspires them with fear of the people, and that is a great evil for the people themselves.

HOW NEWSPAPERS OUGHT TO BE

The existence of a good newspaper of instructive criticism, well intentioned, unprejudiced, and free from every kind of offensive coarseness, which is a characteristic of our present-day newspapers, would be very advantageous and desirable.

Our present news-sheets unfortunately do not criticise with the intention of dissuading indifferent writers from following the literary profession, nor of encouraging those of promising merit, but everything that they publish is calculated to discourage and destroy. Perhaps the Minister for Home Affairs might intervene to put an end to this evil.

But one must always remember that when one has managed to steer clear of one rock he is liable to run on to another. It might even happen that one no longer ventured to criticise anything, that one might fall into the not less corruptive misuse of eulogy, and finally that all

the authors of the bad literature with which the country is flooded might be convinced at last that they were authors of genius.

I have already many times complained of newspapers, but I think that they have never yet been given sufficiently positive orders. The following instructions ought to have been given :

The editors must not publish any news, whether out of foreign newspapers, or from foreign correspondents, which makes reference to my actions. And that is not difficult to carry out. When, for instance, a foreign newspaper states that I have been to the theatre, the French news-sheets must not repeat it. Or the paper asserts that I had signed a treaty, or anything of the kind, then they must not report it, for any affair concerning the Government must not be touched on by foreign countries. If my instructions were followed, the half of my complaints would be unnecessary. It is ridiculous when one learns, for instance, through a German newspaper, that I had sent Gobelins to the Emperor of Austria, and it is quite obvious that the journalist who draws such news from a German news-sheet, is a simpleton and not really fit for his job.

I READ A GREAT DEAL

During the Consulate I read everything that appeared. My secretary used to place the works before me every morning with a few remarks. Everything that appeared was nasty and repulsive. What a difference between the literary products of to-day and those which appeared in Voltaire's time ! The more I read Voltaire the better I like him. He was a man who was always sensible ; he was neither a charlatan nor a fanatic. I even like his works on history, although they are attacked. *La Pucelle* (the Maid of Orleans) is not for young people, but it brightens up older people of mature age. Up to the age of sixteen I would have fought for Rousseau against all the friends of Voltaire. To-day it is the opposite. Since I have seen the East Rousseau is repugnant to me. The wild man without morals is a dog.

The *New Héloïse* is, after all, a work which has been written with much warmth and will always remain the

young people's book. I read the book at the age of nine. It is better than Madame de Staël's book. I have not yet read the latter, however, but I hope to do so.

DOES FRIENDSHIP EXIST?

Friendship is only an empty word. I love nobody. No, I don't even love my brothers. Joseph perhaps a little, and if I like him, it is from habit, because he is my elder brother. Duroc? Why, certainly, I like him too. But why? I like his character. He is cold, solemn, severe; and then Duroc never sheds tears.

As far as I am concerned it is a matter of indifference to me, for I know that I have no real friends. So long as I remain what I am I can apparently make as many as I like.

We should let women weep, that is their affair; but I won't have any weak sentimentality. A man must be strong and have a strong character, otherwise he should not occupy himself with war or statecraft.

A NIGHT ON THE BATTLEFIELD

It was a beautiful, calm, moonlight night. Suddenly a dog, which had been hiding under the clothes of a dead man, came up to us with a mournful howl, and then disappeared again immediately into his hiding-place. He would lick his master's face, then run up to us again, only to return once more to his master. It seemed as if he were asking both for help and revenge. Whether it was the mood of the moment, whether it was the place, the time, the weather, or the action itself, or whatever it was, it is certainly true that nothing on any battlefield ever made such an impression on me. I involuntarily remained still, to observe the spectacle. This dead man, I said to myself, has perhaps friends, and he is lying here abandoned by all but his dog! What a lesson nature teaches us by means of an animal!

WORK IS MY ELEMENT—MY HABITS

Work is my element. I was born and made for work. I have recognised the limits of my eyesight and of my legs, but never the limits of my working power.

When I wish to interrupt a thing I close the appropriate

drawer of my brain and open another. My thoughts are never intermingled, nor do they disturb and tire me. When I want to sleep I simply close all the drawers, and give myself up completely to slumber.

I always dined alone in the large drawing-room. My steward has a small table of about a foot in diameter placed for me, and served me with a soup, a roast chicken, a bottle of Chambertin, and a cup of coffee. Breakfast lasted ten minutes. The director of the Napoleon Museum, Denon, Chief Architect Fontaine, the best painter, David, Talma, whom I looked on as the greatest tragic actor, Lesueur, Paër, the Minister Decrès, Signora Grassini, whose singing I liked very much, and Mademoiselle Mars, who had shown such great talent during the first years in the rôle of heroine, used to come in for a chat with me at breakfast-time.

I have never worn armour, never changed my room; I neither had sentries inside my palace, nor had its doors locked. When necessary, the adjutant on duty entered my bedroom from one side, my valet from the other. Moreover, I had neither pistols, nor a sword, nor a musket in my bedroom or my private study. Louis XVIII is ten times more closely surrounded by his guards than I was. The Empress Maria Louisa often told me that she had never seen a less distrustful, less careful man, a man who took so few measures of precaution, than myself. I used generally to go to the theatre when nobody expected me there. At parades I used to walk through a gate in the railings surrounding the Tuileries, into the middle of the Place du Carrousel, when I was always surrounded by a great crowd of people, handing me petitions. Escorted by two officers, an equerry, and a page, I often visited the factories in the suburbs. There I always had an enormous crowd round me.

CHAPTER XII

YEARS OF SUFFERING: ST. HELENA, 1815–1821

MY WORK

IN whatever way I may be distorted, suppressed, or mutilated, my enemies will find it a difficult matter to make me disappear completely; for actions speak, they shine like the sun.

I have stopped up the abyss of anarchy, and produced order out of chaos. I have cleansed the Revolution, ennobled the nations, strengthened the throne. I have encouraged all talents, rewarded all meritorious services, and have advanced the boundaries of fame. Of what could I be accused from which an author would be unable to defend me? Is it my intentions? He holds sufficient material with which to acquit me. My despotism? But he will prove that the Dictatorship was unavoidably necessary. That I put an end to freedom? But he will demonstrate that licence, anarchy, great confusion were standing and threatening on the doorstep. That I was too fond of war? He will show that I was always acting on the defensive. That I was striving after world monarchy? That was the accidental result of circumstances, and our enemies led me towards it themselves step by step. That I was ambitious? Yes, the historian will find me guilty of ambition, but surely the greatest and loftiest ambition that ever was!—namely, to restore and consecrate at last the kingdom of reason, the full development, the whole enjoyment of all human abilities! And here the writer of history will perhaps feel compelled to regret that such an ambition has not been satisfied, not fulfilled.

I PROTEST AGAINST BEING MADE A PRISONER

On board the *Bellerophon*, on the 4th of August, 1815, I wrote the following to Lord Keith: "I herewith solemnly protest in the face of Heaven and before men

The Duke of Reichstadt
From an Engraving by Jügel from Daffinger

against the force which is done to me, and the violation of my most sacred rights, in arbitrarily controlling my person and liberty. I came on board the *Bellerophon* of my own accord, and am consequently not the prisoner but the guest of England. I have even come at the instance of Captain Maitland, who told me that he had orders from his Government to receive me and carry me and my suite to England, if it were agreeable to me. Acting on this in good faith I have placed myself under English protection."

I felt as though I were by the English fireside as soon as I was on board the *Bellerophon*. But if the Government in ordering Captain Maitland to receive me and my suite, only wished to set a trap for me; it is a violation of England's honour and a disgrace to her flag.

If this transaction is really carried out, the English will find it difficult to speak of their sincerity, their good laws, and their freedom. British probity will be buried for ever in the hospitality of the *Bellerophon*.

But I appeal to history; it will say that an enemy, who waged war against the English people for twenty years, voluntarily gave himself up to them in his misfortune and sought shelter under their laws. What clearer proof of his confidence and esteem could he show them than this? And what did England do in return for such a high-minded action? She pretended to hold out the hand of hospitality to this enemy, and when he delivered himself up in good faith, she sacrificed him.

I LEAVE THE *BELLEROPHON* ON THE 7TH OF AUGUST, 1815

When I left the *Bellerophon* on the 7th of August, 1815, the officers and crew of the ship were extremely angry at the injustice of such a proceeding. With a perfectly calm demeanour and a smile on my lips I walked across the deck and descended into the sloop. Admiral Keith was by my side. I stood for a moment before Captain Maitland and asked him to express my satisfaction to the officers and crew for their attitude. As I saw that the Captain was very distressed I said to him by way of consolation: "Posterity cannot accuse you in any way for what has taken place, for you have been deceived just as much as myself."

For twenty-four hours I enjoyed the protection of the British flag. We stopped in the inner harbours of Torbay and Plymouth, and it was only at this time, the 7th of August, as we were about to go on board the *Northumberland*, that Admiral Keith disarmed the Frenchmen. The surrender of weapons is a characteristic sign of being made prisoners of war. No weapons were demanded from me.

THE FIRST YEARS OF EXILE

Arrived in St. Helena we thought at first that we should be lodged in Plantation House, a handsome dwelling built by the East India Company for the Governor. Connected with the house are a beautiful garden, water, and shade, things which are absolutely necessary in a tropical climate, not merely for comfort, but for bare existence. In the garden there are aromatic plants close to some splendid oak trees. Besides this dwelling the Governor possessed a pretty house in Jamestown itself, which he could have lived in, and this arrangement would have cost the State very little.

The Deputy Governor, Colonel Skelton, was living in Longwood at the time with his wife and family; it took them a few days to move. Longwood was really nothing but a big badly built farmhouse which belonged to the East India Company.

With the energy and goodwill which distinguished him, Admiral Sir George Cockburn made his seamen procure timber and other materials, and his carpenters and joiners began to build a few new living-rooms, almost all of wood only, and to make the old rooms more or less fit for habitation. All this caused a considerable outlay for a place like St. Helena. In spite of that, all who knew the island maintained that I would be very badly housed after all, as there was no water and no trees in the vicinity. There is, it is true, a species of tree there, but they are so wretched, as a very strong wind is continually blowing, which dries up the earth, and burns up the vegetation, so that one could never lay out a vegetable garden in the vicinity of the house.

During the time that Longwood was being prepared for us I stayed in "The Briars," a pretty house surrounded

by a garden. It consisted, first of a room of 15 to 17 feet long, in which my camp-bed was placed; here I used to work, eat, and sleep; secondly, of an adjoining ante-room; and, thirdly, of an attic over this ante-room. In these rooms Count Las Cases and his son lived. Count Bertrand, his wife and family, besides General Gourgaud were lodged in a boarding-house in Jamestown, from which they came and visited me occasionally.

"The Briars" is about a mile and a half away from the town. The last part of the way forms a pleasant promenade. About fifty paces from my cottage stands the house occupied by the owner. He is a merchant named Balcombe. Behind his house is a beautifully kept garden. The whole plantation consisted of about a hundred acres. Mr. Balcombe, an Englishman, has been resident in the island for some years. His family consists of his wife and two daughters. One is about fourteen years of age, and the other sixteen. They have only come from England a few months ago, where they were educated in a boarding-school and have learnt French very well. These are the girls about whom so much silly gossip and so many absurd anecdotes have been published abroad with the object of amusing the public.

In "The Briars" I led somewhat the same life as on board ship. I seldom left my dwelling before four o'clock in the afternoon. Then I used to go and walk for an hour or two on the grass plot in front of the house. The two girls above mentioned used also to come there with their mother. After chatting with them for a short time I would return to my house for dinner. When the meal was over I often went over to the Balcombes' and played a game of whist with them.

During the two months that I lived in "The Briars," I only left it once, namely, to visit Colonel Hudson, who lived with his family in a small cottage at the foot of the hill on which "The Briars" stood. There was a beautiful view from the garden surrounding the house. On this excursion I remained about a quarter of an hour chatting with the Colonel, his wife, and their charming children. During the time of my stay in "The Briars," I don't think that I had more than one conversation with Admiral Cockburn. Probably he was surprised that I was so

badly accommodated. Very likely he learned too, through the natives, that I could have been better housed elsewhere. In any case I never uttered a complaint. On board the *Northumberland*, we exiles had never the least misunderstanding with the Admiral; but scarcely had we been put on land when my companions changed their attitude, perhaps from annoyance at being sent to such a dreary spot as St. Helena, which is completely lacking in all the amenities of life.

People relate to each other that Admiral Cockburn, who used to give a ball occasionally, which was also attended by some of the French, had sent me an invitation card, but had received no answer, as he had directed it to "General Bonaparte." At that time it was related quite privately—I don't think the Admiral heard of it—that I had said to Bertrand: "Send this card to General Bonaparte, from whom we have had the last news from the battlefields of the Pyramids and by Mount Tabor." At these balls the elegance of the French ladies drew the attention of all the English officers' ladies.

When, towards the end of December 1816, all the repairs at Longwood were completed, our removal took place, to the joy of all the French, as they were happy at the thought of being united once more. About a fortnight afterwards I paid them a visit, and found their dwellings comparatively comfortable. Count Bertrand and his wife lived an English mile away from Longwood in a small farmhouse consisting of two small living-rooms and two attics; there was neither garden nor shade. It must be said that it was the only available dwelling in the neighbourhood, and that the choice of this cottage was in accordance with Bertrand's wish.

Workmen were continuously employed in building a new house about fifty yards from Longwood for the Bertrand family. Count Las Cases and General Gourgaud occupied small cottages built of wood and covered with tarred paper following the custom of the island. I had four rooms for my own use. They also built a bathroom for me, until then an unheard-of luxury in this unhappy island. Although Longwood was situated on the unpleasantest part of the island, the house had, nevertheless, the great advantage of being built on a tableland,

which had a circumference of about four or five English miles.

The climate of St. Helena is perhaps the most extraordinary in the world. It is at the same time much hotter and much colder than other places of the same latitude. In Longwood the rooms must be heated during six months of the year. Few days pass without rain, and the house is often surrounded by a thick mist, while at the same time, two or three leagues away, the greatest heat prevails that is to be found in the Torrid Zone. The damp causes dysentery which often carries away many people.

The inhabitants of St. Helena are poor, badly dressed, and ignorant. Their chief food is salt meat, and their isolation from the rest of the world makes them perfectly indifferent to everything with the exception of the departure of the fleets from China and India, which is a matter of the utmost importance to them. Then their sole concern is to raise the prices of their vegetables and poultry in every way possible, for they know quite well that these provisions are indispensable to the ships, so that their real value is raised two or threefold, as soon as a fleet arrives. Without this trade the island would be a desert. But the necessity of renewing the supply of provisions has made St. Helena an important place of call for shipping, and it is seldom that a week passes without some ship, coming from India and sailing to England, anchoring there to take in fresh water. The ships coming from England, on the other hand, scarcely ever stop there. St. Helena is supplied with news from the Cape of Good Hope, or through the ships of the East India Company, which are sent out annually from England in order to provide the small colony with supplies.

In spite of all the unpleasantness in Longwood I lived here more comfortably than in "The Briars." When I left the house, I could drive one or two miles in my carriage round a small plantation of gum trees. Or I could ride my horse from the hill down into the valleys. These rides could be extended about four or five miles by going along a valley which the French christened the "Valley of Silence." There my escort had discovered a girl of sixteen or seventeen whom they called in jest "the Nymph of the Valley." When I rode past the little

dwelling I used to greet this girl and, without dismounting from my horse, would speak a few words to her in bad English. This was the material for Mr. Warden's episode of Miss Robinson.

I used to dine with my officers and their ladies at eight or half-past eight in the evening. Colonel Skelton and his wife, who formerly occupied Longwood, used often to visit me and shared in our evening meal. The society of Mrs. Skelton, who had been educated in France, and spoke very good French, was uncommonly agreeable to me. I also received in Longwood frequent visits from the officers of the 53rd Regiment, who were very flattered at the reception which I gave them. In Longwood there was no guard except a post of thirty men at the entrance to the enclosure. Nobody from outside could enter without the permission of Admiral Sir George Bingham, the Governor, and of General Bertrand, when the invitation came from the French. As for strangers, they were sent to General Bertrand, who fixed the day and hour at which I would receive them: usually this took place a day or two after their request. A pass given by him sufficed, and by means of this paper they were free to visit Longwood, as long as they remained in the island. The Admiral, who knew all the persons who had been provided with these passes, had regulated everything in such a way that no breaches of the rules could occur, and everybody was satisfied with the arrangements made by him.

Small military posts had been placed at various points on the surrounding hill-side, so that the exiles could take walks of five or six miles without any military escort. In spite of that, if they wished to go out of bounds, they had to be accompanied by a British officer, and also whenever they went into the town. Few of them, except Madame Bertrand, or Generals Montholon and Gourgaud, made use of the permission to go into the town. As far as I was concerned, I avoided everything, so as not to be reproached for wishing for any kind of favour from the British Government, which would then have had a claim on my gratitude. Many were of opinion that we should be allowed to roam over the whole island, apart from the town of Jamestown and the coast, seeing that it was extremely easy to guard

such a small island, by placing along the coast fourteen or fifteen detachments each of eighteen to twenty men, at fairly short intervals, so as to be able to communicate with each other at any time within a few minutes, the coast, moreover, being already so well protected by the British cruisers.

Three Commissioners of the Allied Governments, an Austrian, a Frenchman, and a Russian arrived in St. Helena on the 17th of June, 1817, escorted by Admiral Malcolm, on the frigates *Chateau-Neuf*, and *Oronte*. A few weeks afterwards, the new Governor, Sir Hudson Lowe, reported their arrival in Longwood, and also informed us of the treaty concluded on the 2nd of August, 1815, between Great Britain, Austria, Russia, and Prussia. Count Montholon received orders to protest against this treaty, which he did in a letter in which I had it made clear that I was not the prisoner of England; that, after my abdication, I had come to England of my own accord with the intention of living there as a private citizen under the protection of the English laws. I further made the declaration that there was no cause or reason for the violation of these rights, that, although I happened to be at the time in the power of the British nation, I had never been a prisoner of Austria, Russia, or Prussia, that these States had never had any power, actual or legal, over me. Finally I emphasised the fact that the treaty was purely and simply an alliance of the four great States of Europe for the suppression of a single man. The protest also spoke of the different treatment which I should in all probability have received from other countries, if I had fallen into their hands.

The letter also mentioned the uselessness of sending the Commissioners, who apparently had no right to interfere in the proceedings on the island. It also spoke of the severity with which I was treated in being banished to a rock two thousand miles from Europe in a climate extremely bad for the health, this condition being made worse by the restrictions which the new Governor was laying on me, by forbidding me to have any kind of intercourse with the natives, even with the officers, thus making of Longwood a veritable prison.

In the letter I complained also of the harshness of

depriving the exiles of newspapers, holding back the books intended for them, and of the impossibility of free correspondence with the people at home. The letter ended with an answer to the question put to me by the Governor whether I was willing to add £10,000 or £12,000 to the £8000 granted by the British Government for my support. I declared that I was willing to pay all my expenses, on condition that I was allowed to correspond with my bankers without having my correspondence controlled by the Governor and his men.

It seems as if Lord Bathurst, in one of his notes to the Governor, had fixed the whole of the expenses for Longwood at £8000 per annum, which were divided as follows: £500 for the house steward, £500 for the transport of provisions from the town to Longwood, £730 for the orderly officers and the surgeon in Longwood, £1000 for the upkeep of the house, as it is old and in constant need of repairs, altogether £2730; so that only £5270 was left for all the other expenses, which, considering the enormous cost of provisions and other necessary things, would go about as far as £1000 per annum in England.

The Governor, however, understood that this sum was quite insufficient, and estimated the expenditure at £19,000 or £20,000 per annum. He demanded from Count Montholon, through a letter dated the 17th August, 1816, the difference between this sum and the £8000 granted by the Government. To this demand I replied in the above-mentioned letter. Although the Governor was willing eventually to grant an additional £4000, the quantity of supplies to be delivered to us was reduced, and three of my most necessary servants were dismissed. As the steward of my household declared to me that one-third fewer provisions were being delivered than were necessary, I ordered a portion of my plate to be broken up and sold to the value of £1000. The plate was very beautiful and the work was worth four times as much as the metal itself. Every one in St. Helena wished to acquire a portion of it, and several captains of the East India Company offered up to ten times the price in order to obtain a whole set.

The foreign Commissioners were not admitted to Longwood, although it was stated that, while refusing to

receive them as Commissioners, I was willing to acknowledge them as strangers and treat them with the usual formalities. It seems that, under these circumstances, Sir Hudson Lowe and the Commissioners have written home to their Governments, and are still waiting for an answer.

Shortly afterwards I wrote a letter to Count Las Cases; it was before his departure for the Cape. They say Las Cases had entrusted a native of the island, who intended travelling to England, with a letter addressed to a lady in London, and containing complaints against the Governor. But in fact this letter contained nothing which could not have been openly written at any time. That was confirmed by people who read the letter at the Governor's house.

In my letter I only expressed regret at the treatment which Las Cases had received. Besides, this letter contained nothing that I had not already said in six or seven other letters, nothing about any plot, at the most, complaints against the outrages which I had received from the Governor, Sir Hudson Lowe. The letter concludes with the hope that, however necessary the society of Las Cases was to me, I was the cause of his returning to Europe, so that he might forget the hardships I had inflicted on him. I charged him to embrace Maria Louisa and my son on my behalf, in case he should be able to find access to them. Finally, I expressed the hope that a just Providence would soon end my life, whose last moments would cover the author of these persecutions with shame.

Soon afterwards Sir Hudson Lowe thought fit to introduce a new rule, as a result of which the original boundaries of our territory were reduced by two-thirds, and with the absurd excuse that I never, since my arrival, made use of my right to visit the whole district. Henceforth the French were only allowed to use the high road. They were forbidden to turn either to the left or the right —and even the English will scarcely believe it—I and every member of my suite were forbidden to speak to anyone we met, whoever he might be, except to exchange the greetings and signs of politeness customary among civilised people.

The Governor forbade every person who had a paper of admission to visit me, to speak to any person of my suite, even though it was specially noted on the paper. So, when I received a stranger who did not speak French, I could not, according to this silly and insulting rule, send for Las Cases or any other of my people to act as interpreter. At sunset sentries were placed all round the garden to prevent me from taking a short walk in it. In the Tropics, moreover, that is the only moment, especially in a place without shade like Longwood, where one can do this without being exposed to inquisitive looks and every sort of investigation. During the daytime a sentry was posted at a spot from which one could oversee everything that was going on in the garden, so that even during the daytime I could not go out without being exposed to the observation of even the commonest soldier. In a letter directed to Bertrand we were forbidden to hold any kind of communication, even by word of mouth, with the natives.

After the introduction of these restrictions I declared that not merely all laws, but all respect and consideration were being violated, and I refused in future to receive the Governor in my house, as I had to look on him henceforth as only a jailer.

It is regrettable that Sir Hudson Lowe gave way to such violent and oppressive measures, which are in complete contradiction to what was openly said in Parliament. But the defenders of the Ministers assert that, even if it is admitted that the latter had confirmed the measures already in force for nine months, and had ordered no new restrictions, the Governor must have acted on his own responsibility, in a way that does him little honour, and has no justification.

There is no doubt that five-sixths of the restrictions imposed on us are merely oppressive and superficial, and against the wishes of the nation. It is likewise incomprehensible why the Ministers refused to grant the Governor the sum of £20,000, which he considered necessary, and which he had even asked for. Surely they should have granted this amount and not accepted my silver. This plate was sold at the Governor's order, who had here a political motive and wished to prevent the silver articles

from finding their way into the hands of purchasers who would regard every piece as a valuable relic.

In any case the expense of my captivity in St. Helena costs the British Government about £250,000 per annum, through maintaining there a Lieutenant-General as Governor, a Brigadier-General, a numerous general staff, various battalions of infantry and artillery, and a strong squadron of ships. Apart from these expenses, the restrictions imposed on the ships are a burden on the trade with India, and cause much greater losses than the expenses themselves. And for what purpose is all this? That I shall perchance have greater freedom in my prison? I should feel more comfortable as a prisoner in any house in England or Scotland than in St. Helena, even if I possessed the whole island as a prison, and for the following reasons: In the first place a tropical climate —and the climate of St. Helena is particularly unhealthy— is not to be compared in any way with the climate of Europe; secondly, because in St. Helena it is only with the greatest difficulty that one can obtain even fairly good provisions. In an English prison the inmates have newspapers, a library, and frequent visits from their relatives. In St. Helena one is deprived of almost everything. It is true that 1500 volumes have been sent to the island, but 1500 volumes are not sufficient for people who have been instructed to occupy themselves with the study of literature and the sciences. 20,000 volumes would not balance the advantage of having all the books one wishes for in Europe within twenty-four hours. Finally, in England one would receive news from one's family and friends, which is almost impossible in St. Helena. Counts Bertrand and Montholon, for instance, have not received a line for months, and can consequently not occupy themselves with their ordinary affairs, or their private interests. For several months I have ceased to leave my dwelling which consists only of four small, badly built, and unhealthy rooms, in such a dilapidated house that it would be difficult to find a worse one in England.

THE STATE OF MY HEALTH GETS WORSE

On the 11th, 12th, 14th, and 16th of August, 1819, attempts were made for the first time to enter my house, which until then had always been respected. I have opposed this act of violence by having all my doors locked. Under these circumstances I repeated the oft-made declaration that anyone who tried to cross my doorstep would only do it over my corpse. I have given up everything, and for three years I have been living in retirement in six small rooms, in order to escape abuse and insults. If my jailers should be so base as to grudge me even this privacy, it would be equivalent to leaving me no refuge but the grave.

For two years I have been suffering from chronic inflammation of the liver, a disease peculiar to this country. For a year I have been deprived of my physicians, Dr. O'Meara (since July 1818) and Dr. Stokoe (since January 1819). Since then I have had various bad attacks which compelled me to take to my bed for 14 to 20 consecutive days. To-day, when I have had to endure one of the most violent of these attacks, which has already kept me in bed for nine days, with no other remedies than rest, dieting, and baths, I have been disturbed again, as during the last six days, with all sorts of threats and abuse, to which I shall never submit, as the Prince Regent, Lord Liverpool, and the whole world know only too well. As they daily try to humiliate and insult me, I can only repeat the declarations so often made already, that I have taken no notice of any sort—and shall not take any—of dispatches or letters whose contents I consider abusive, and offensive to good form. I have not ordered any answer to be made, nor shall I order any. All offensive letters directed to me I have thrown into the fire, or shall do so.

ON THE RIGHT TO COMMIT SUICIDE, 10TH AUGUST, 1820

Has a man any right to take his own life? Certainly, if his death does not injure anybody and his life is a burden to him.

But when is life a burden to a man? When it offers him nothing but pain and suffering. As both pain and

worry change every moment, there is no moment in which a person has the right to kill himself. This moment only comes in the hour of his death, as he is only then convinced that his life has been nothing but a chain of pain and suffering.

There is probably no person who has not felt the wish some time or other in his life to kill himself, when a prey to some affliction of the mind. But there is also nobody who has not been angry with himself a short time afterwards for his lack of courage.

The man who took his life on Monday, certainly wanted still to preserve it on Saturday ; and yet one can only kill oneself once. Life consists of the past, the present, and the future. If it is only burdensome to him, however, for the present, he is sacrificing the future. But the sufferings of one day do not give him the right to give up his whole life. Only the man whose whole life is nothing but pain, and who knows definitely—which however is impossible—that it will always be so, has the right to kill himself.

ADVICE FOR MY SON, SPRING 1821

My son must not think of avenging my death ; he should rather learn a lesson from it. He must always bear in mind the remembrance of what I have accomplished ; he is always to remain, like myself, every inch a Frenchman. He must strive to rule in peace. If he were to try to begin my wars all over again out of a mere desire to imitate me, and without the absolute necessity for it, he would be nothing but an ape. To begin my work over again would be to assume that I had accomplished nothing at all. To complete it, on the other hand, will be to prove the strength of its foundations, to explain the complete plan of the edifice begun. Such work as mine is not done twice in a century. I have been compelled to restrain and tame Europe with my arms ; today it must be convinced. I have saved the Revolution as it lay dying, I have cleansed it of its crimes, and have held it up to the people shining with fame. I have inspired France and Europe with new ideas which will never be forgotten. May my son make everything blossom that I have sown ! May he further develop all

the elements of prosperity which lie hidden in French soil! At this cost he may yet become a great ruler.

The Bourbons cannot last. When I am dead, a reaction in my favour will set in everywhere, even in England. For my son that will mean a fine inheritance. It is quite possible that the English, in order to wipe out the memory of their persecutions, will favour the return of my son to France. But, in order to live on good terms with England, her trade interests must, above all things, be borne in mind. Only two possibilities are acceptable, either to fight England, or to share the world's trade with her. And this second condition is the only possible one to-day. In France the foreign question will have for a long time the upper hand over home affairs. I leave to my son a sufficient legacy of strength and sympathy to continue my work, but only with the weapons of a lofty and conciliatory diplomacy. His position in Vienna is deplorable. Will Austria liberate him unconditionally? Francis I really found himself in a critical position; the French nation suffered no loss from that. My son must never ascend the throne by means of foreign influence. His aim must be, not merely to reign, but to deserve the approbation of posterity. If possible, he should keep in close touch with my family. My mother belongs to the matrons of ancient times; Joseph and Eugène can give him good advice; Catherine and Hortense are very superior women. If he remains in exile he may marry one of my nieces. However, if France recalls him he is to take as wife a Russian princess; for the Russian Court is the only one where policy is ruled by family ties. The connection into which he will enter must have for its object the enhancement of French influence abroad, and not the introduction of foreign influence into the Council of State. The French people are extremely easy to rule if one does not go about it in the wrong way. There is nothing comparable to their clear and quick understanding. They distinguish directly between those who are working for the nation, and those who are working against it. One must, however, always speak in sympathy with their feelings, otherwise they will be tortured with anxiety. A kind of ferment sets in which soon surges up and effervesces.

My son will arrive in France after the disorders of the

civilian population. He has only one party to fear, that of the Duke of Orleans. This party has been germinating and growing for a long time. He must disregard all parties and only esteem the mass of the people. With the exception of those who have betrayed their country, he must forget all the former relationships of men, and reward talent, merit, and services wherever he finds them.

MY REAL TREASURES

Would you like to know what are my real, and very considerable treasures? They shine like the sun. They are: the fine harbours of Antwerp and Flushing, which can contain the most numerous fleets of war and protect them against the monsters of the sea; the works on the harbours of Dunkirk, Le Havre, and Nice; the gigantic basin of Cherbourg, and the improvement of the harbour of Venice, the fine roads from Wesel to Hamburg, from Antwerp to Amsterdam, from Mayence to Metz, from Bordeaux to Bayonne; the mountain roads over the Simplon, Mont Cenis, Mont Genèvre, the Corniche road which opens up the Alps in four directions. These roads, which alone have cost over 80 millions, excel in daring, in extent, and as works of art, the combined constructions of this kind built by the ancients; the roads from the Pyrenees to the Alps, from Parma to Spezia, the Pont d'Iena, the Pont d'Austerlitz, the Pont des Arts, in Paris; the bridges of Sèvres, Tours, Roanne, Lyons, Turin, over the Isère, over the Durance, that of Bordeaux, of Rouen, etc; the canal which joins the Rhine with the Rhône through the Doubs, and connects the North Sea with the Mediterranean; the canal between the Scheldt and the Somme, that means between Amsterdam and Paris; the canal that joins the Rance with the Vilaine, that of Arles, of Pavia, and of Reno; the draining of the swamps of Bourgoin, Cotentin, and Rochefort; the restoration of the churches which were destroyed during the Revolution, the building of a large number of new churches, the erection of a large number of houses, in order to put a stop to begging; the building of the Louvre, of storehouses for corn, of the Exchange, the Ourcq Canal, the Paris waterworks, the weirs, the quays, all kinds of adornment of this capital; the works of embellishment in

Rome; the restoration of the manufactures of Lyons; the erection of several hundred cotton factories, both for spinning and for weaving, in which several million pairs of hands are busy, the means of building over 400 factories for the production of beet sugar, which supplied a part of France, and which, if they had been supported for four years longer, would have sufficed to supply the needs of all Europe, and that at the same price as the sugar from the West Indies; the support of the trades which produce indigo as good and as cheap as that from the Colonies; a great number of factories for works of arts, etc., 50 millions for repairing the Crown palaces, and adorning them; 60 millions for furniture with which these Crown palaces were fitted whether in France, or Holland, in Turin or Rome; 16 millions for Crown diamonds which were all bought with my savings. The "Regent" (a diamond) was the only one left of the old French Crown, and even that was redeemed from Berlin Jews, to whom it had been pawned for three millions; the Napoleon Museum, valued at 400 millions, which contains only objects acquired legally by purchase, or by peace negotiations; several millions for the improvement of agriculture, etc. All this constitutes a treasure which will last for centuries and is sufficient to repel all calumniations.

MY LAST PROTEST AGAINST ENGLAND'S UNWORTHY TREATMENT, 19TH APRIL, 1821

I surrendered to the British nation in order to settle down and make my home among them. I asked for honest hospitality, but, contrary to all the rights of nations, I was put in chains! I would have met with a different reception from the Emperor Francis. He would have received me with respect. Even the King of Prussia would have acted more magnanimously. But the lot fell to England to persuade the princes and to show the world the hitherto unheard-of spectacle of four great Powers falling upon a single man. It was the British Ministry that chose as the place of my captivity this abominable rock where a European can usually live only three years. And how have I been treated since I have been staying on this wretched rock? There is nothing

unworthy, nothing detestable, which they have not taken a pleasure in doing with the object of irritating me. The most harmless communication with my family, which is never refused to anybody, has been denied me. Not a single scrap of news, not even a newspaper, which has not first been through English hands, has been allowed to reach me from Europe. My wife, and even my son were no longer alive for me. For six years I have been tortured by having everything kept secret from me. On this inhospitable island they have chosen for my habitation the part that is most unsuitable, namely, that where the murderous tropical climate is most severely felt. I, who used to ride my horse all over Europe, have had to shut myself up within four walls in unhealthy air. I have been slowly murdered with cold deliberation, and the worthless Hudson Lowe has been the policeman who has carried out the machinations of the English Ministers.

England will end like the proud Republic of Venice. As for me, who am ending my days on this frightful rock, deprived of my family and stripped of everything, I bequeath the shame and atrocity of my death to the reigning Royal Family of England!

EDITOR'S POSTSCRIPT

ON the 20th of April, 1814, Napoleon, while taking a moving farewell of his Guards in the courtyard of Fontainebleau, told them, by way of consolation to them and to himself, that, in his exile, he would make a record of the great deeds which he had accomplished in common with his incomparable army.

In Elba, however, he could not find time to fulfil his promise, for, from the very first day of his stay in his little kingdom he had been calculating how to leave the island again, in order to gain possession of the Crown of France once more.

It was only on the wearisome voyage to St. Helena that the Emperor made up his mind to describe, in his new place of exile, his eventful life. In all probability, it is to Count Las Cases, who willingly accompanied the Emperor in his exile, to whom we owe the great service of having influenced him to begin his memoirs without delay. Certain it is that Las Cases, for whom the Emperor soon conceived a warm affection, was the one man among his companions in St. Helena, who proceeded constantly, and with a definite aim in view, to urge Napoleon to his task, and, with his son, took down the most of the dictations. On board the *Northumberland* the work was already begun. On the 9th of September the Emperor dictated his first reminiscences which had for subject his earliest successful feat of arms, namely, at Toulon.

The description of the siege of Toulon (1793) had been intended as the starting-point of Napoleon's memoirs; the second abdication of the Emperor (1815) was to form the conclusion. It was an immense undertaking which the Emperor had proposed to himself, and of which—let it be said at once—he was only able to complete a very small part. The reasons for this are of a threefold nature: the want of the appropriate original documents, the lack

of skilled collaborators, and finally the illness and death of the Emperor.

Napoleon's first dictations took place without any kind of preparation, and were given completely from memory. The Emperor had, it is true, brought with him from Rambouillet, a library of 400 volumes, but they were mostly of a literary nature, and contained no historical works which could be used as a scientific basis. While the *Northumberland* was lying in harbour at Madeira, the Emperor asked the British Government to procure for him, in return for payment, a number of learned works, which reached Longwood, his last dwelling-place, in June 1816. It was a whole year before a new supply reached St. Helena. In the meantime, Sir Hudson Lowe, in spite of the strained relations existing between the pair, had placed a few books at the disposal of "General Bonaparte." It was not till the year 1818 that there was an abundant supply of all kinds of books, and it gave Napoleon the greatest pleasure to be able to unpack the books himself, to look through them, to read them, and sometimes to write notes on them. In the years 1820 and 1821 he was even more abundantly provided with books, but at that time he could no longer do any work, as he was almost always ill.

On the whole it may be said that, until June 1816, Napoleon lacked almost completely the historical groundwork necessary for the composition of his memoirs; from June 1816 till the spring of 1818 he had at his disposal a quantity of material which, though modest in amount, was nevertheless passable in value, and from the spring of 1818 to the year 1821, Napoleon had access to almost all the valuable books dealing with his reign and his campaigns to the extent that they had already appeared in print.

Although he was not a soldier, Count Las Cases was the most suitable and most skilful of Napoleon's collaborators, on account of his energy and his gift of quick comprehension. When the exiles arrived in Jamestown, the dwelling-house, Longwood, intended for them, was not at all in a fit state for their occupation. Napoleon therefore spent the first few weeks in the idyllic country house, "The Briars." Owing to lack of room, only Las Cases lived with him, and he began, soon after their arrival there, to take down

Napoleon's dictations. From October 1815 the other companions of the Emperor also began to take part in the work, especially Gourgaud, formerly one of the Emperor's orderly officers, who had taken part in many of the campaigns in close proximity to his master, and also possessed good technical military knowledge. When Las Cases had left St. Helena about the end of 1816, and General Gourgaud in the beginning of 1818, Napoleon soon began to lose interest in the records of the great events of his time which he had planned, for he was already a rather worn-out man and no longer possessed his former iron energy. General Bertrand was not very keen on acting as secretary, as, having formerly been Grand Marshal, he considered the office beneath his dignity. Montholon also was not the right man to give effectual support to Napoleon in his labours. From the year 1820 Napoleon ceased work altogether. Only a few weeks before his death he began the composition of his extensive will, and in this work he proved that he had preserved to the last the immense keenness of his intellect.

During the dictation the Emperor used to walk up and down in the room all the time with bent head and hands clasped behind his back. In speaking the muscles of his forehead would stand out in a remarkable way. The more he became interested in his subject, the quicker went both the walking and the dictation. It was no light matter to write down what the Emperor was saying. He seemed to be quite wrapped in thought, and fancied himself alone in the room. He paid no attention whatever to what was being written down, and would only stop speaking to have read aloud to him what had been put down on paper. He would get quite angry if the writer did not read out fluently, or if he were not satisfied with what had been written. Then he would insist that the writer had not properly grasped his meaning and did not know how to write anything. He would tear up the paper angrily and begin the dictation over again. General Bertrand relates how the Emperor once dictated to him a long report which, however, did not meet with Napoleon's approval. So the Emperor dictated to the Marshal of the Palace a completely new report on the same subject which led to a quite different conclusion.

Though Napoleon was no longer the man he formerly was, and sometimes, after a rather lengthy statement, would drop exhausted into a chair, there were yet again days in which he showed a capacity for work which scarcely anybody could have equalled. Count Montholon remembers how, on the 8th of June, 1817, the Emperor kept him writing to his dictation for fourteen consecutive hours in answer to Lord Bathurst's speech of the 18th of March, 1817. Montholon said that he had been completely exhausted after it, while Napoleon, apparently in the best condition, sat down and dined.

Before the Emperor began any portion of the work he used to indicate to each of his fellow-workers the subject on which they were to inform themselves and collect records. When he had made himself sufficiently acquainted with the subject which he wished to deal with, he began to dictate. His collaborator wrote down the statements made on the same day, or had the work carried out by an assistant. Then he would bring it the next morning to the Emperor, who took up a new dictation on the basis of the first copy. It was only this second dictation—of which, of course, a fair copy had been made—that the Emperor used as the real concept, which he now corrected and provided with marginal notes. Then followed the third dictation; but sometimes the Emperor was not satisfied even with that, and gave a fourth, or fifth dictation.

When new books arrived from Europe which contained details which had previously escaped Napoleon's notice, or had been unknown to him, he would again take up and revise a work which had already been put aside as final. Hence it comes that there are sometimes two more or less different versions of the individual campaigns. The account of the siege of Toulon, that of the 13th Vendémaire, and that of the Italian campaigns of 1796 and 1797 had been dictated by the Emperor to Count Las Cases, who had these portions printed in his *Mémorial*. When Napoleon received new material, he dictated the same campaigns to Montholon in the years 1818 and 1819, which he published in their new form in 1823 to 1825 in the *Mémoires pour servir à l'histoire de France sous Napoléon*. The same thing happened in the case of

the *Egyptian Campaign.* Napoleon had dictated it to Gourgaud in the year 1816, and he (Gourgaud) also had it printed in the above-mentioned memoirs. In the year 1819 the Emporer again went into this work with Montholon, but it was not until the year 1847 that Bertrand, or, strictly speaking, his heirs, published the final work in two volumes.

The description of the campaign of Waterloo met with a similar fate. Gourgaud published the first copy of the *Life and Times of Napoleon* in the year 1818, although the name of the author is omitted. The Emperor dealt with the subject a second time, and O'Meara edited the work again in its final form in 1820. Sometimes no alterations, or only a few, were made in the individual chapters; here and there, however, Napoleon completely transformed and enlarged the chapters, so that, for instance, the fourteen pages on Toulon became twenty-three, and the twenty-seven pages on the description of Egypt became ninety-two.

The Emperor had dictated to Las Cases, on the 28th of September, 1816, a provisional plan of the work, of which only a very small portion was completed. Napoleon only dealt with the history from 1793 (Toulon), up to the year 1800 (the Consulate), then, after a considerable interval of time, his stay in Elba, and the Waterloo campaign. During his reign Napoleon had the Austerlitz campaign worked up, and took a great interest in its composition. This work appeared in the year 1843.

Notwithstanding, in the works dictated in St. Helena the history of the most important time of his life is lacking. Even if circumstances had permitted the filling up of the above-mentioned big gap from 1801 to 1814, we should indeed have possessed a series of about twenty volumes, but not a biography in compressed form, such as we should like to have.

The present publication is intended to fill this gap as it gives Napoleon's life in his own words. During his eventful life—from Corsica to St. Helena—Napoleon talked with numerous people over all the phases of his activity. In letters, memoirs, ambassadorial reports, descriptions of campaigns by men who took part in them, the works of missionaries in St. Helena, as well as in the

writings and dictations of the Emperor himself, immense treasures lie hidden, which, when set out in a skilful manner, give an almost complete picture of Napoleon's life as presented by himself. As the text was mostly written or dictated when the impression of the events was still fresh in Napoleon's mind, the memoirs in this form represent, without doubt, the most authentic, absorbing, and direct work in the Napoleonic literature.

An immense optimism worthy of imitation pervades the whole of Napoleon's life, and is most strikingly reflected in this work. Extraordinary, almost touching the miraculous, was the unbroken, conquering will of this superman, even after the days of Waterloo, when he returned, dead tired, from the battlefield to the capital, which was excited by the most varied passions, still making plan after plan to face the enemy once more.

FRIEDRICH M. KIRCHEISEN.

BERLIN-HERMSDORF,
September, 1927.

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